

POLICE

COMICS

SEPTMBER
No. 82

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.C.
9

10¢

PLASTIC MAN
DEAD
is worth a
MILLION
DOLLARS!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

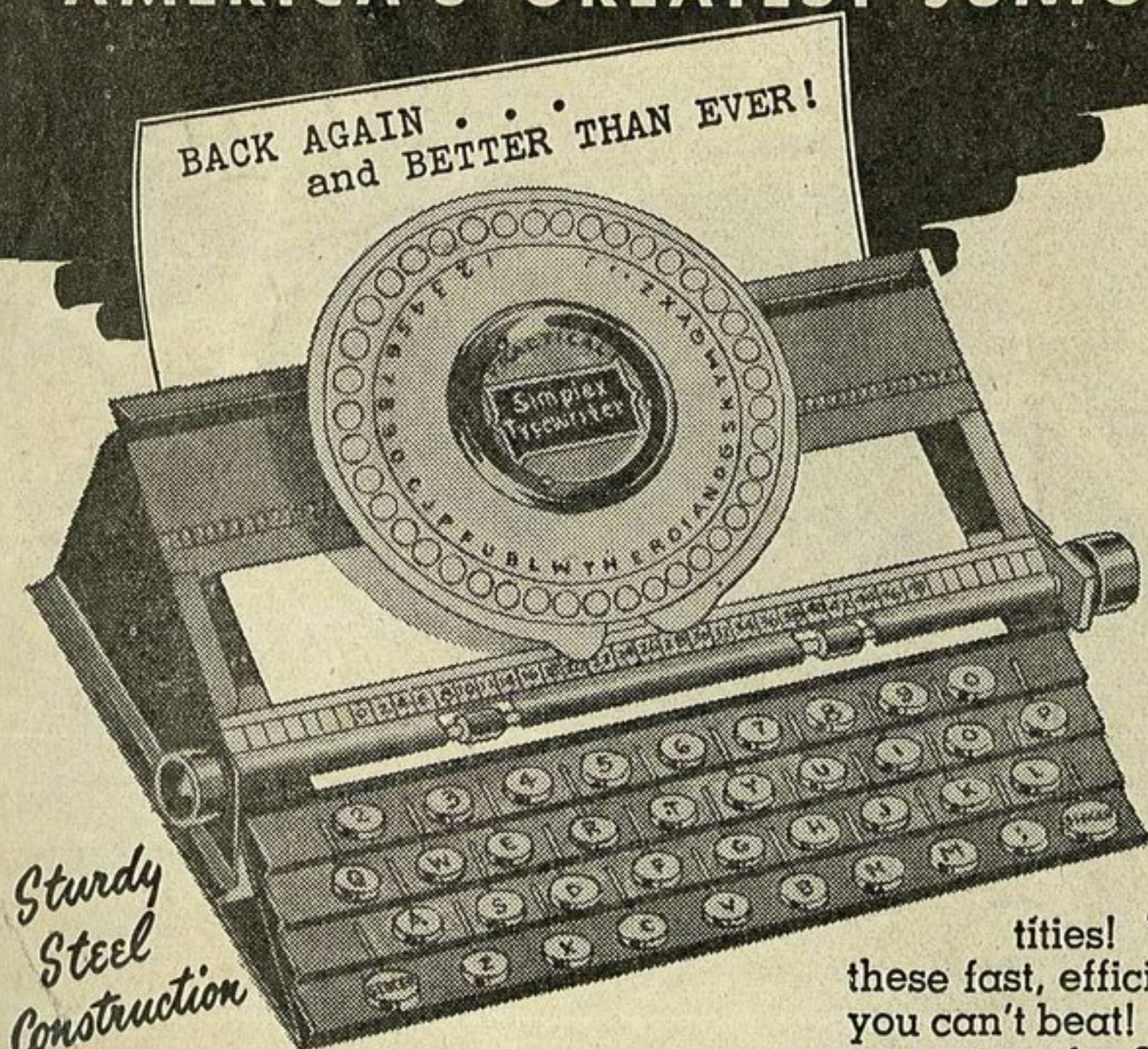
**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



**famous
Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63

PLASTIC MAN



A THREE-WAY STRETCH for PLASTIC MAN!

Can even the most lithe and limber limb of the law face in three directions toward three separate threats?

Mr. Wheels didn't think so...and sent a trio of murderous minions after Plastic Man... with a million dollars as the price for proof of his murder!

And let's see Plastic Man wriggle out of this one!

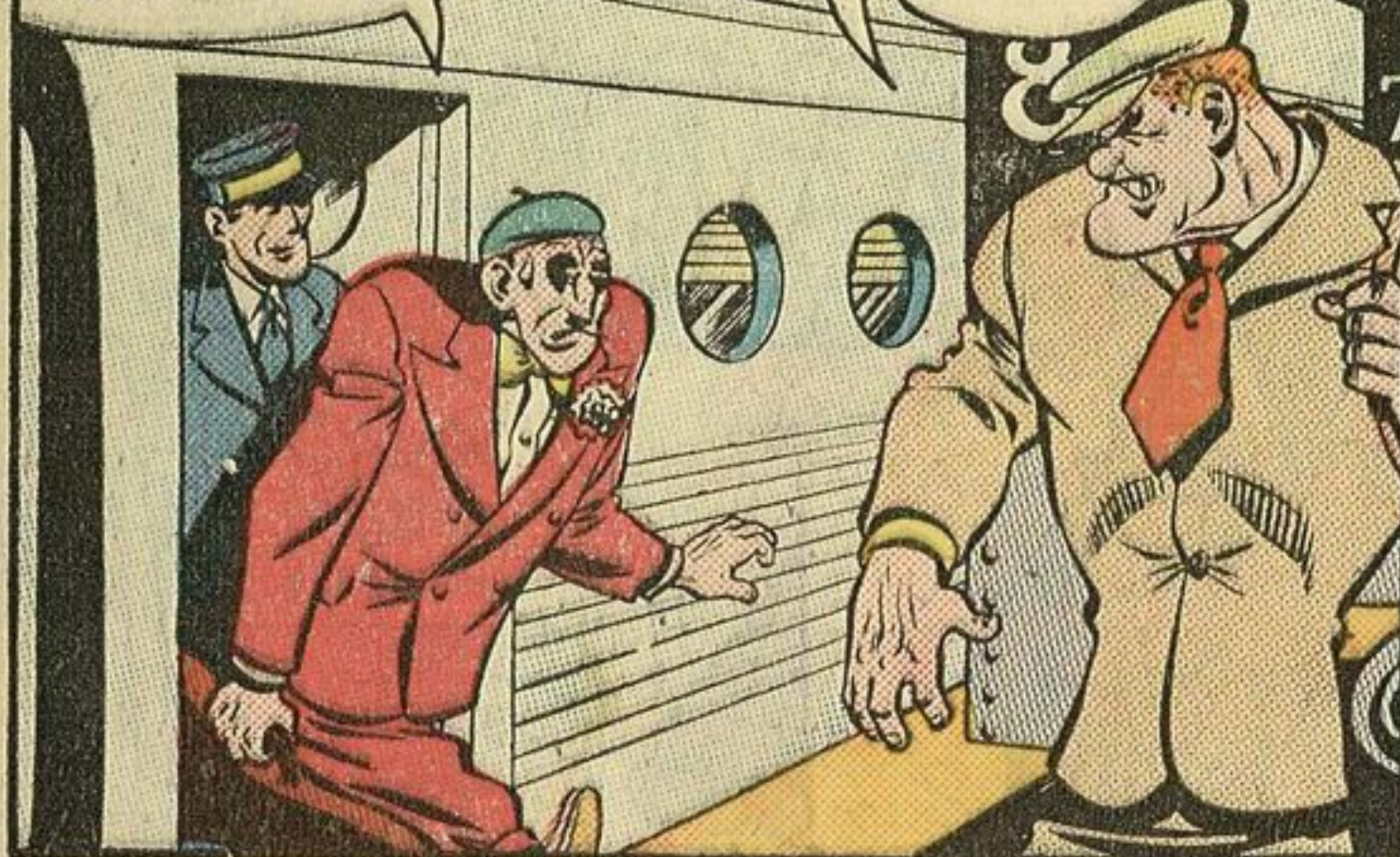
POLICE COMICS

Surf City is a peaceable seaside resort ... except on occasions when business rivals meet ..

MAULER!

ARE YOU TAGGING ME AROUND?

I'LL TAG YOU RIGHT ON THE NOSE, GROWSE! YOU HEARD ABOUT MY TRIP ... YOU'RE HERE TO CASH IN ON IT!



GO ON, MAULER, START SOMETHING! I'LL STOP IT WITH A HUNK OF LEAD!

GROWSE ... MAULER ... NO GUNPLAY! THE COAST IS CRAWLING WITH COPS! AND MR. WHEELS MIGHT NOT LIKE IT!

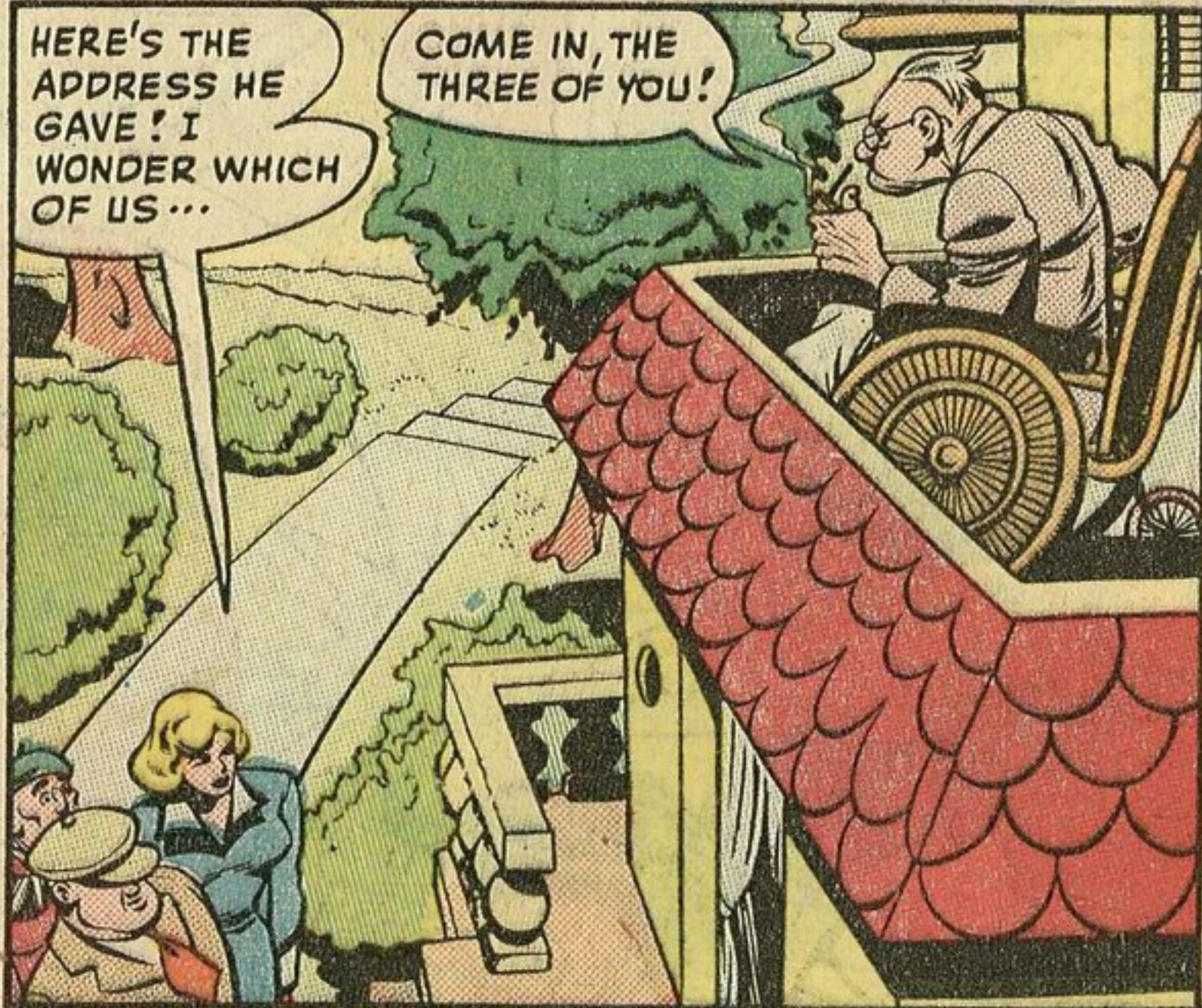
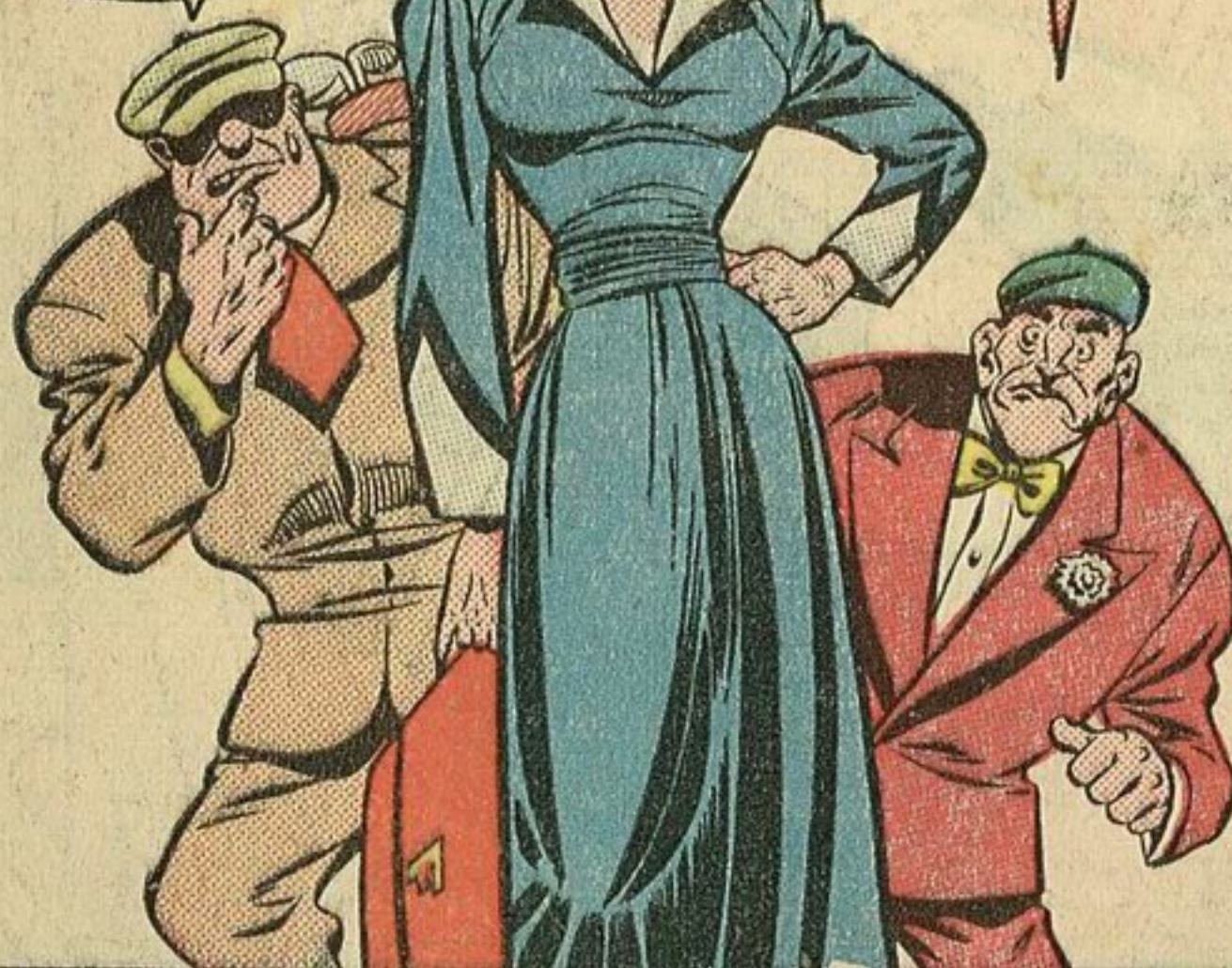


YOU KNOW MR. WHEELS IS HERE, FLITS? HE SENT FOR ME ... SECRETLY!

HE SENT FOR ME, TOO! DON'T TELL ME HE WANTS US ALL!

HERE'S THE ADDRESS HE GAVE! I WONDER WHICH OF US ...

COME IN, THE THREE OF YOU!



FOR A LONG LIFETIME I'VE DIRECTED CRIME ENTERPRISES! I CAN THINK OF NO BETTER MURDERERS THAN YOU THREE!

LET'S GET TO BUSINESS, MR. WHEELS! YOU WANT SOMEBODY RUBBED OUT! WHO?

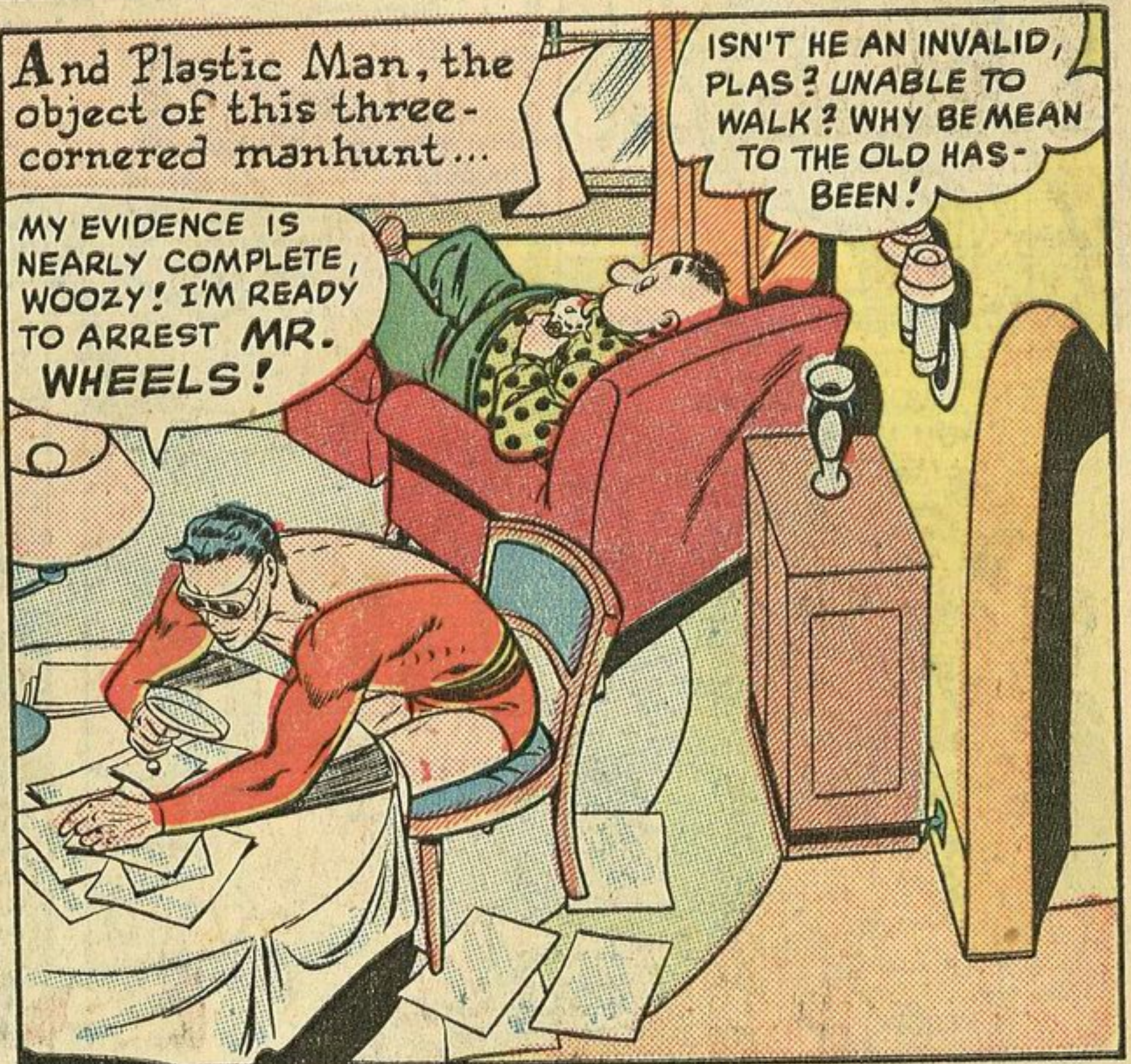
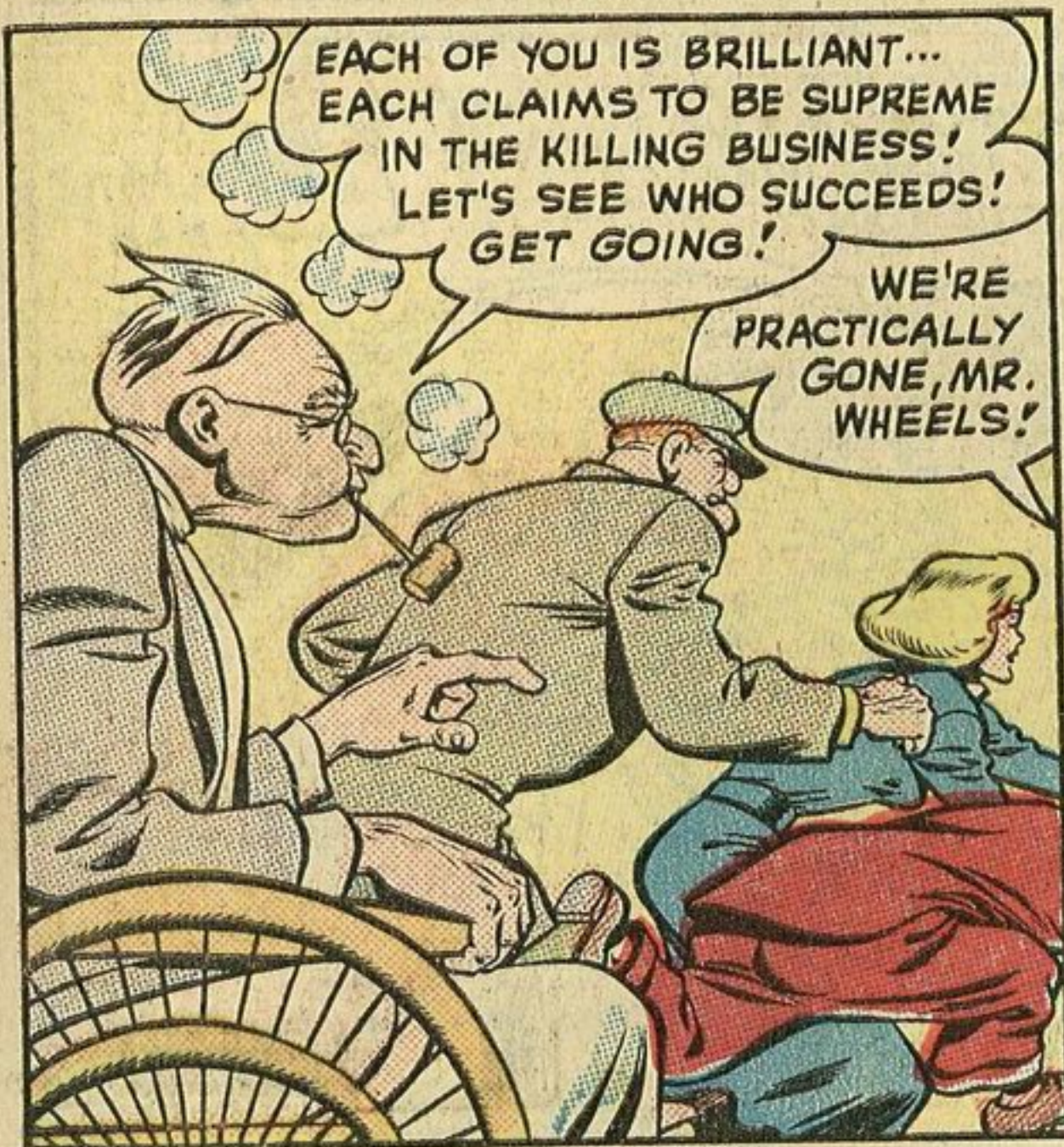
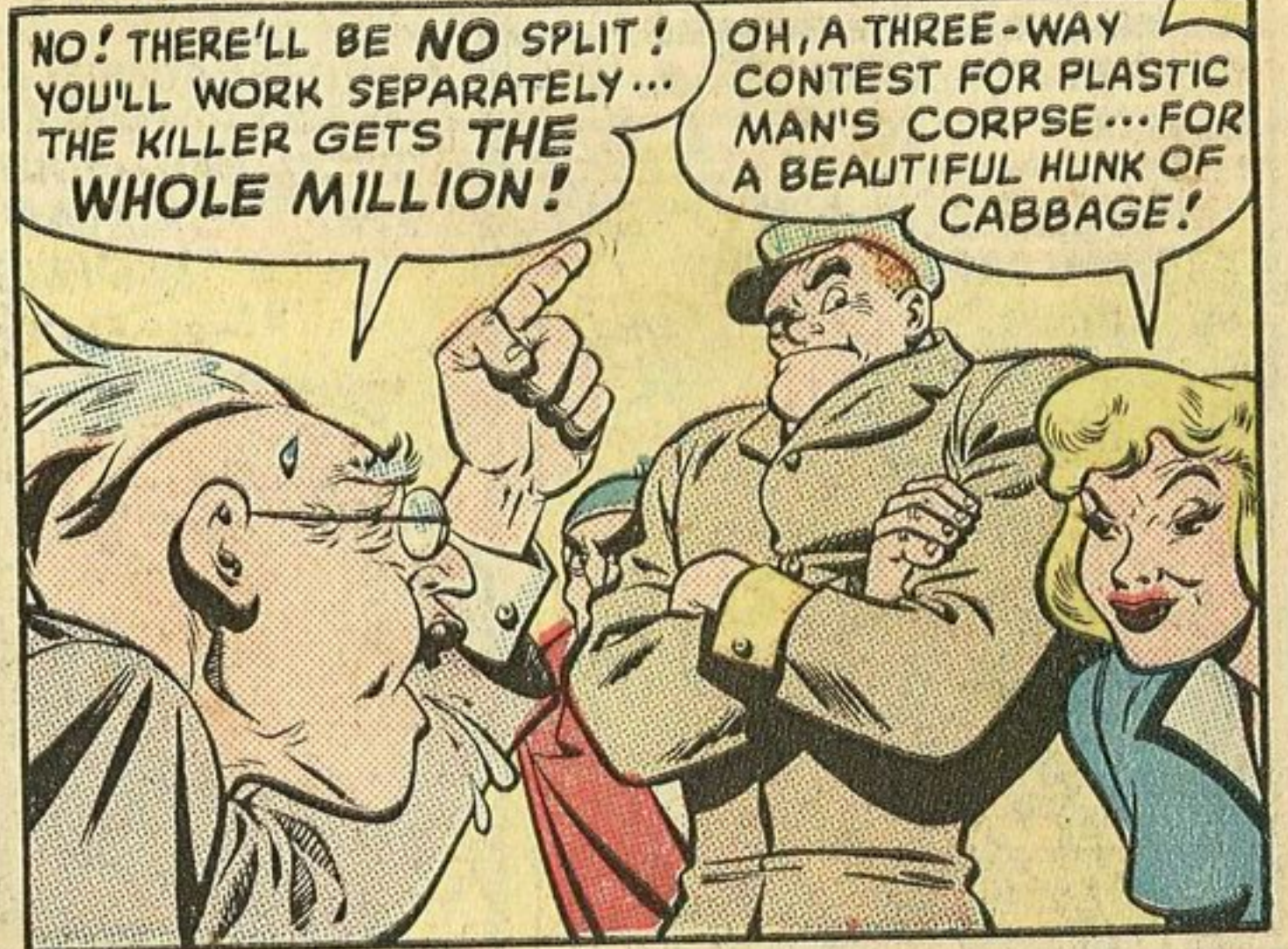
PLASTIC MAN!

PLASTIC MAN? BUT THAT'S A TOUGH JOB ... EVEN FOR A TOUGH GUY!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M CALLING ON **THREE** TOUGH GUYS!



POLICE COMICS

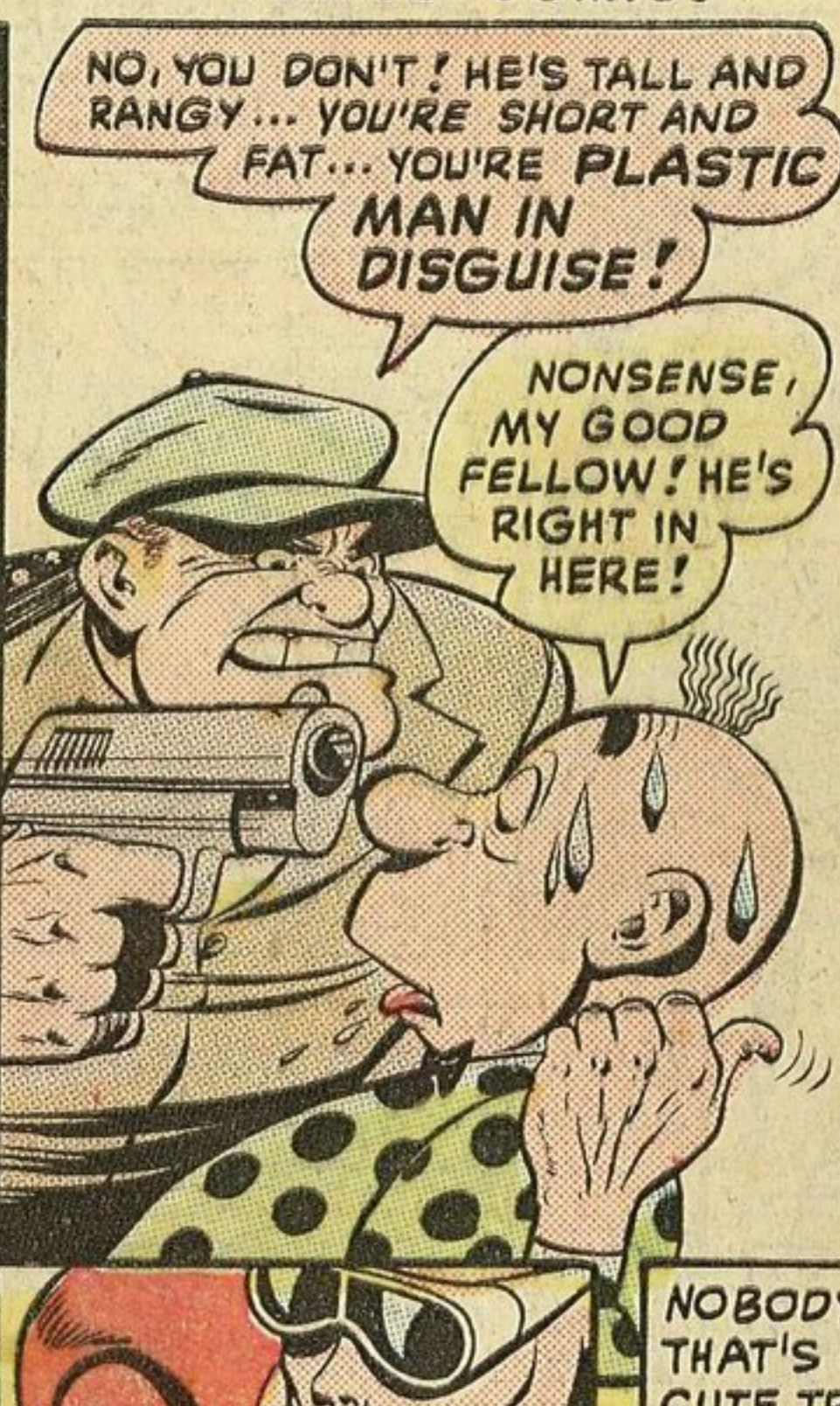


POLICE COMICS



YOU AREN'T PLASTIC MAN! OR ARE YOU?

DO I LOOK LIKE PLASTIC MAN?



NO, YOU DON'T! HE'S TALL AND RANGY... YOU'RE SHORT AND FAT... YOU'RE PLASTIC MAN IN DISGUISE!

NONSENSE, MY GOOD FELLOW! HE'S RIGHT IN HERE!



LIAR! YOU DECEIVED ME... YOU ARE PLASTIC MAN, AND I'M GOING TO PULVERIZE YOU!

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE... A TERRIBLE MISTAKE... A TRAGIC MISTAKE!



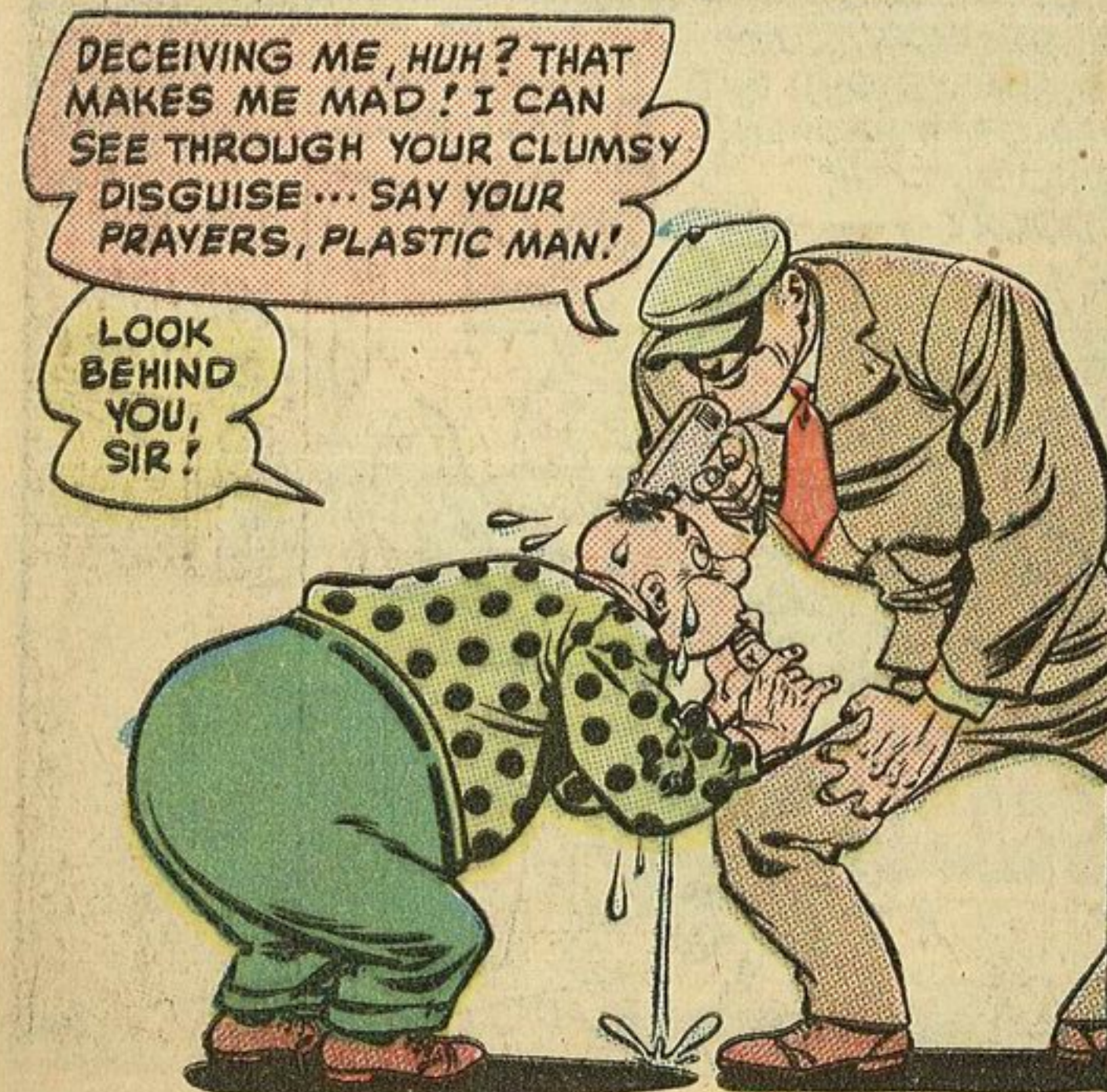
YOU'RE NO FIGHTER, LIKE THEY ALL SAY! YOU'RE WEAK... FEEBLE... IN FACT YOU WON'T LIVE ANOTHER MINUTE!

HEY!



NOBODY'S HERE! THAT'S ONE OF YOUR CUTE TRICKS, HUH, PLASTIC MAN?

BUT I TELL YOU I'M NOT PLASTIC MAN!



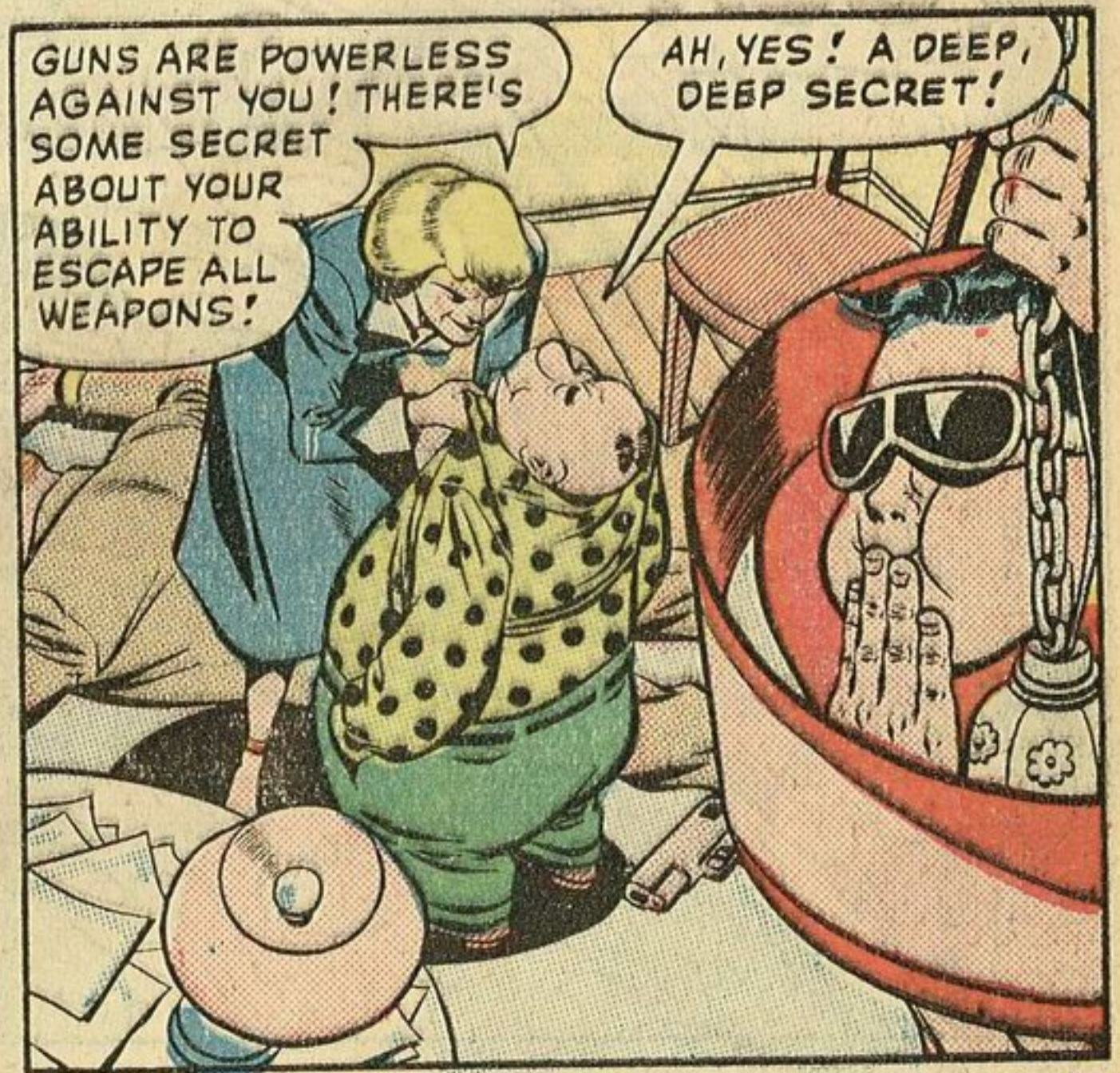
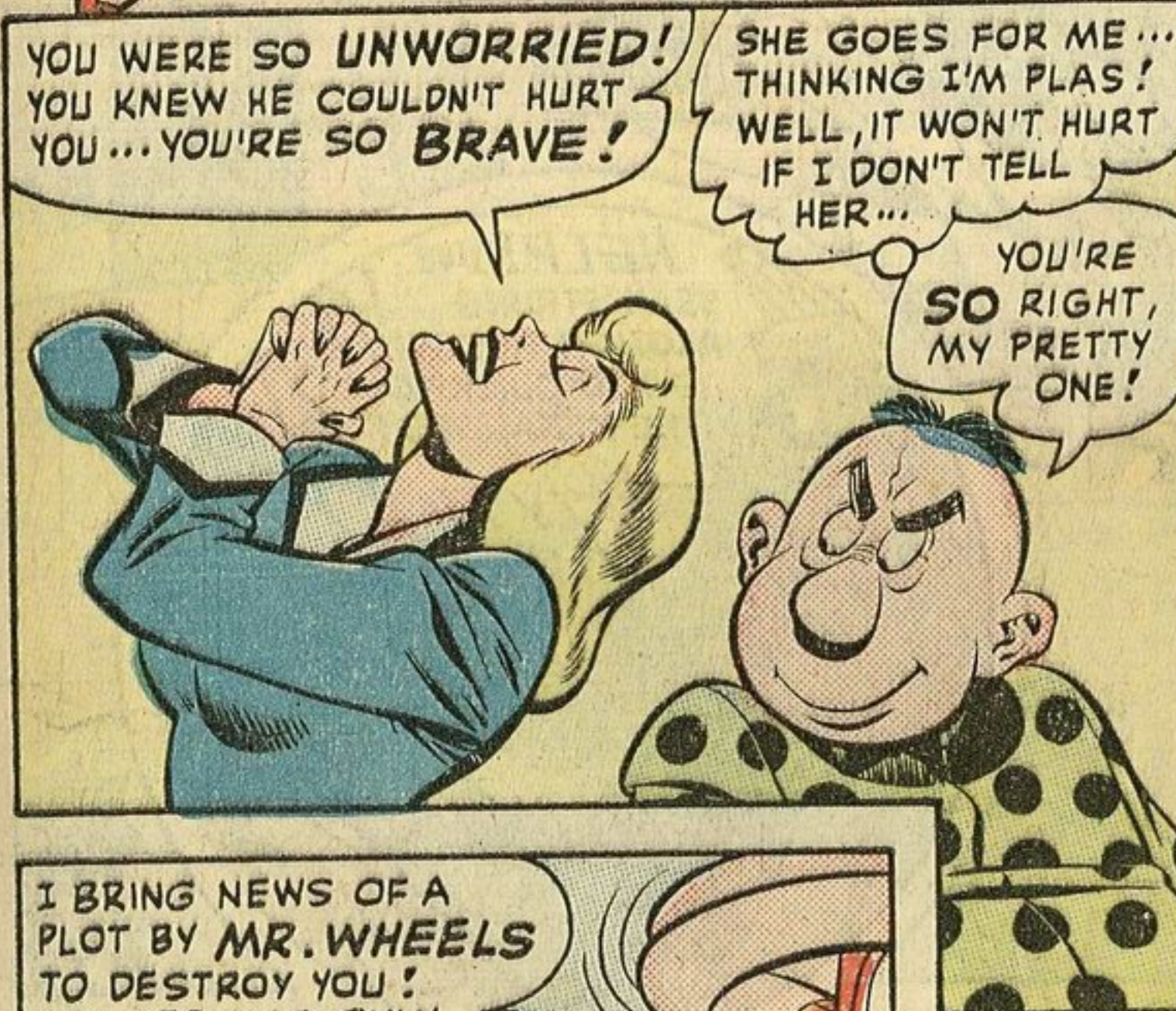
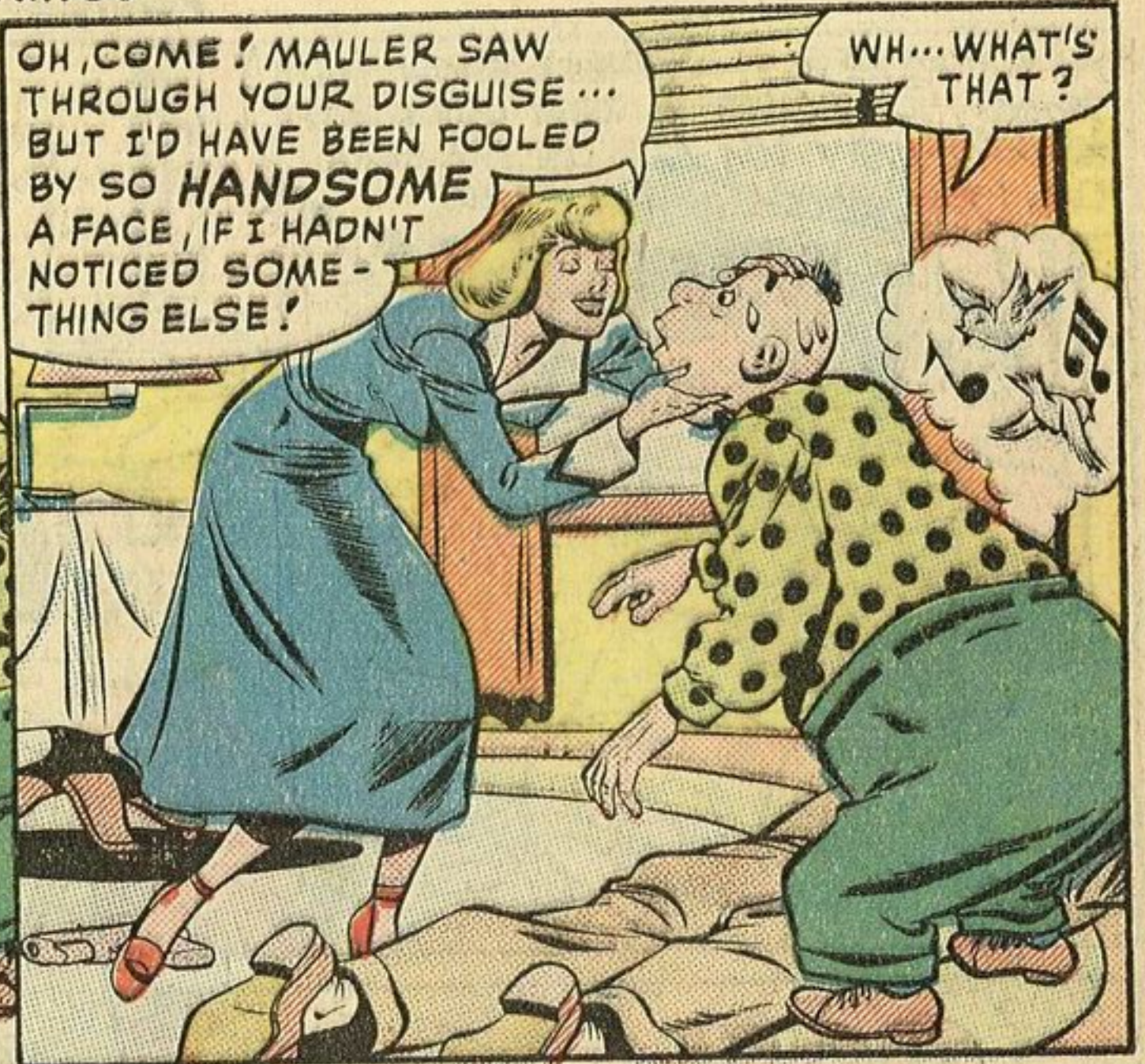
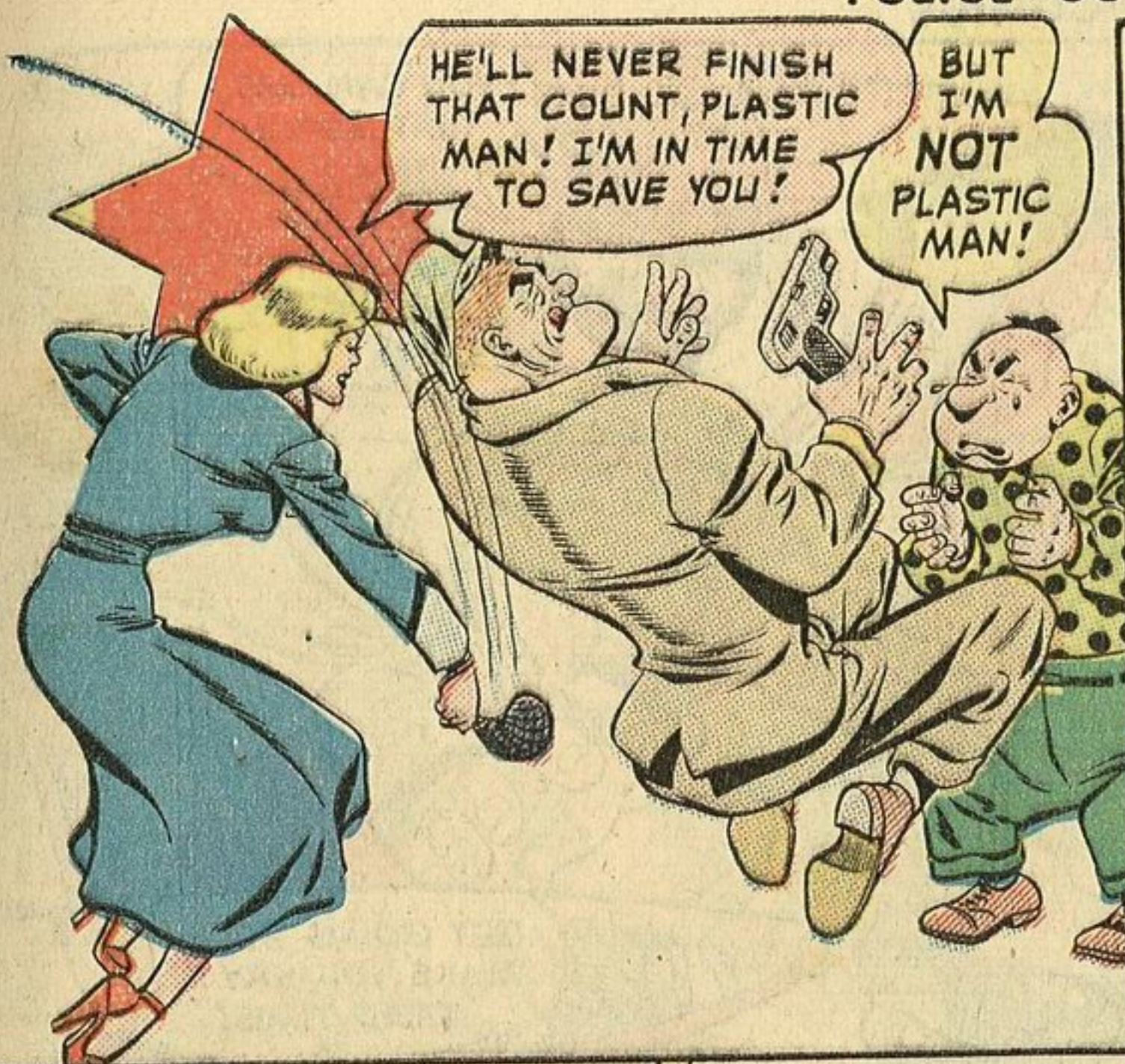
DECEIVING ME, HUH? THAT MAKES ME MAD! I CAN SEE THROUGH YOUR CLUMSY DISGUISE... SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PLASTIC MAN!

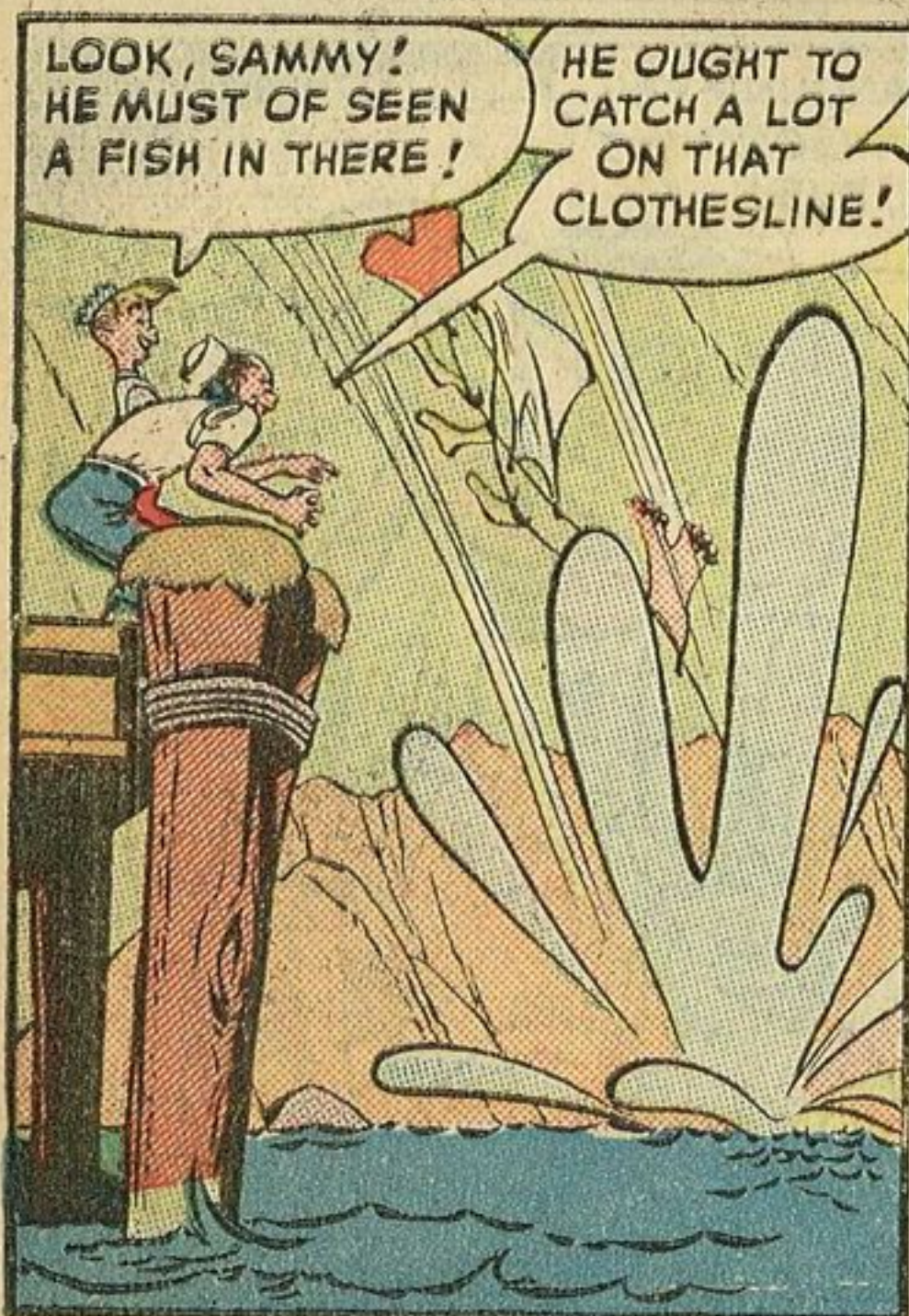
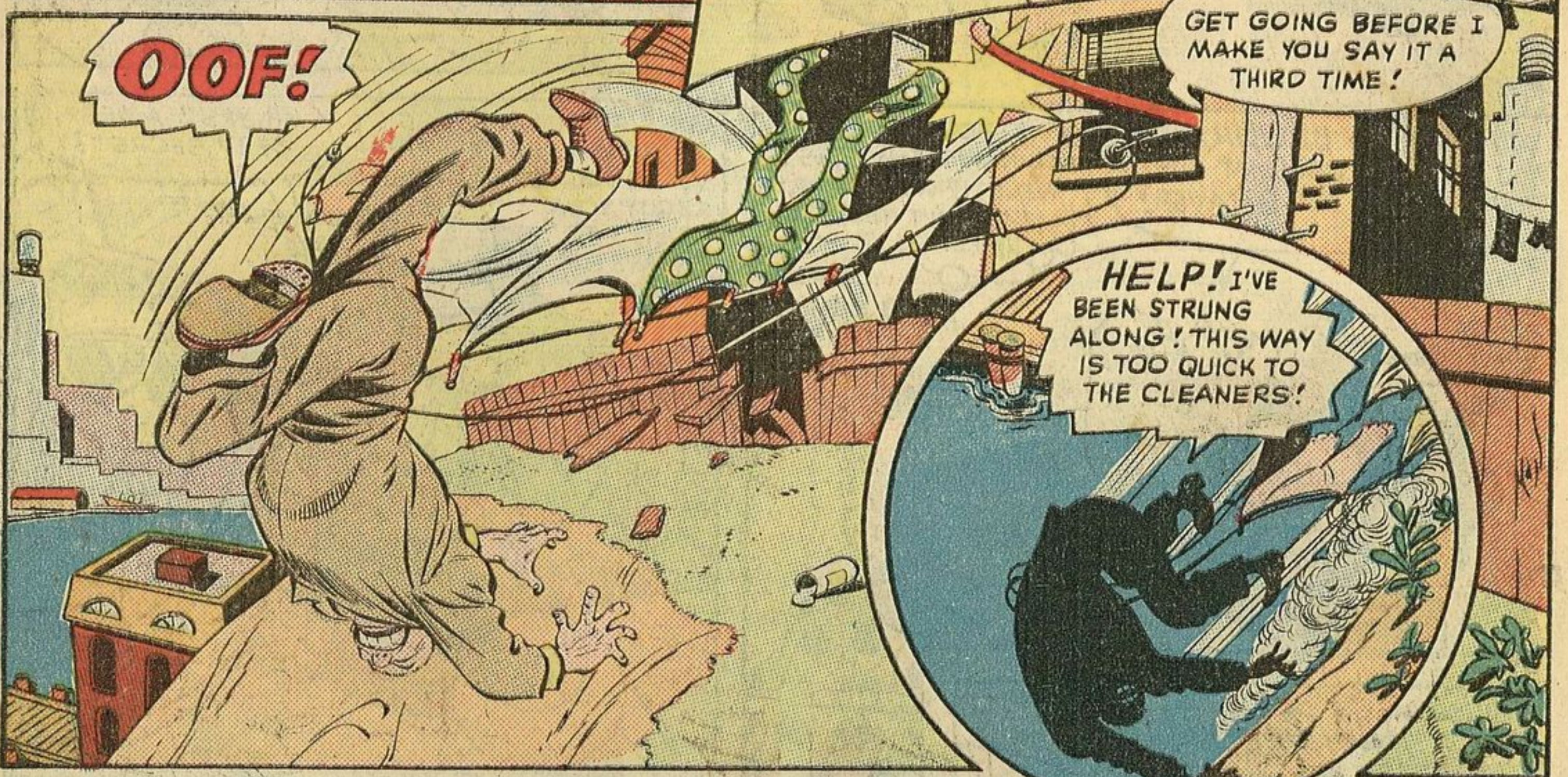
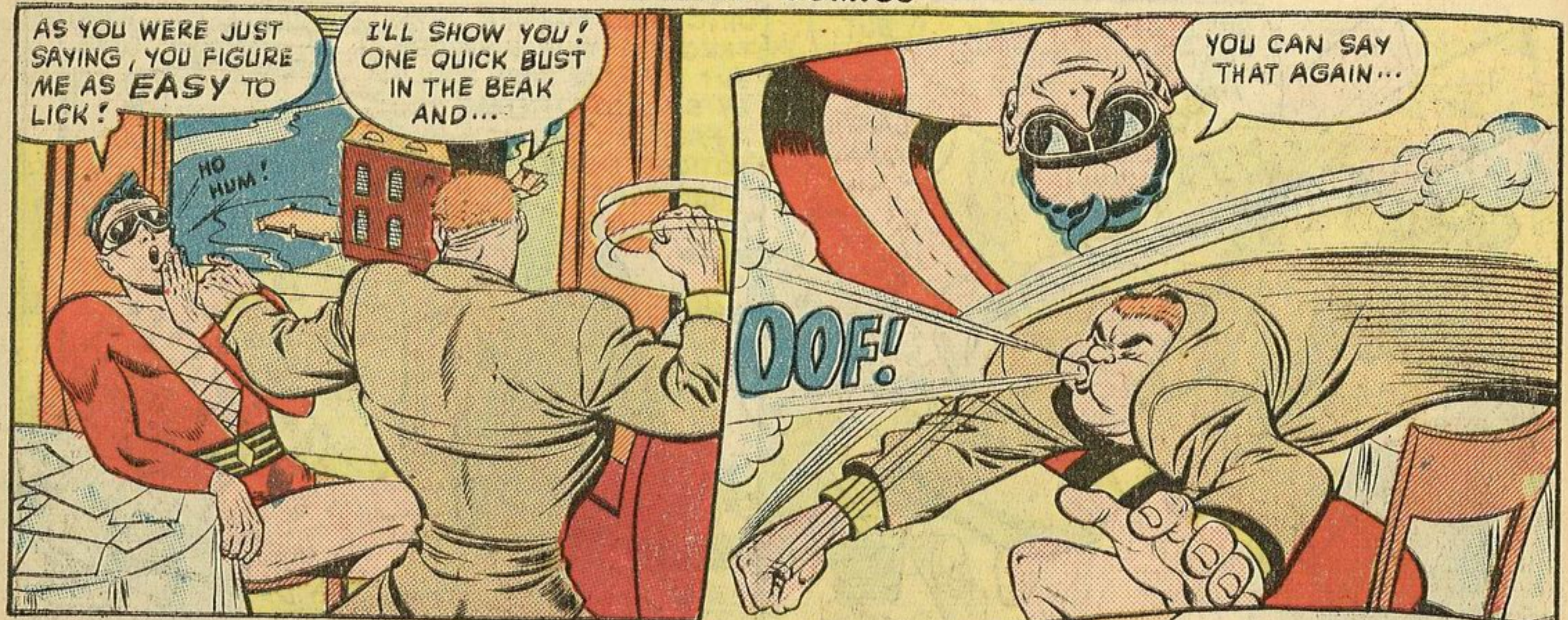
LOOK BEHIND YOU, SIR!



THAT TRICK WON'T WORK, EITHER! ON THE COUNT OF THREE, YOU DIE! ONE! TWO!...

POLICE COMICS





POLICE COMICS

In the park...

NOW WHAT IS THE WEAPON THAT CAN DESTROY YOU, PLASTIC MAN? IS IT POISON?

WELL... NOT EXACTLY!

IS IT A KNIFE, THEN?

NOT THAT, EITHER! BUT YOU'RE GETTING WARM... OR IS THAT MY HEART BOILING OVER?

I THINK IT'S MEAN OF GREAT BIG YOU TO HOLD OUT ON POOR LITTLE ME!

FLITS! BEFORE I HUNT UP PLASTIC MAN I'LL JUST REMOVE HER FROM THIS COMPETITION!

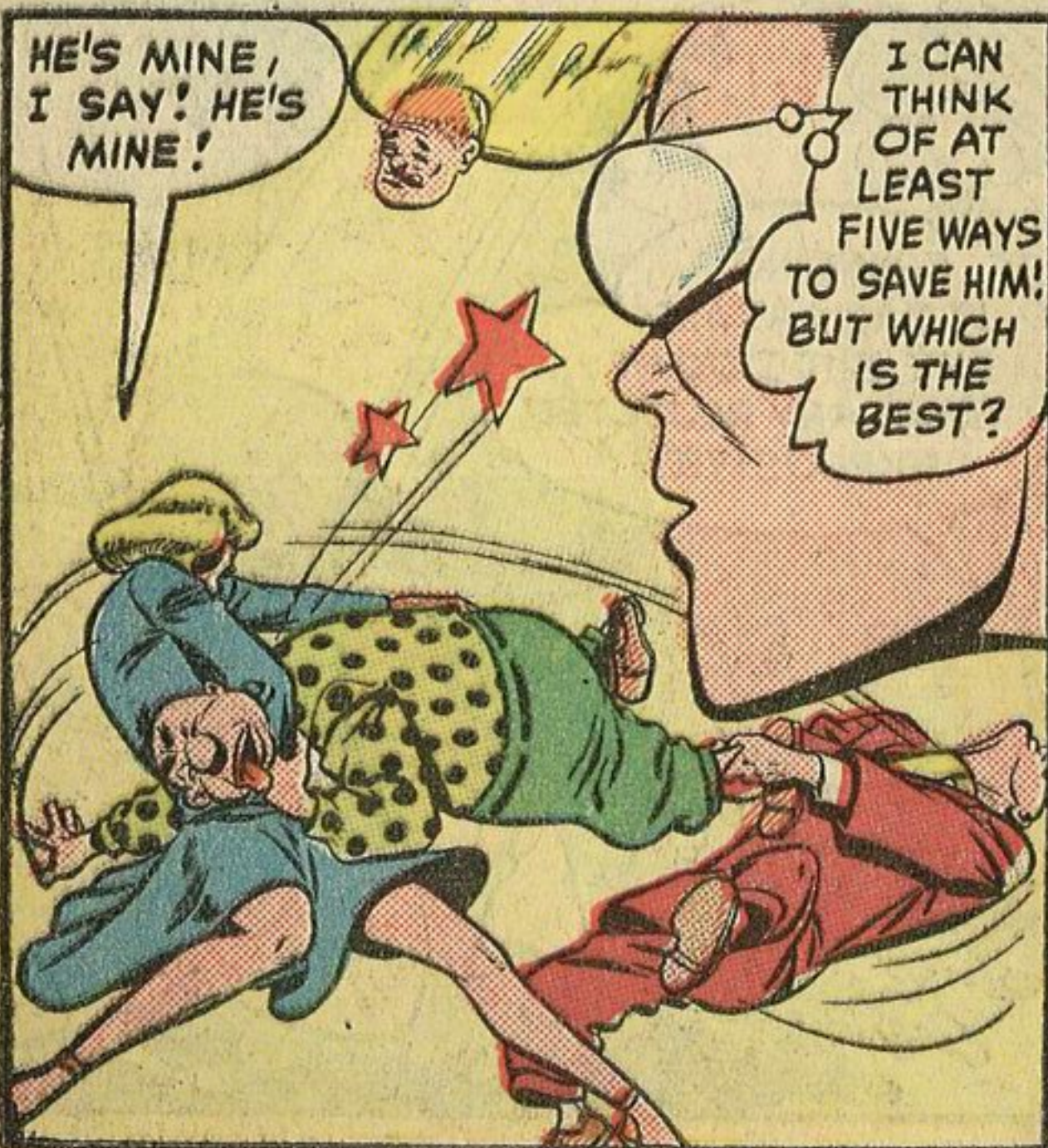
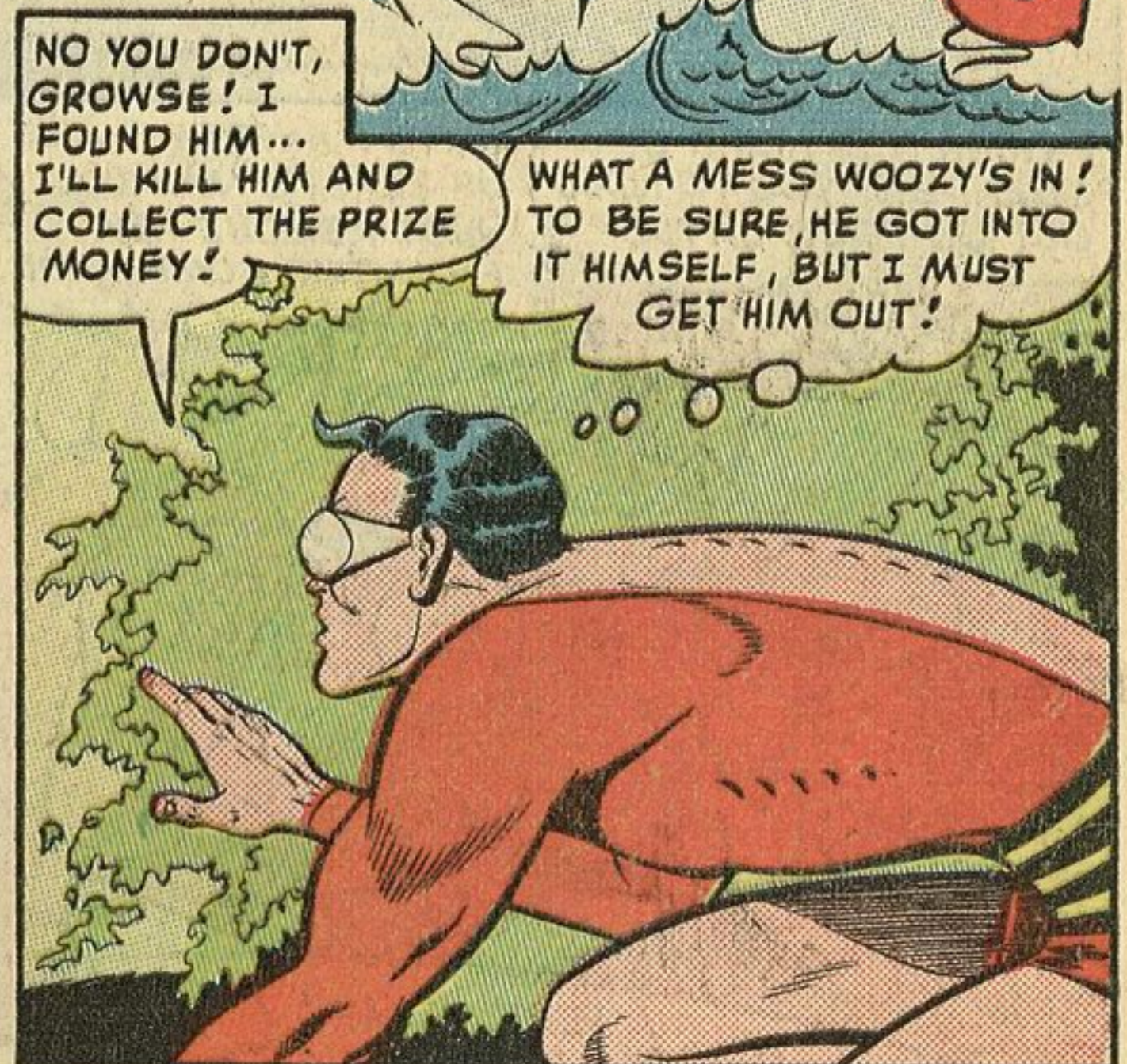
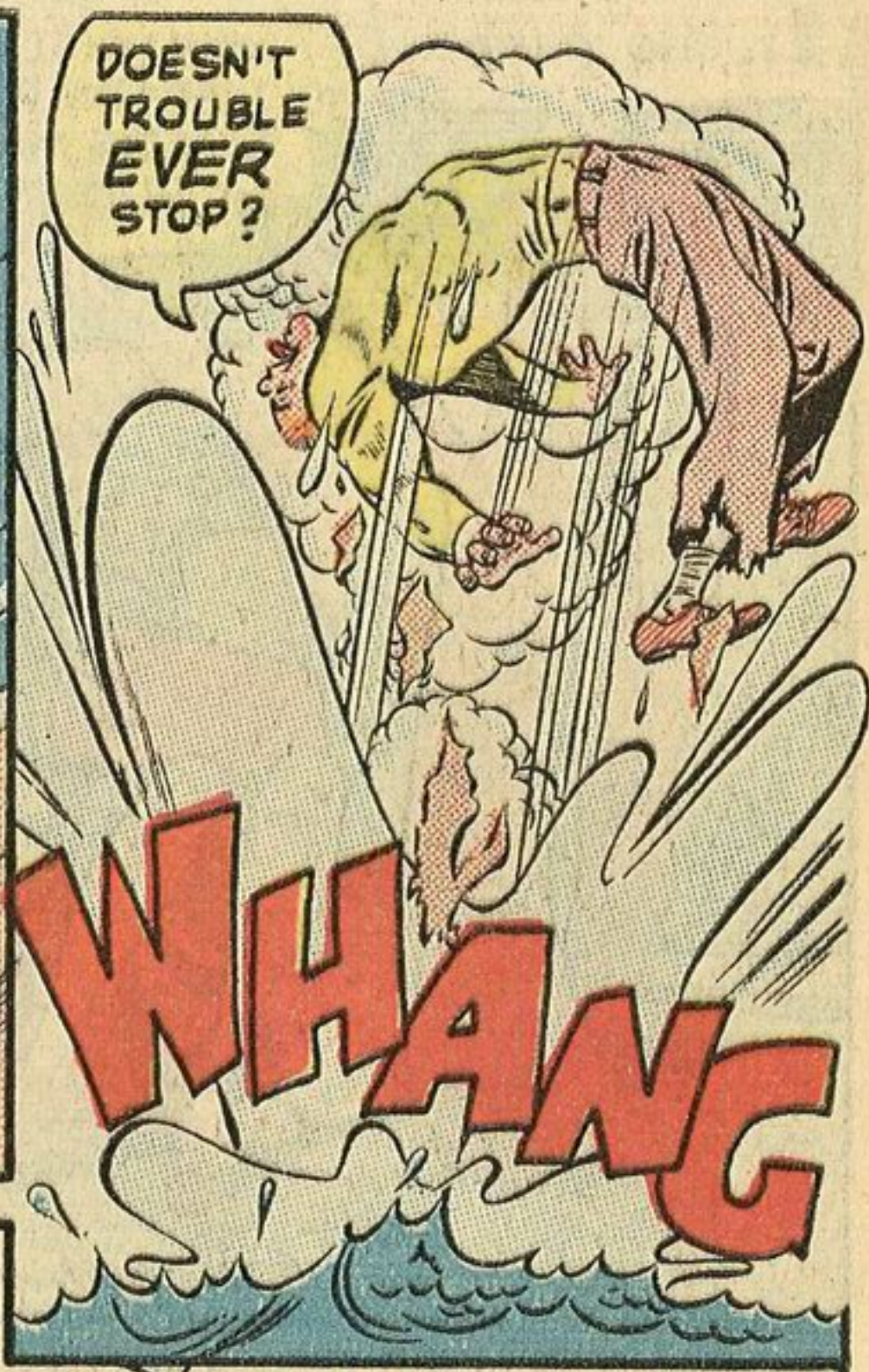
LOVE SENDS A LITTLE GIFT OF TNT, FLITS!

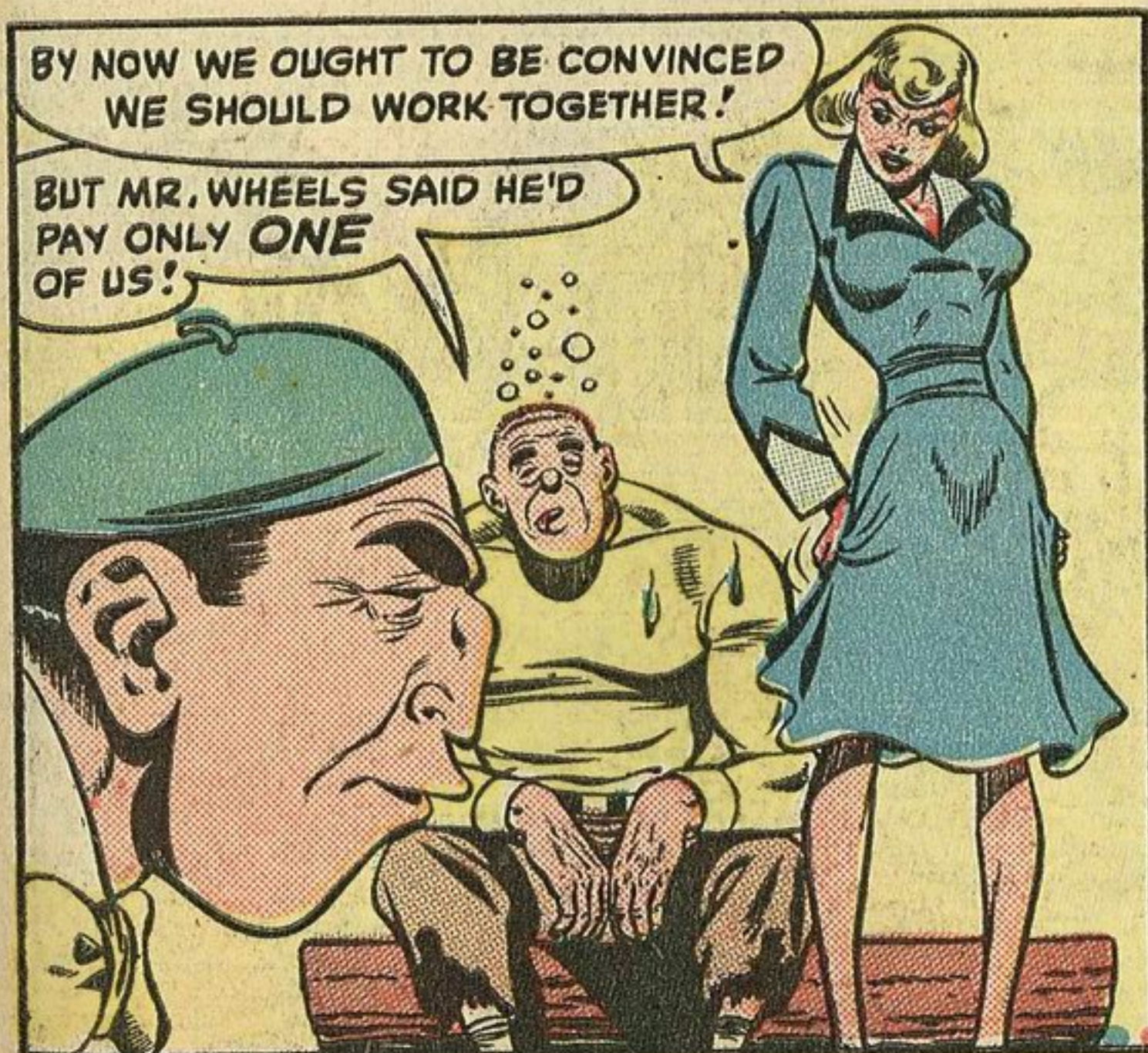
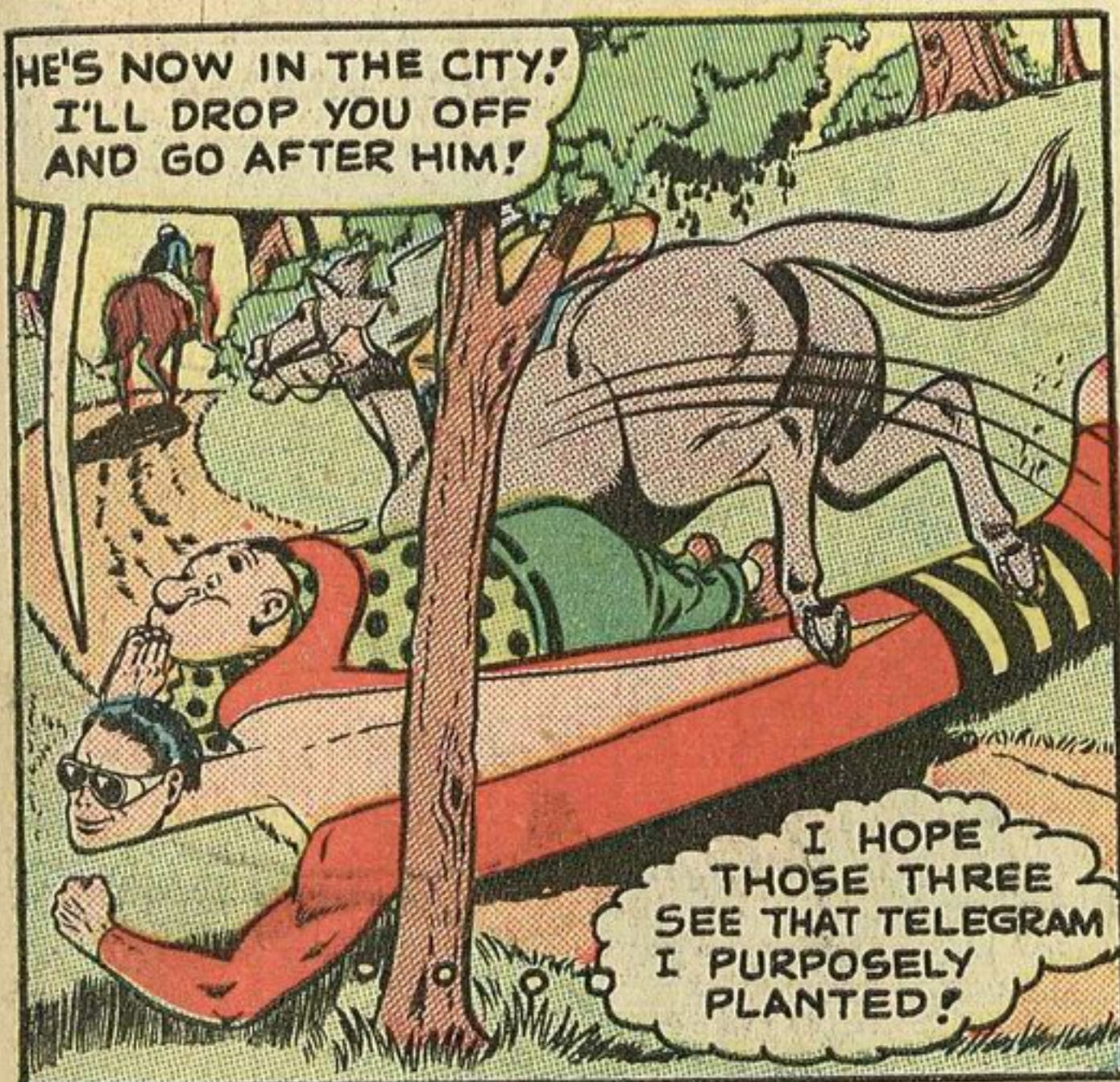
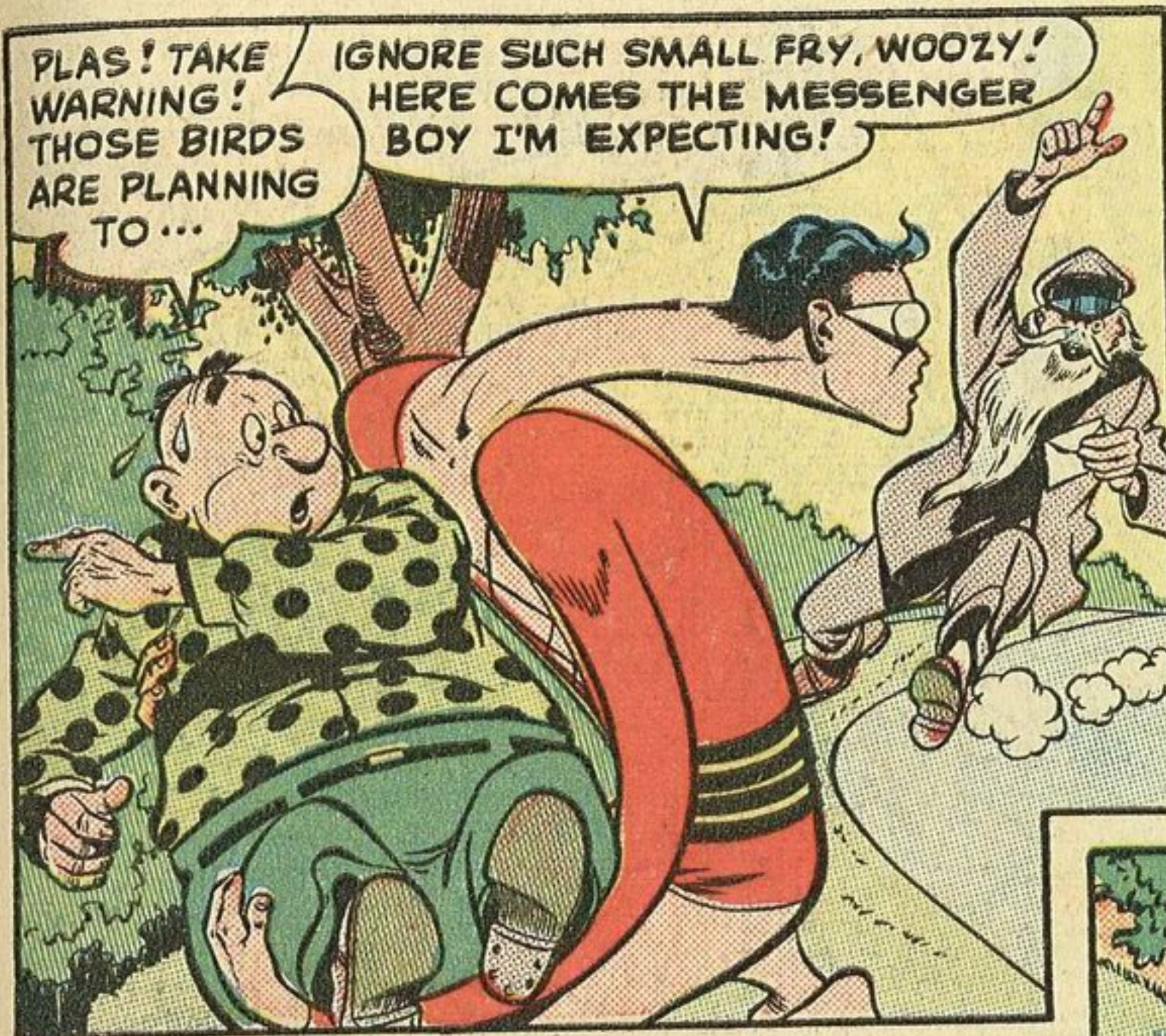
HELP! PROTECT ME!

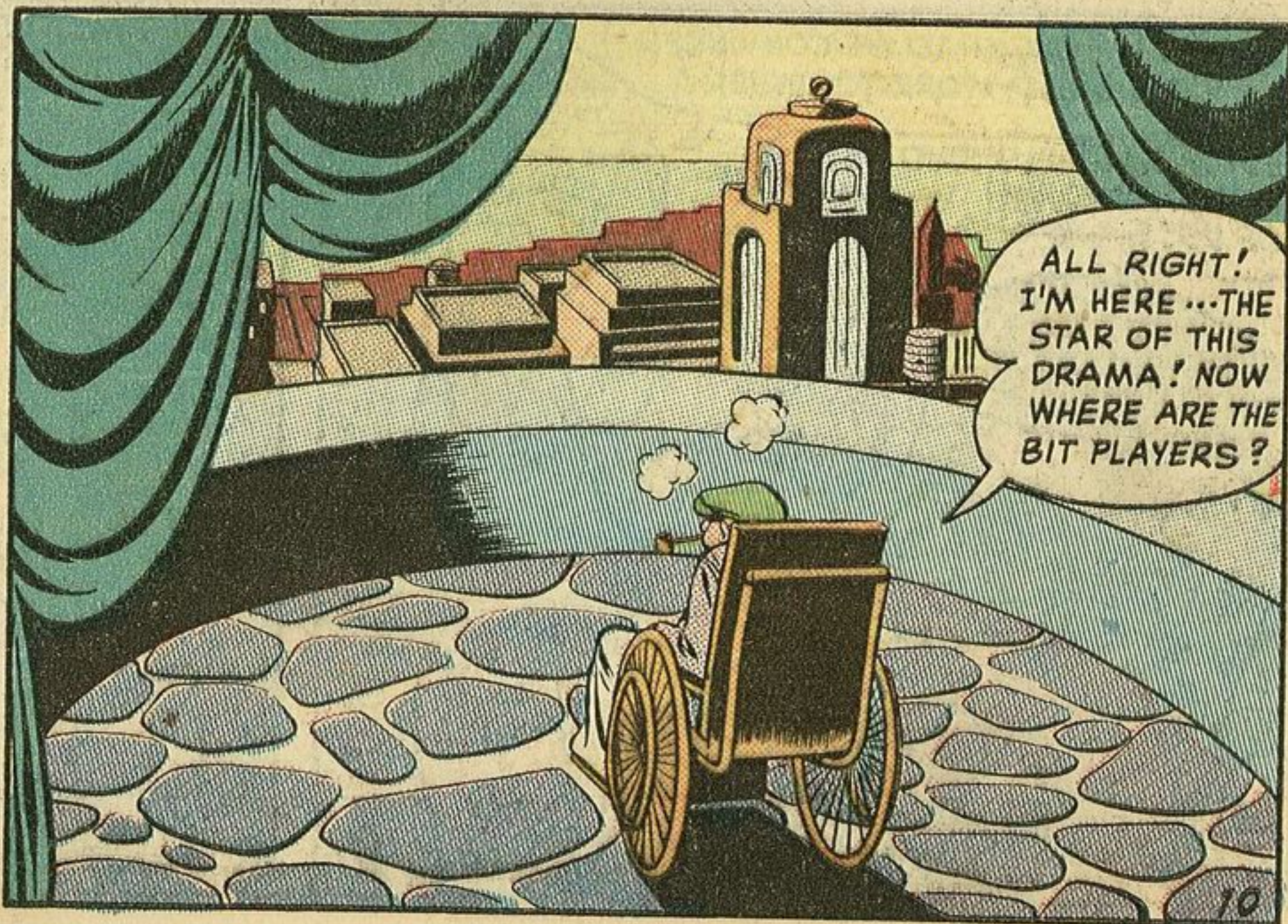
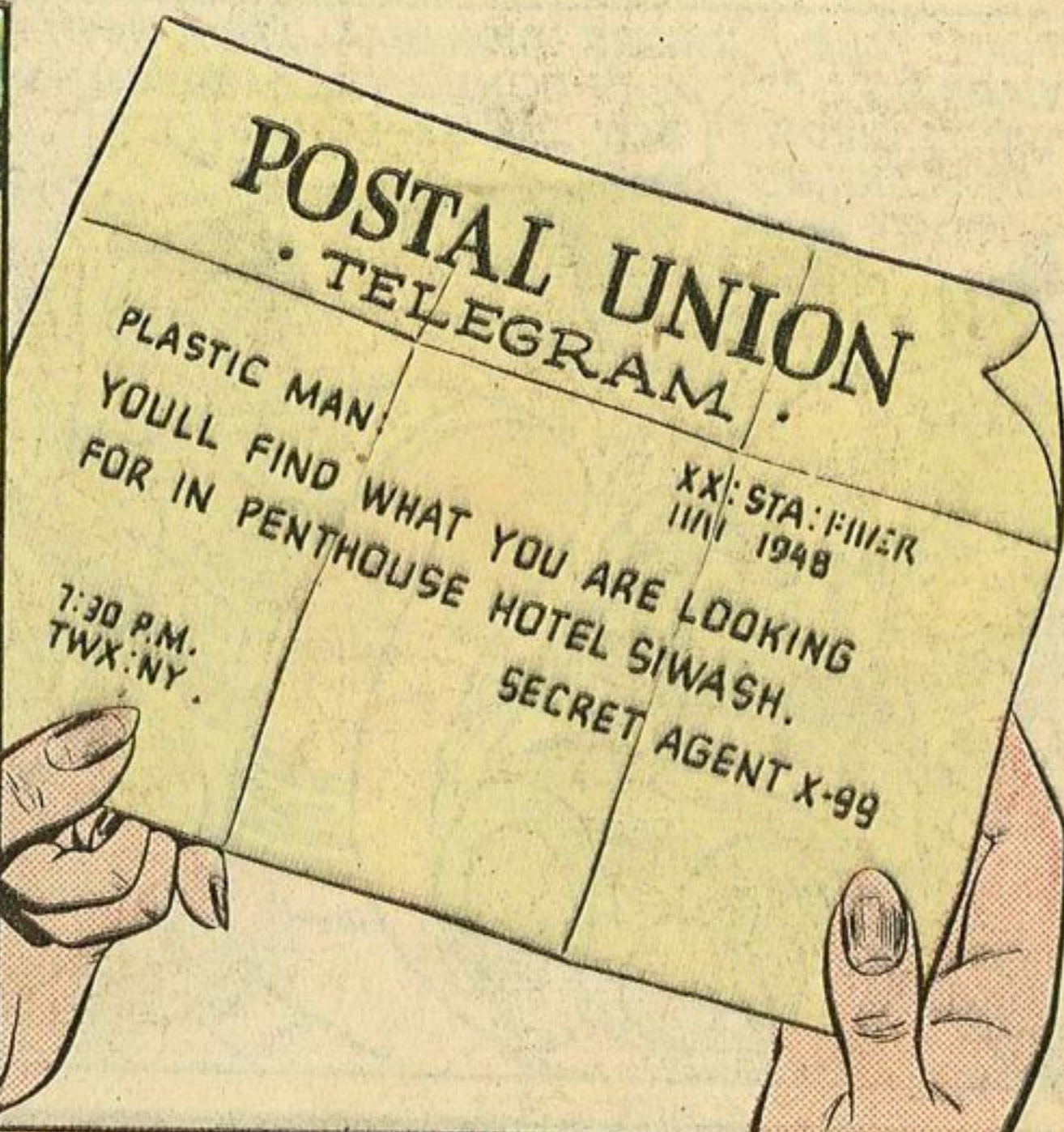
UMP!

PLASTIC MAN! I KNEW YOU COULD STOMACH THAT BOMB!

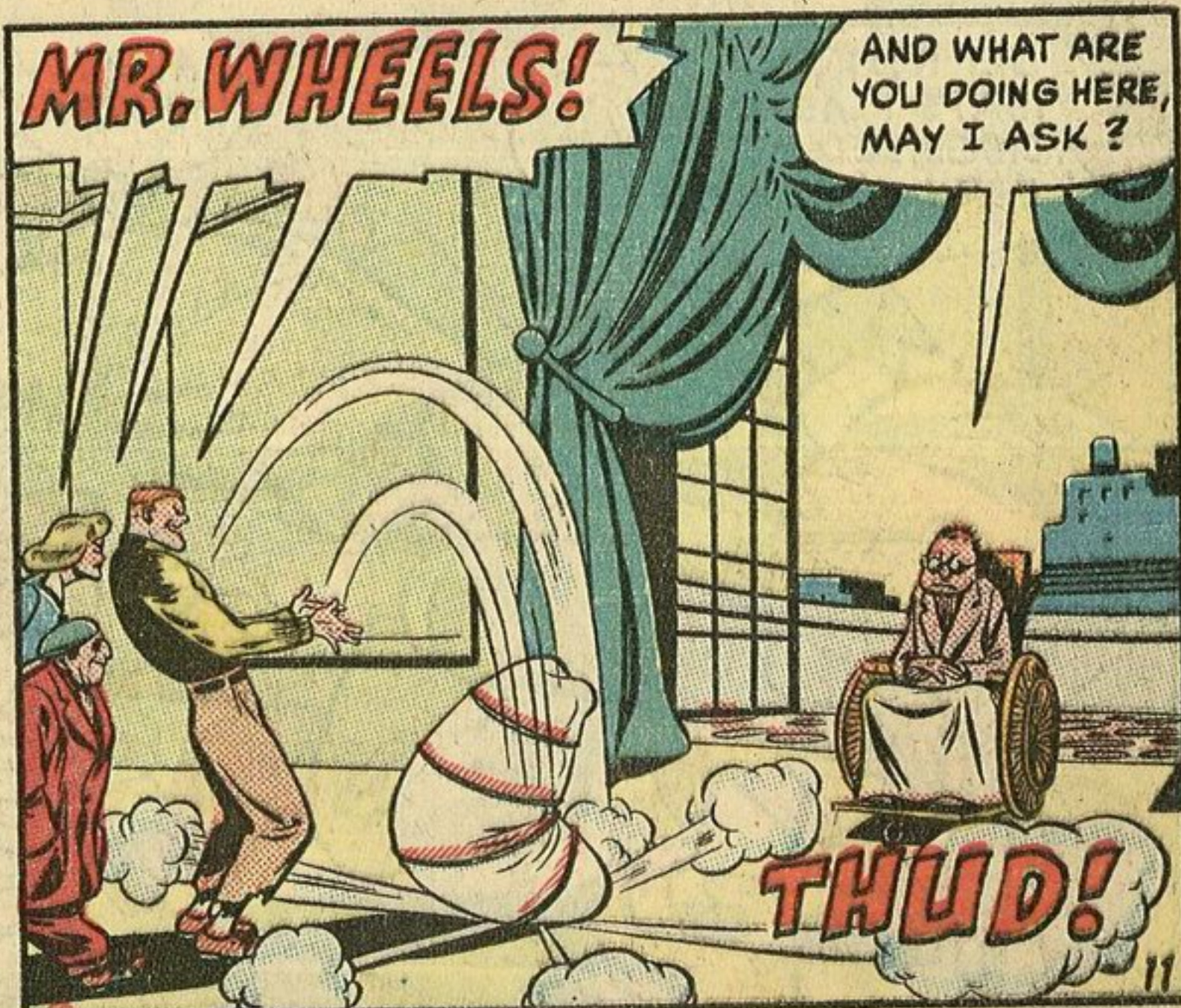
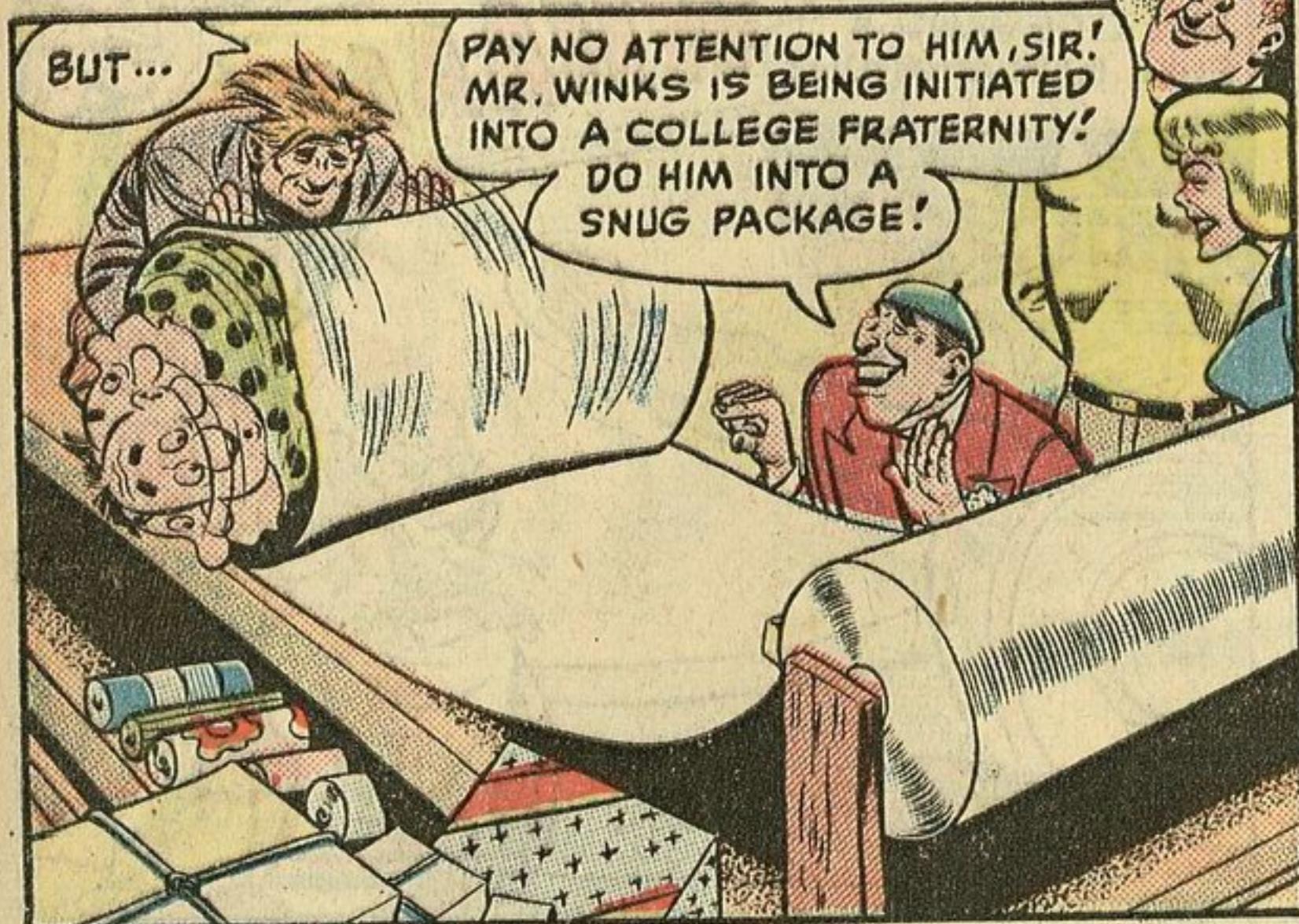
BOUNCING IT BACK AT ME, EH? BUT I DON'T TAKE ANY REJECTED EXPLOSIVES!



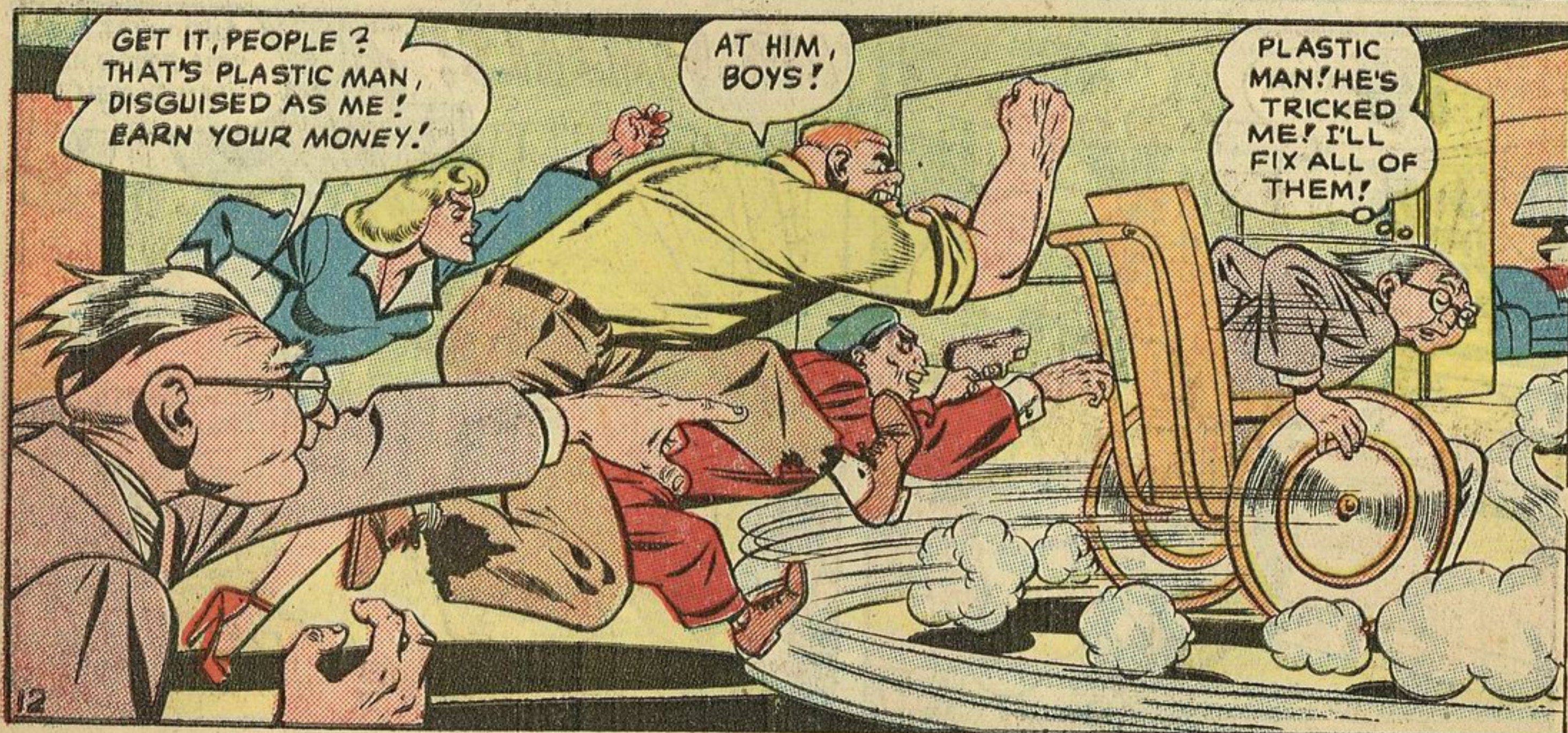
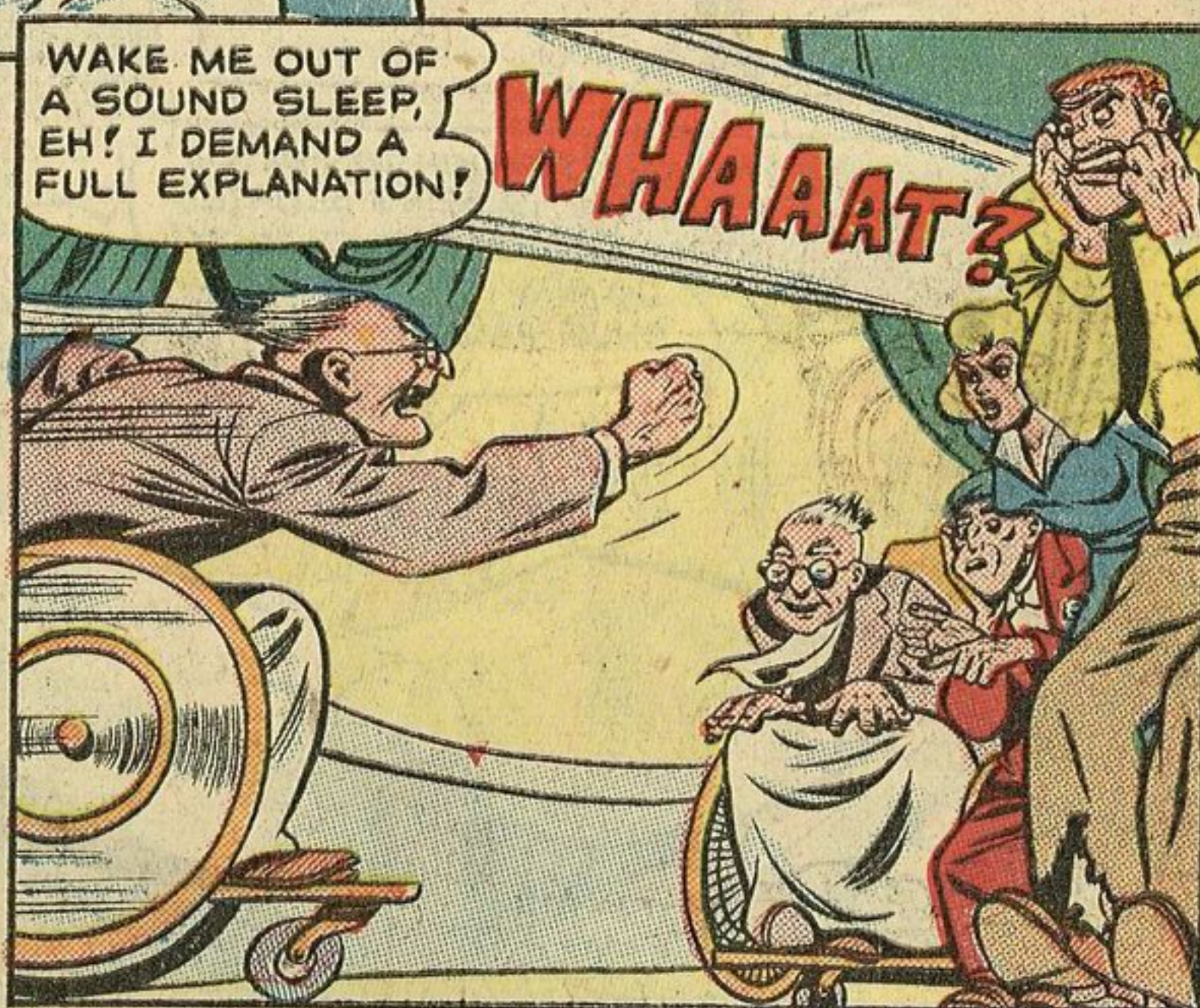
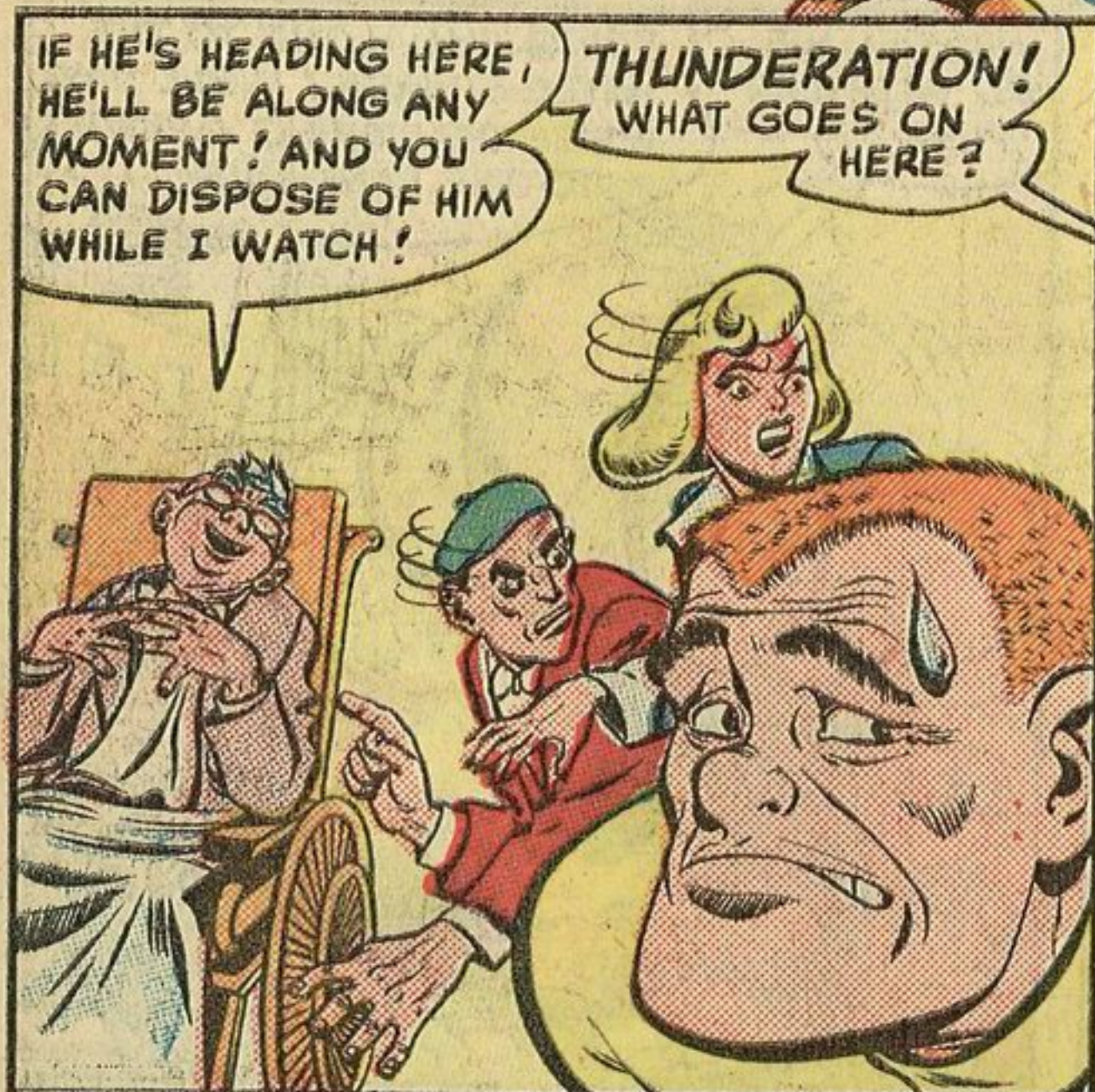


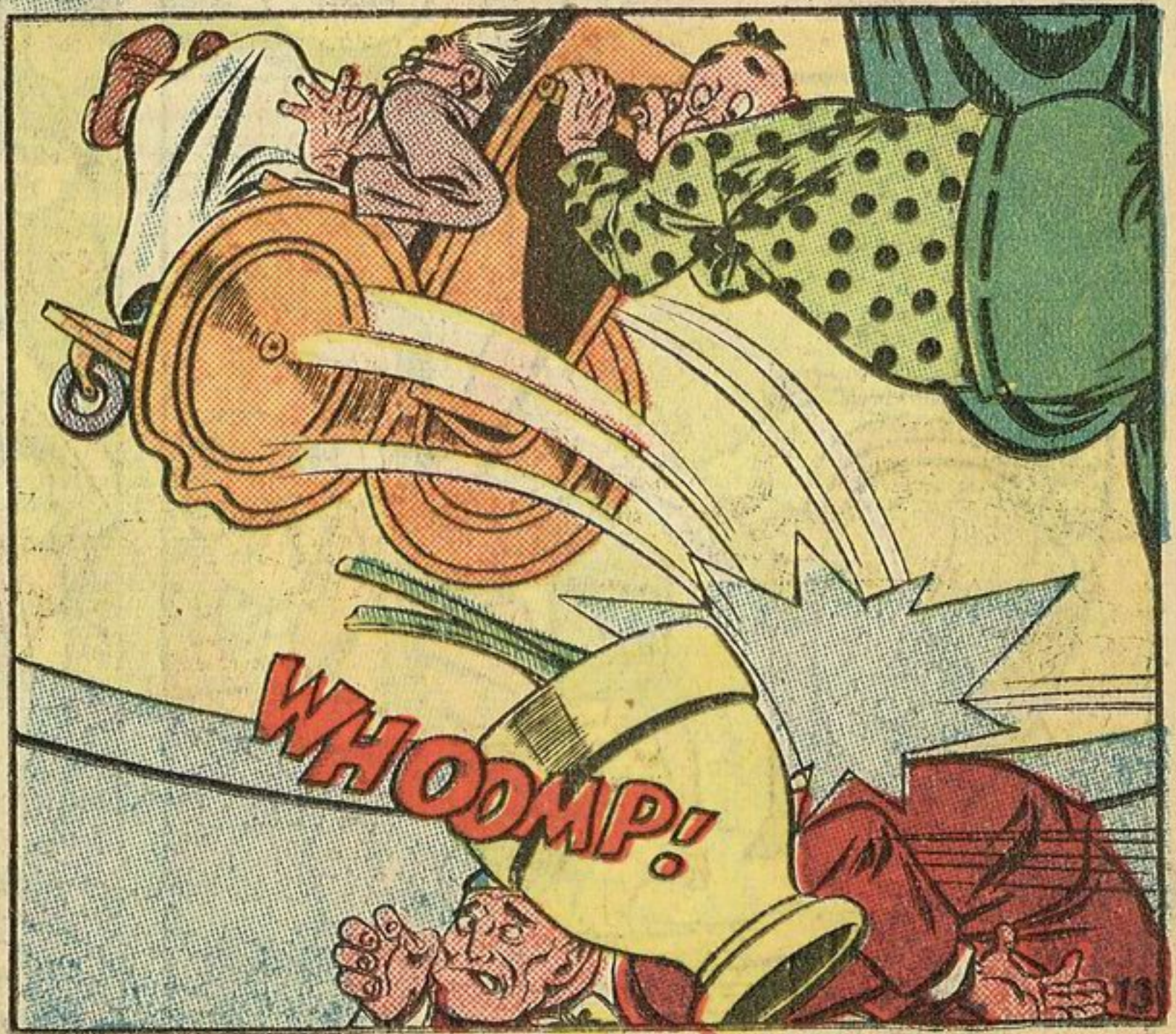
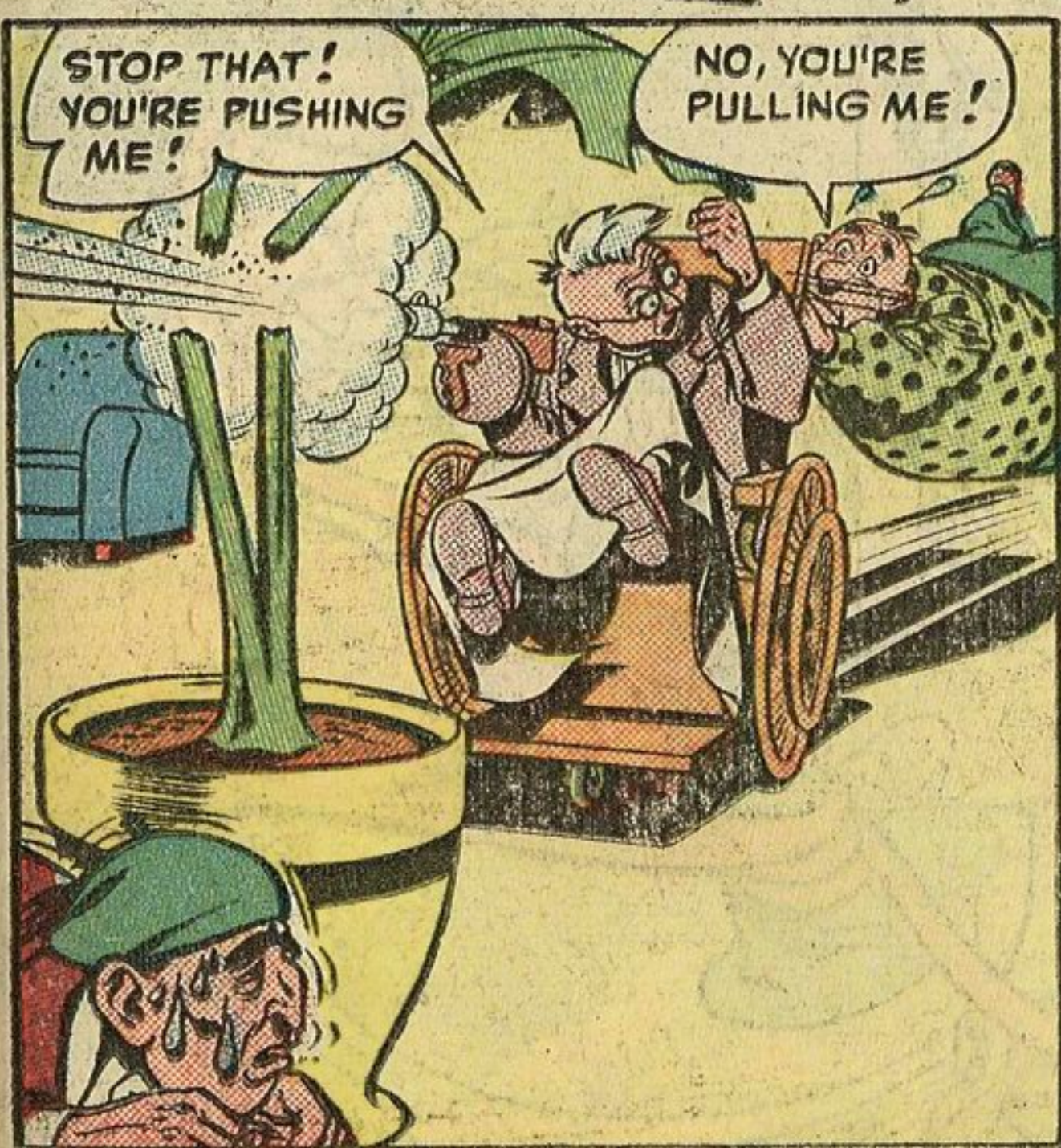
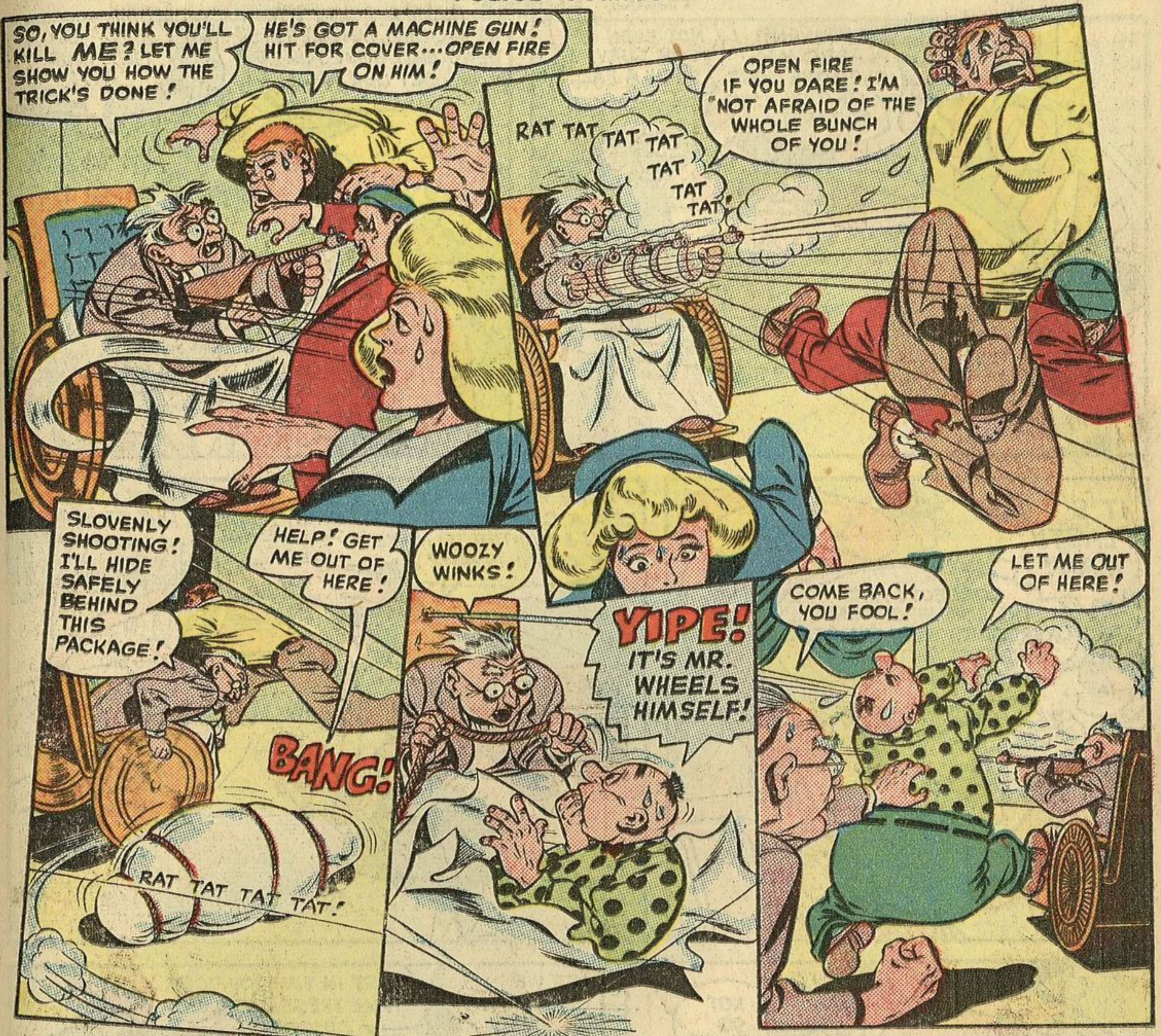


POLICE COMICS

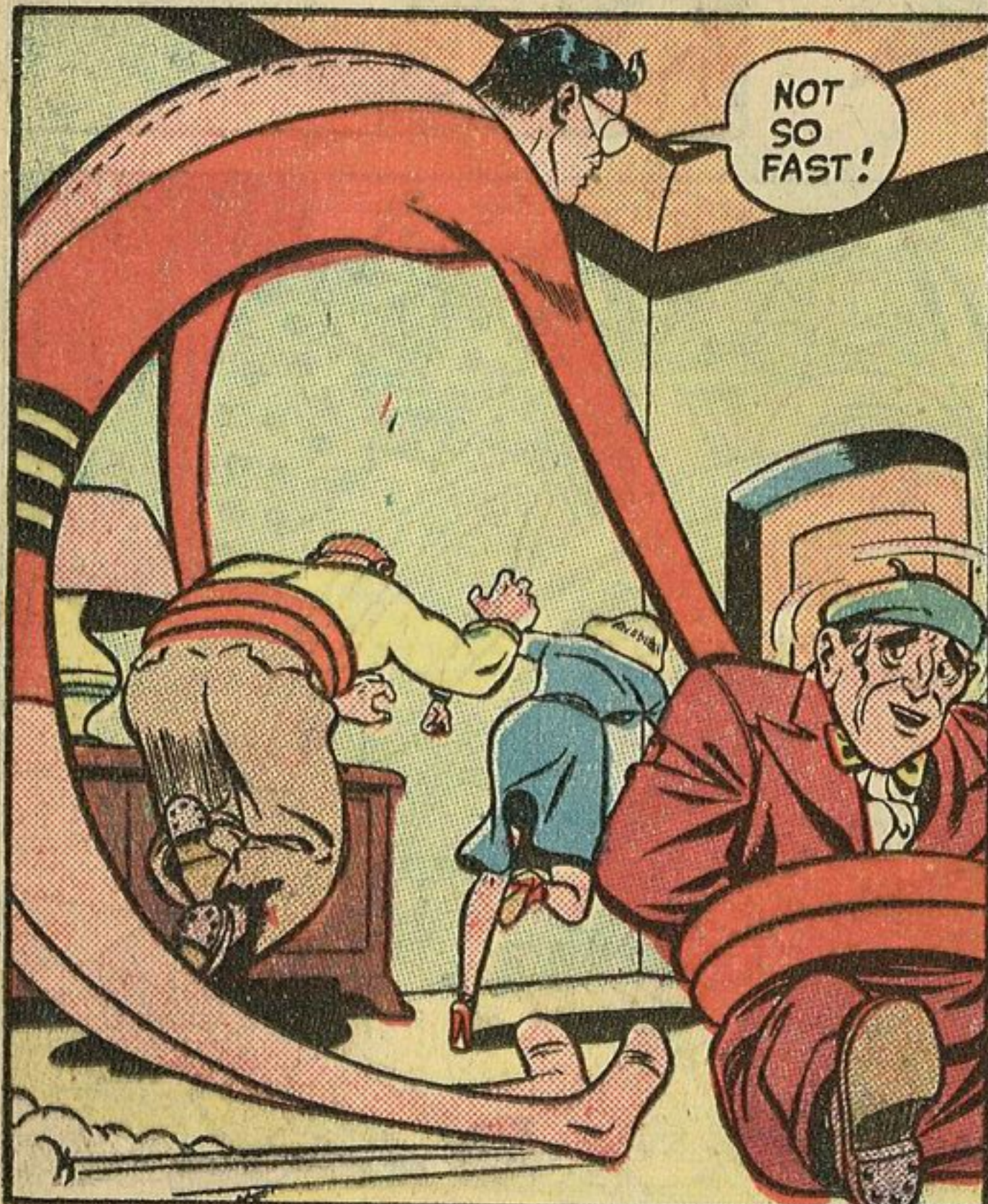
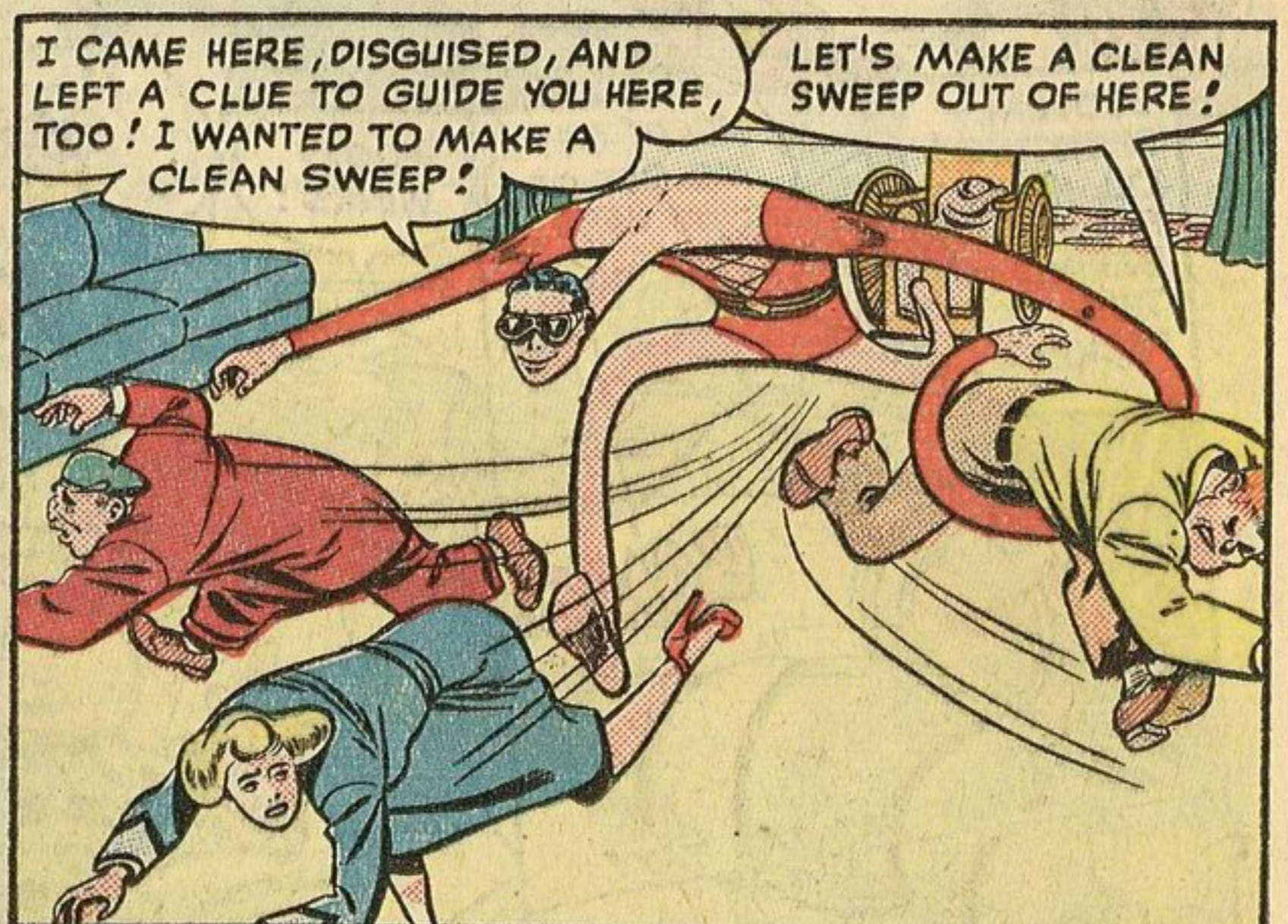


POLICE COMICS

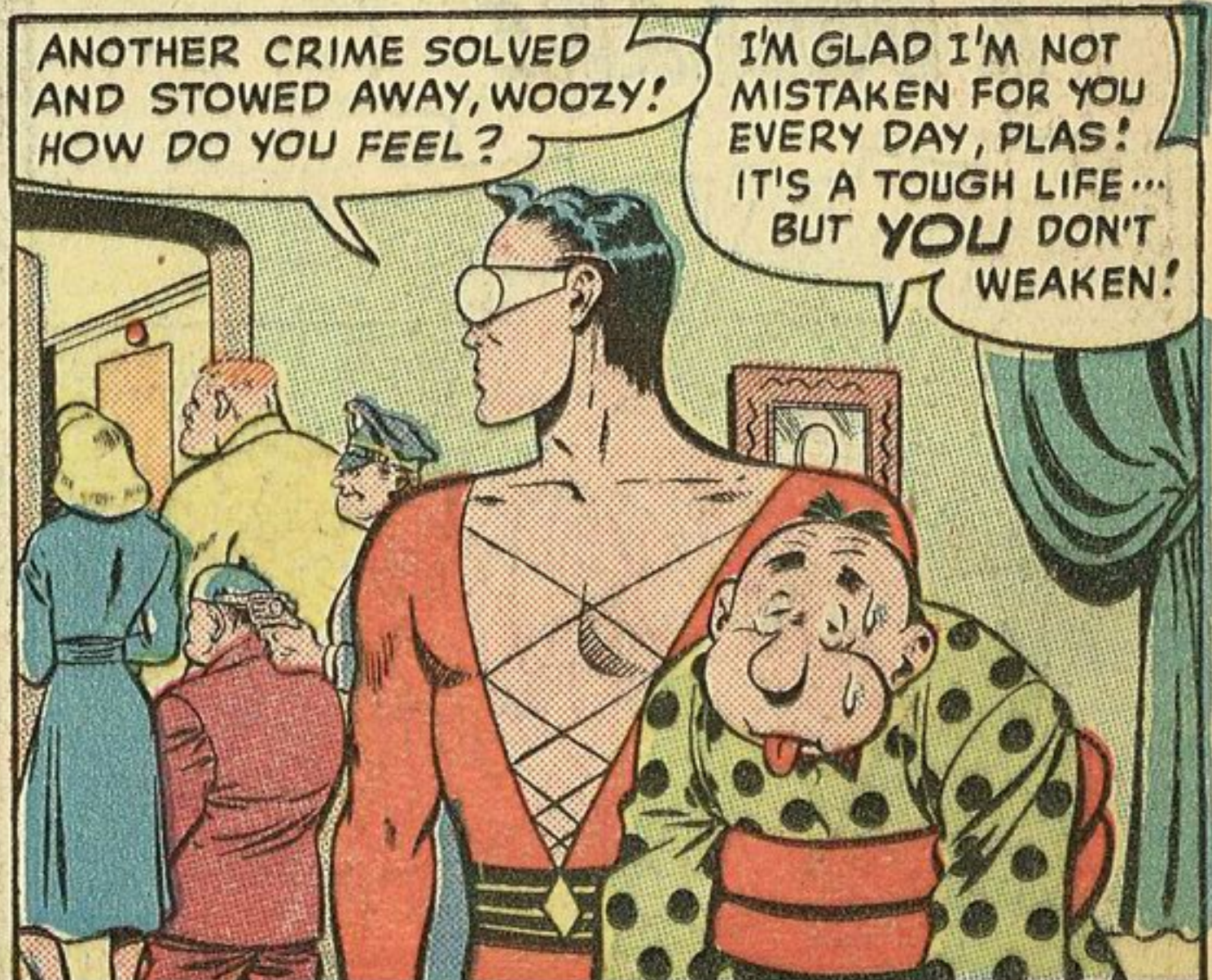
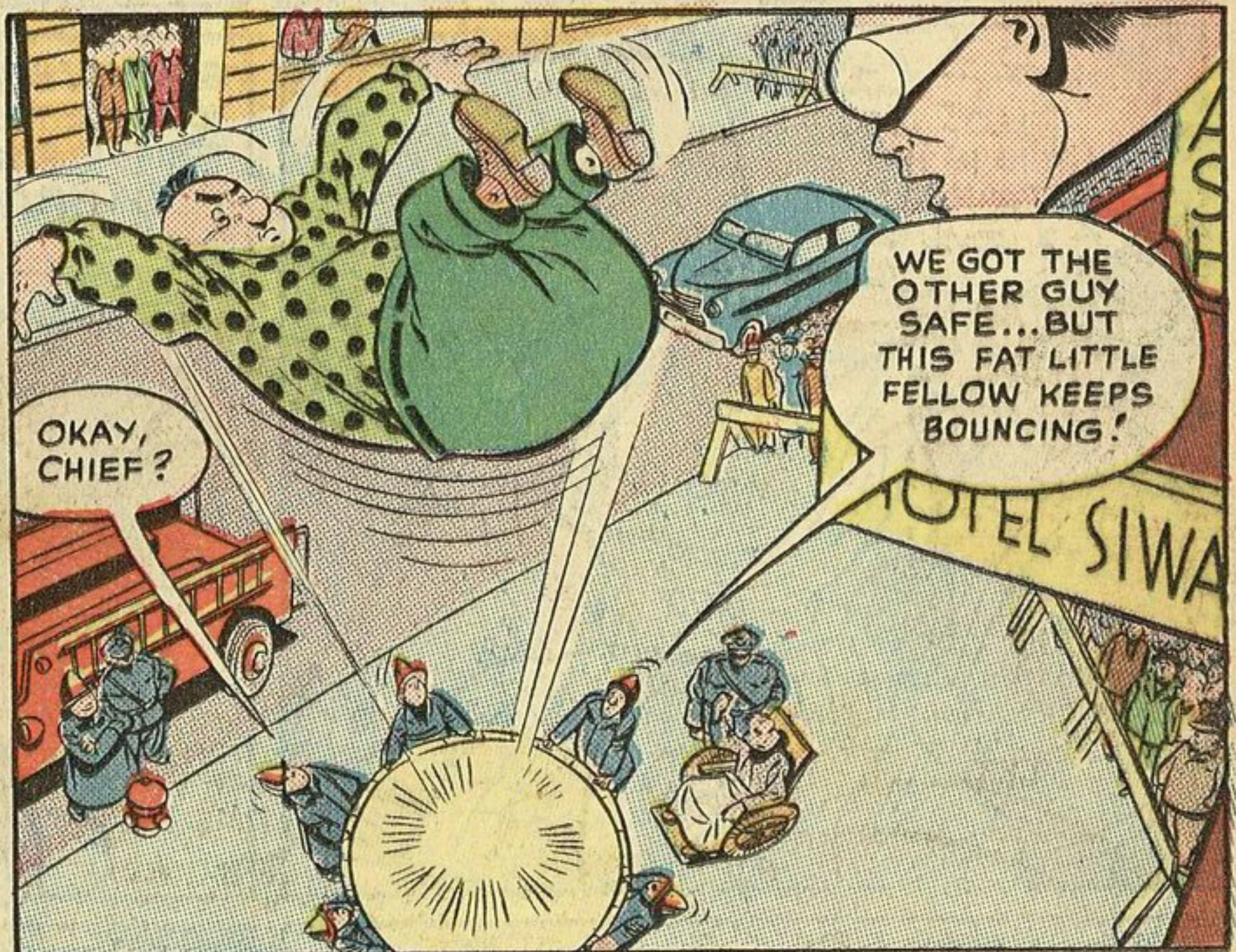
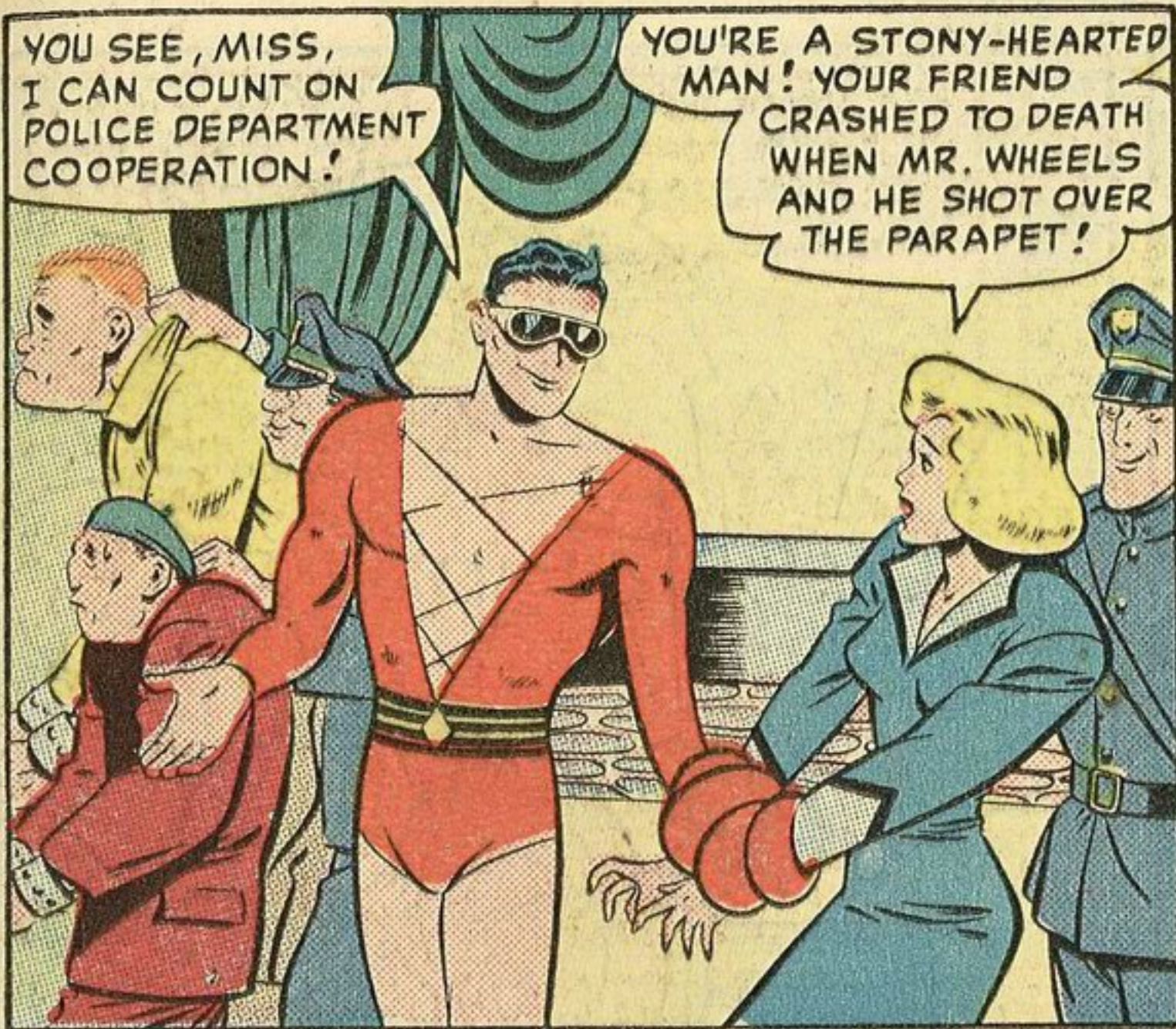




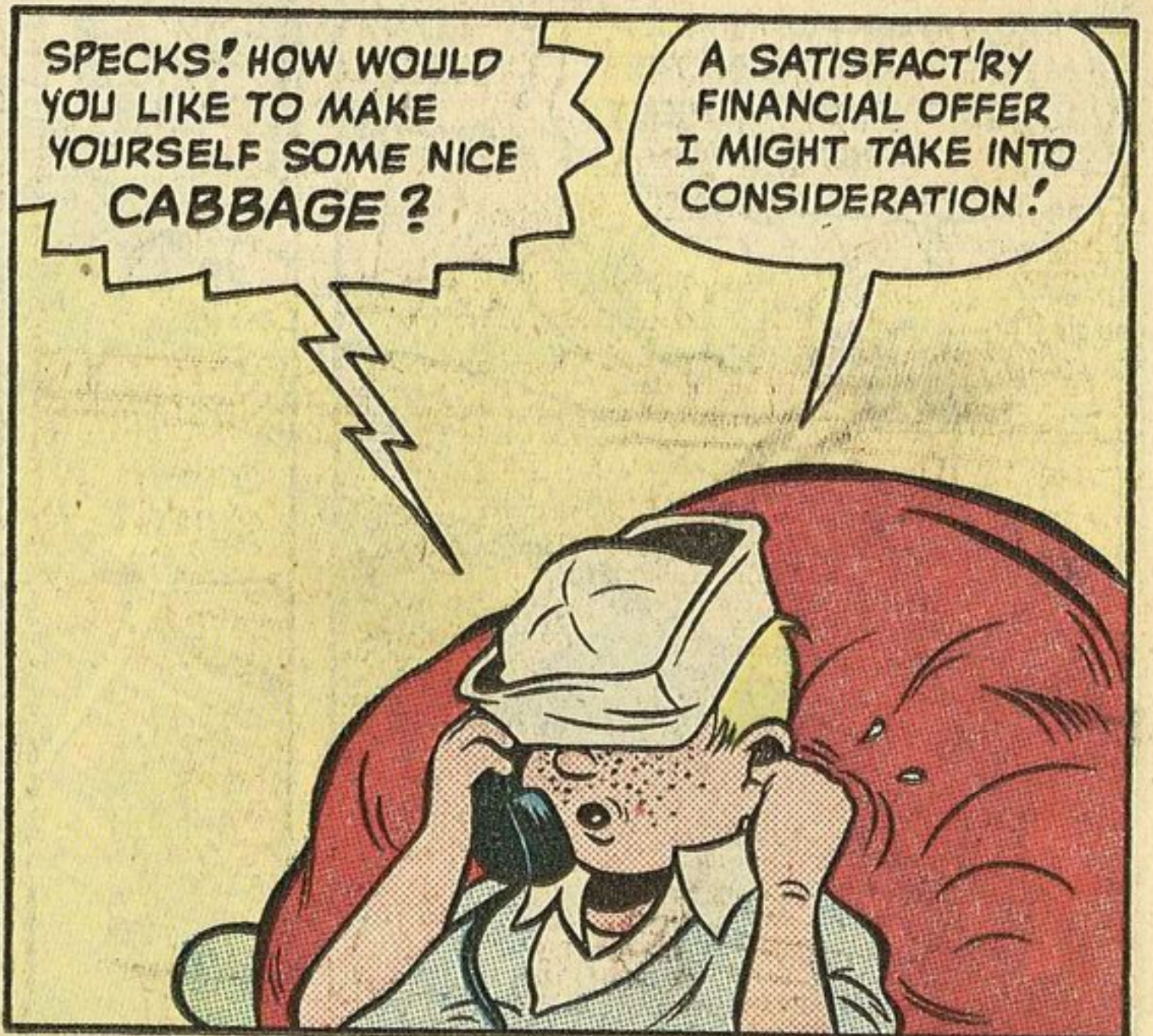
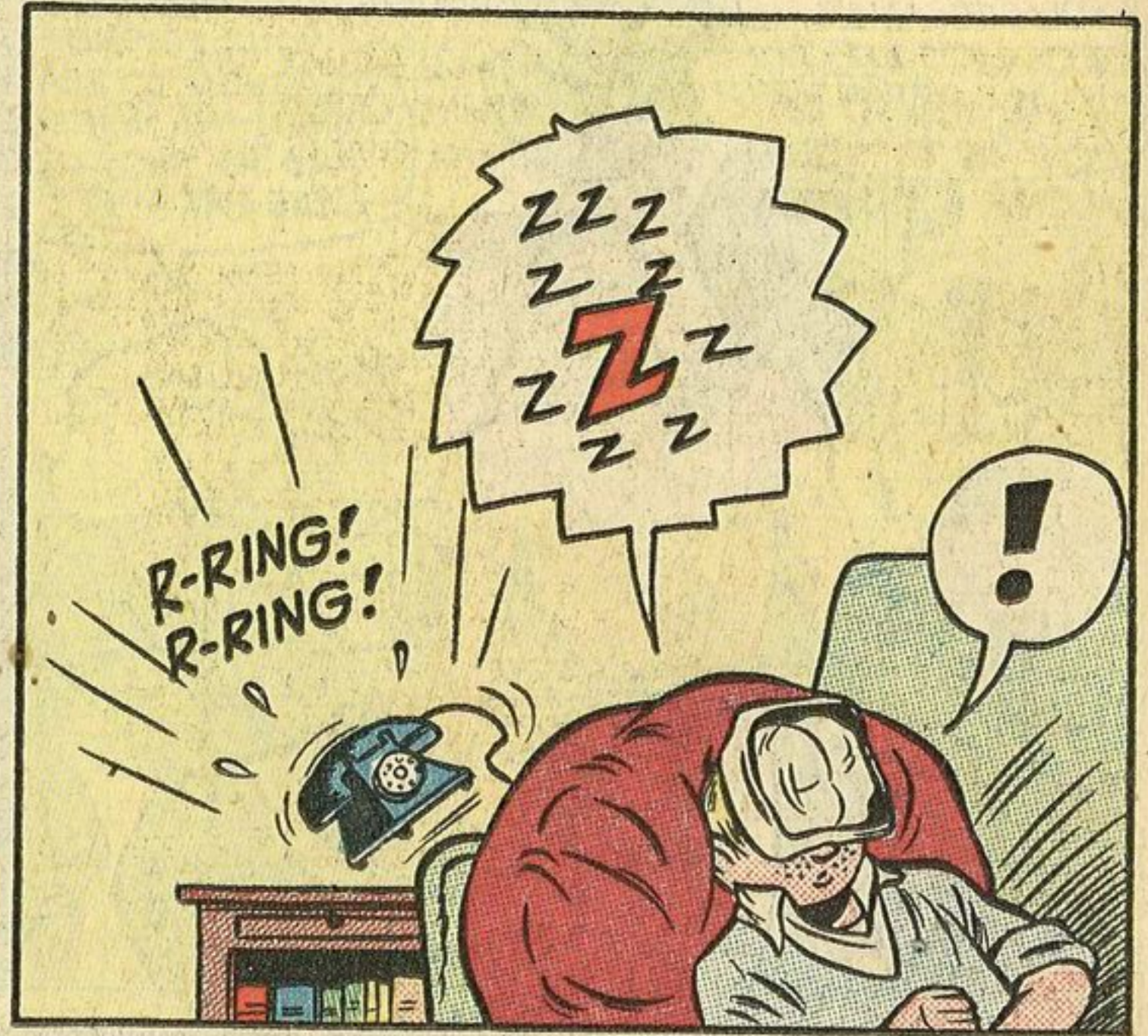
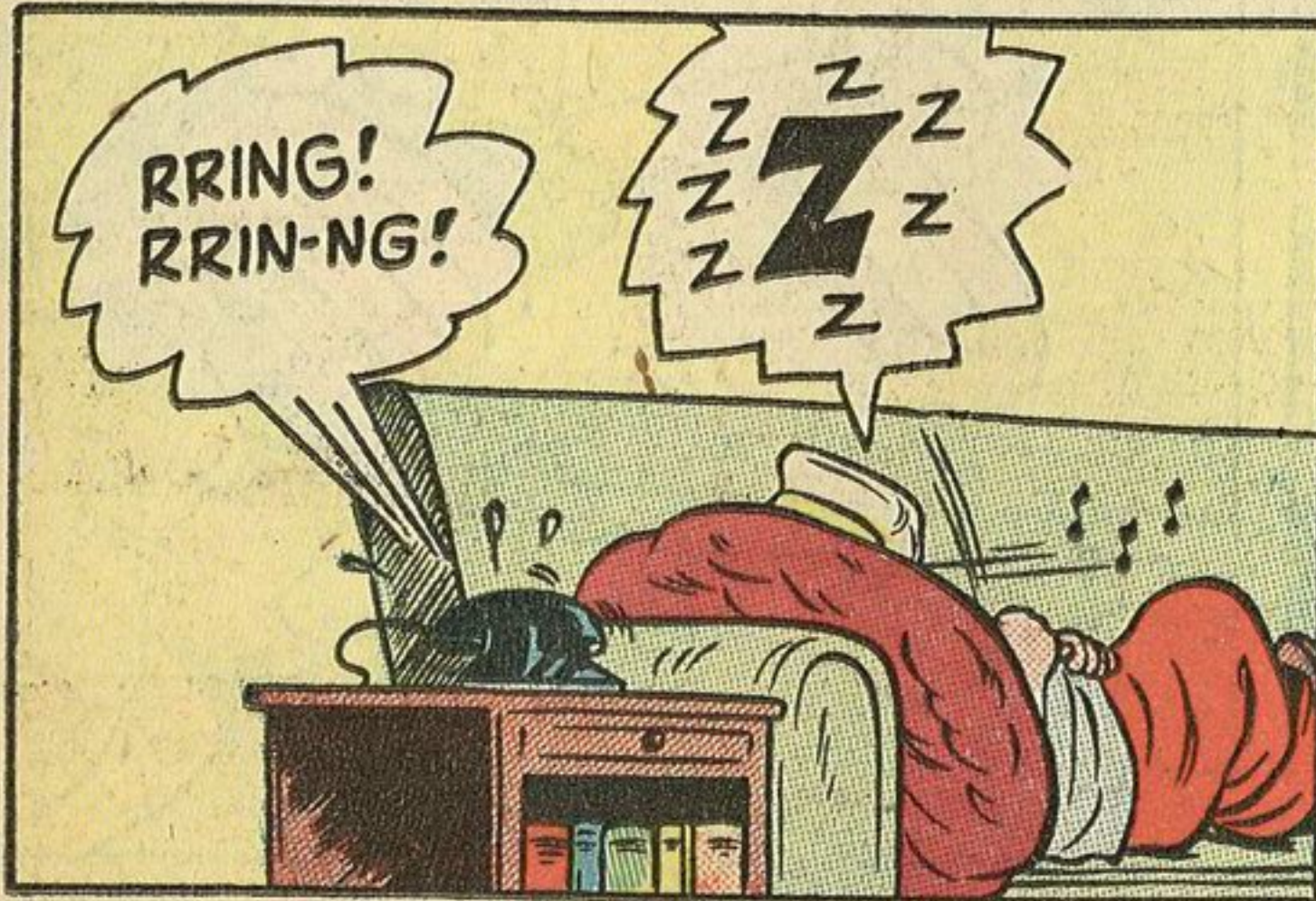
POLICE COMICS

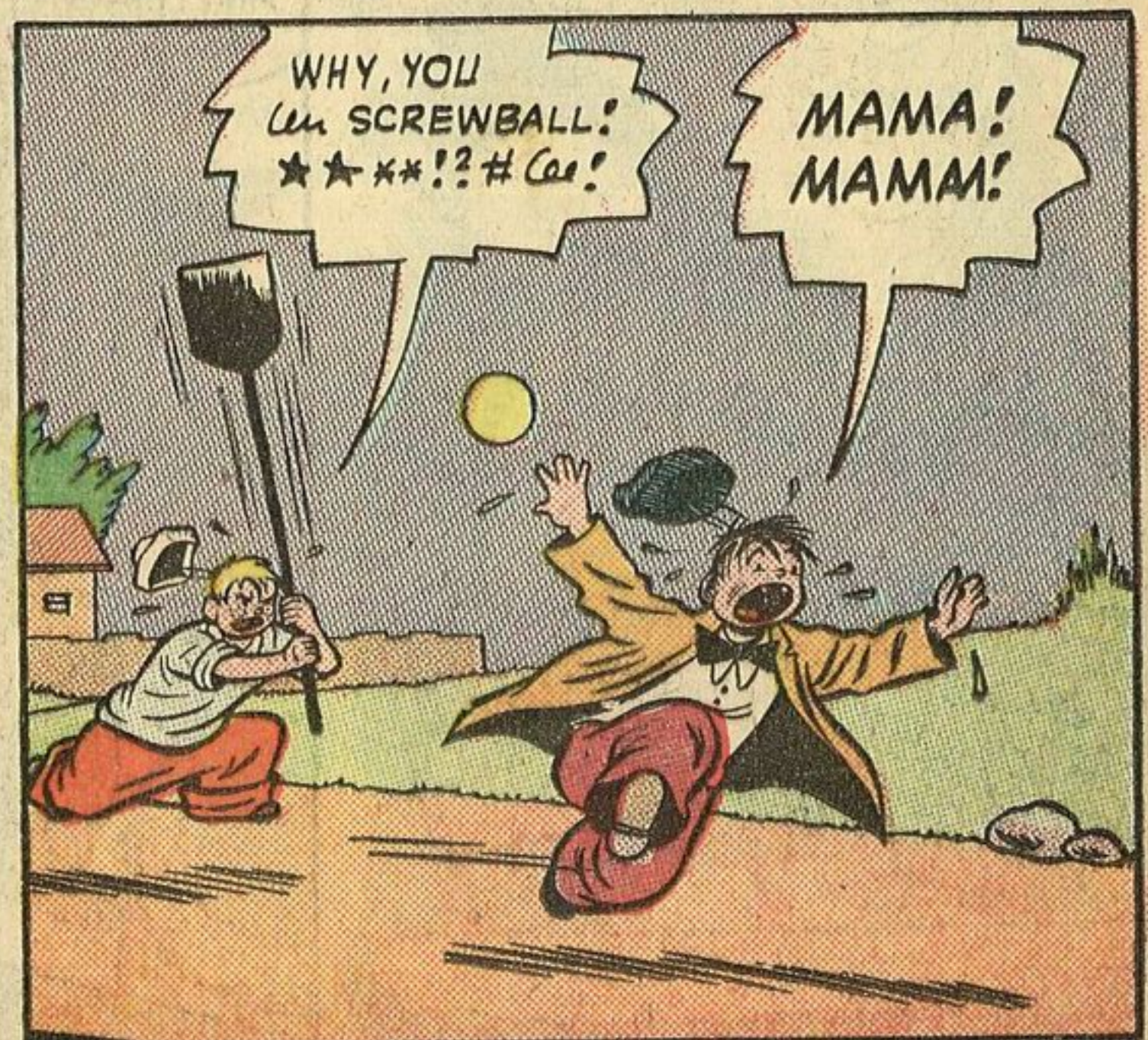
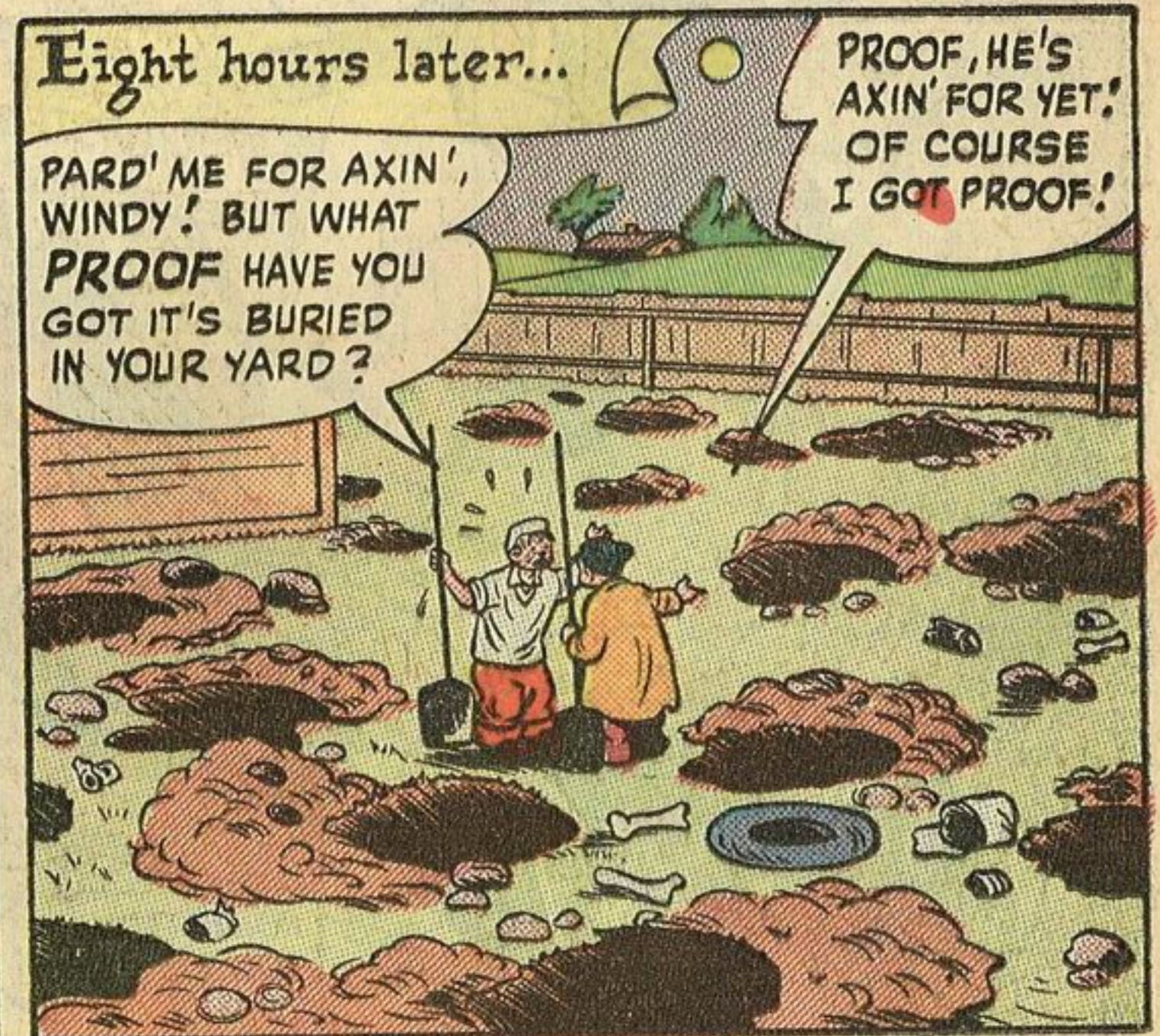
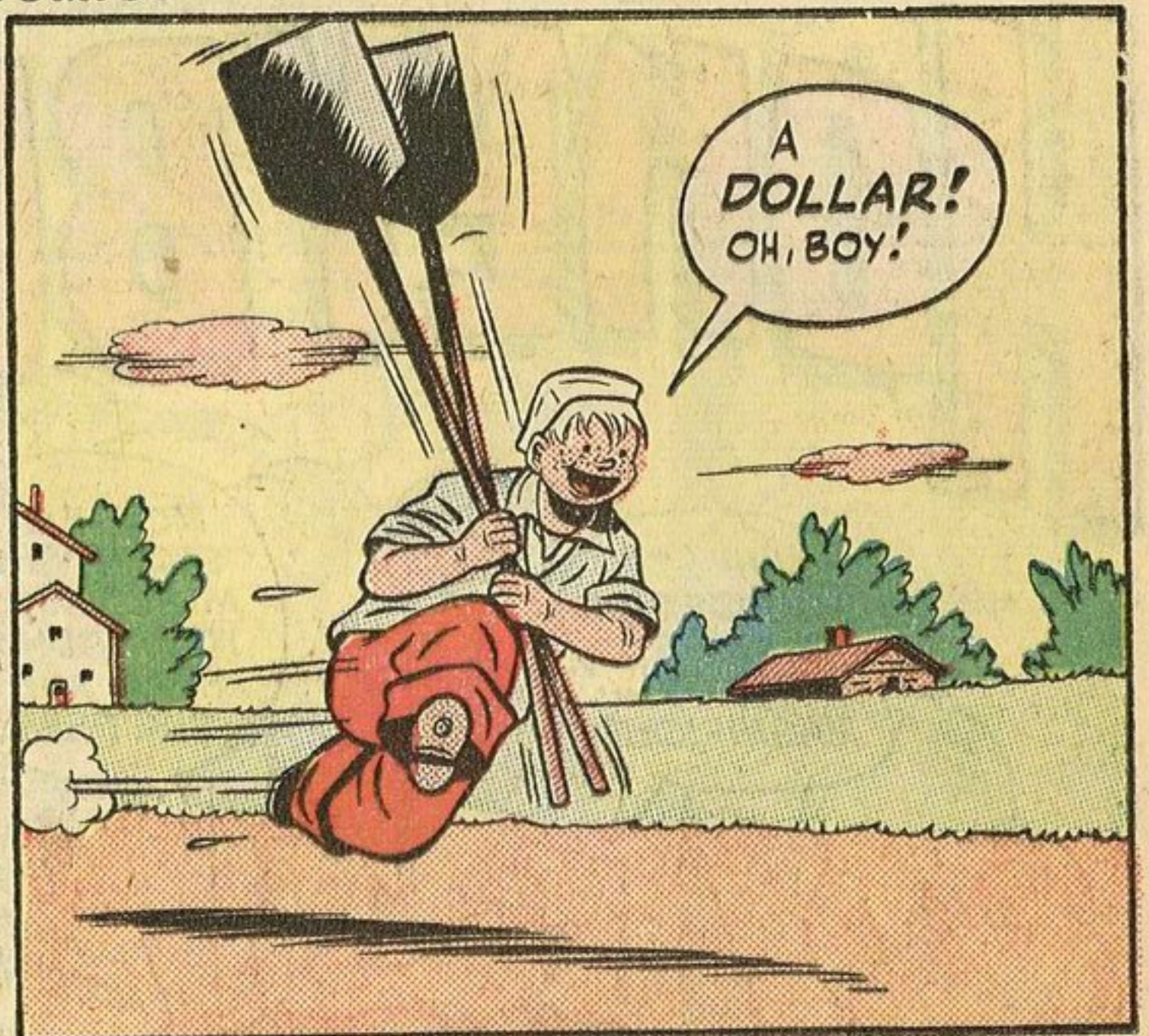


POLICE COMICS

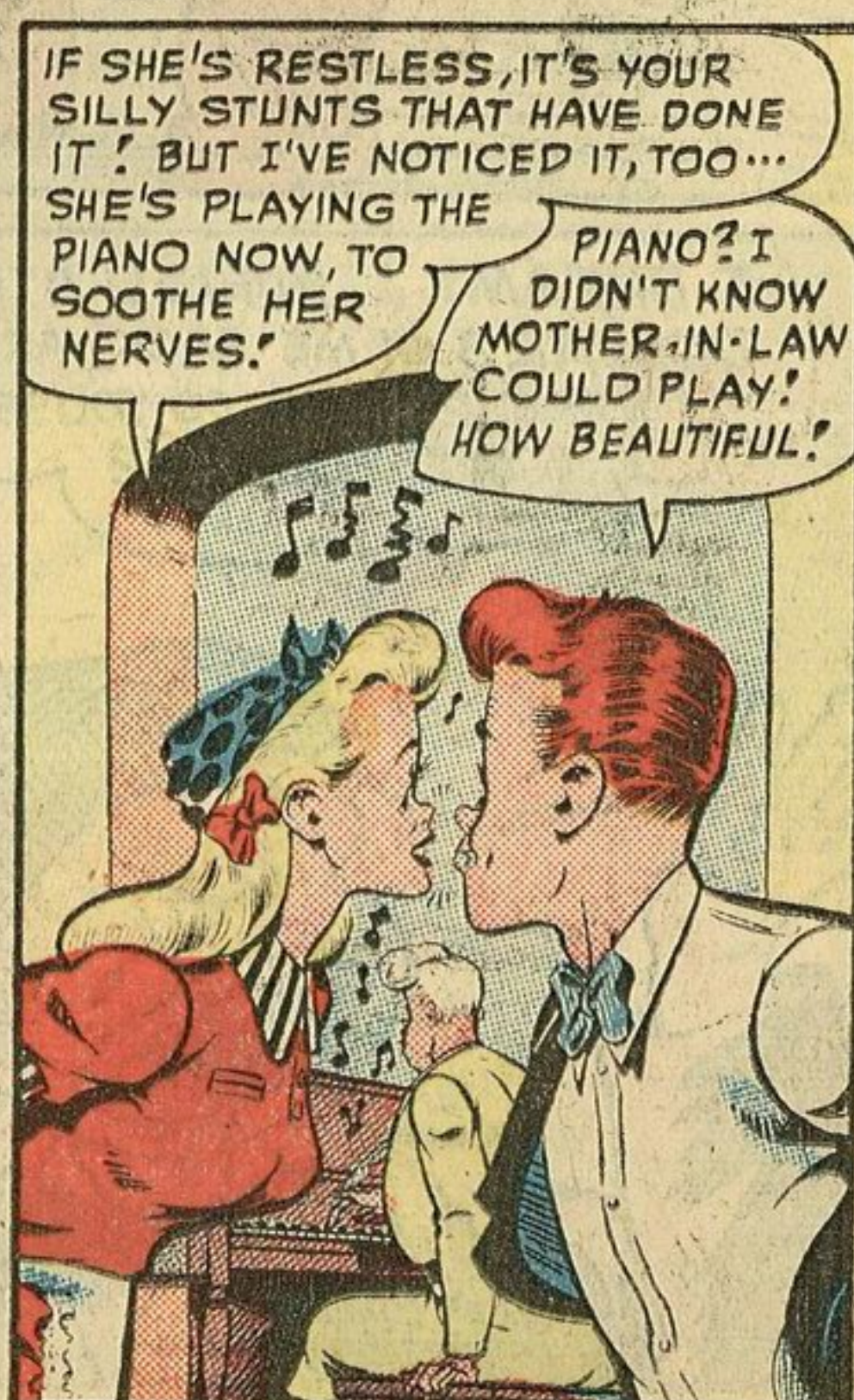
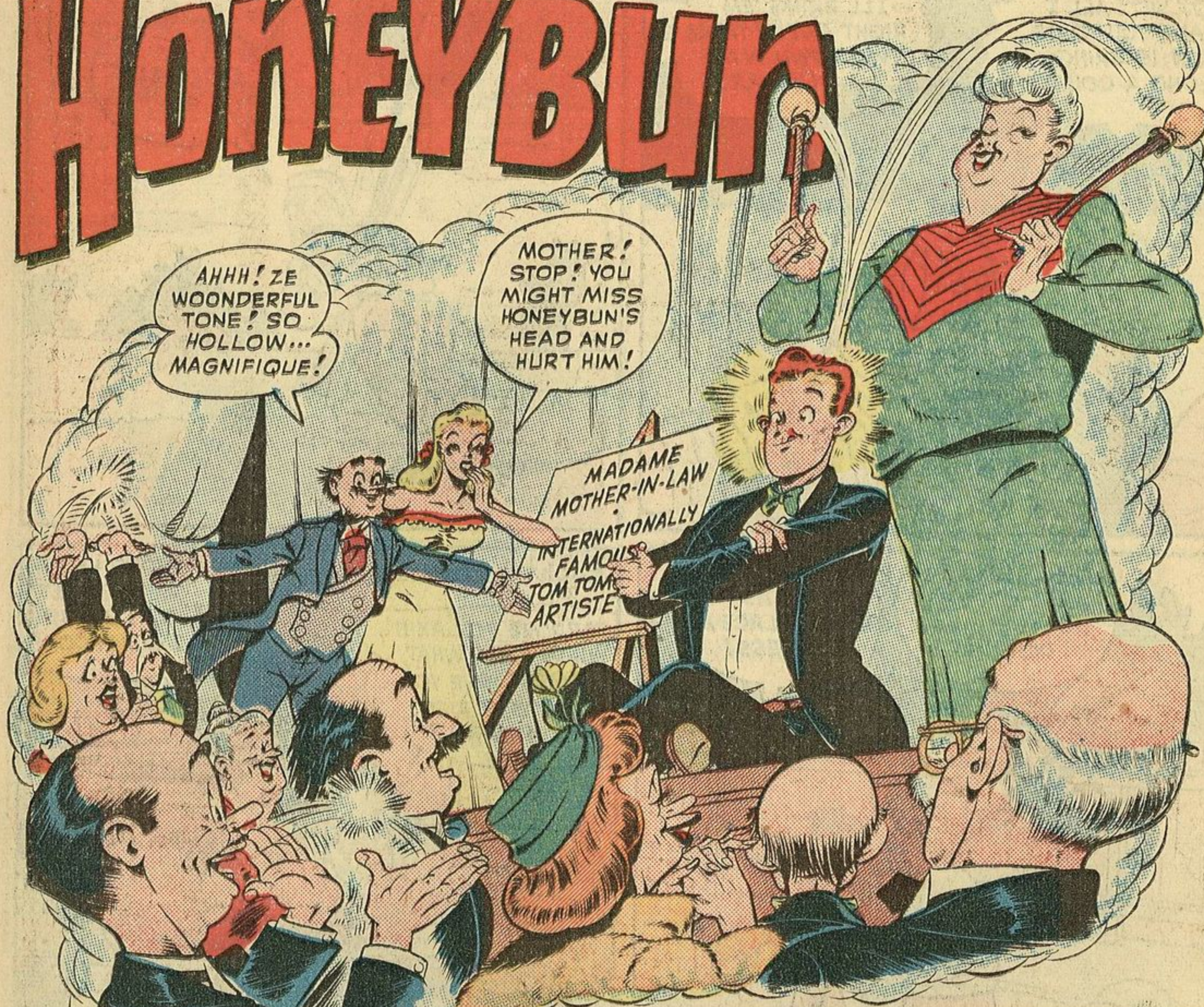


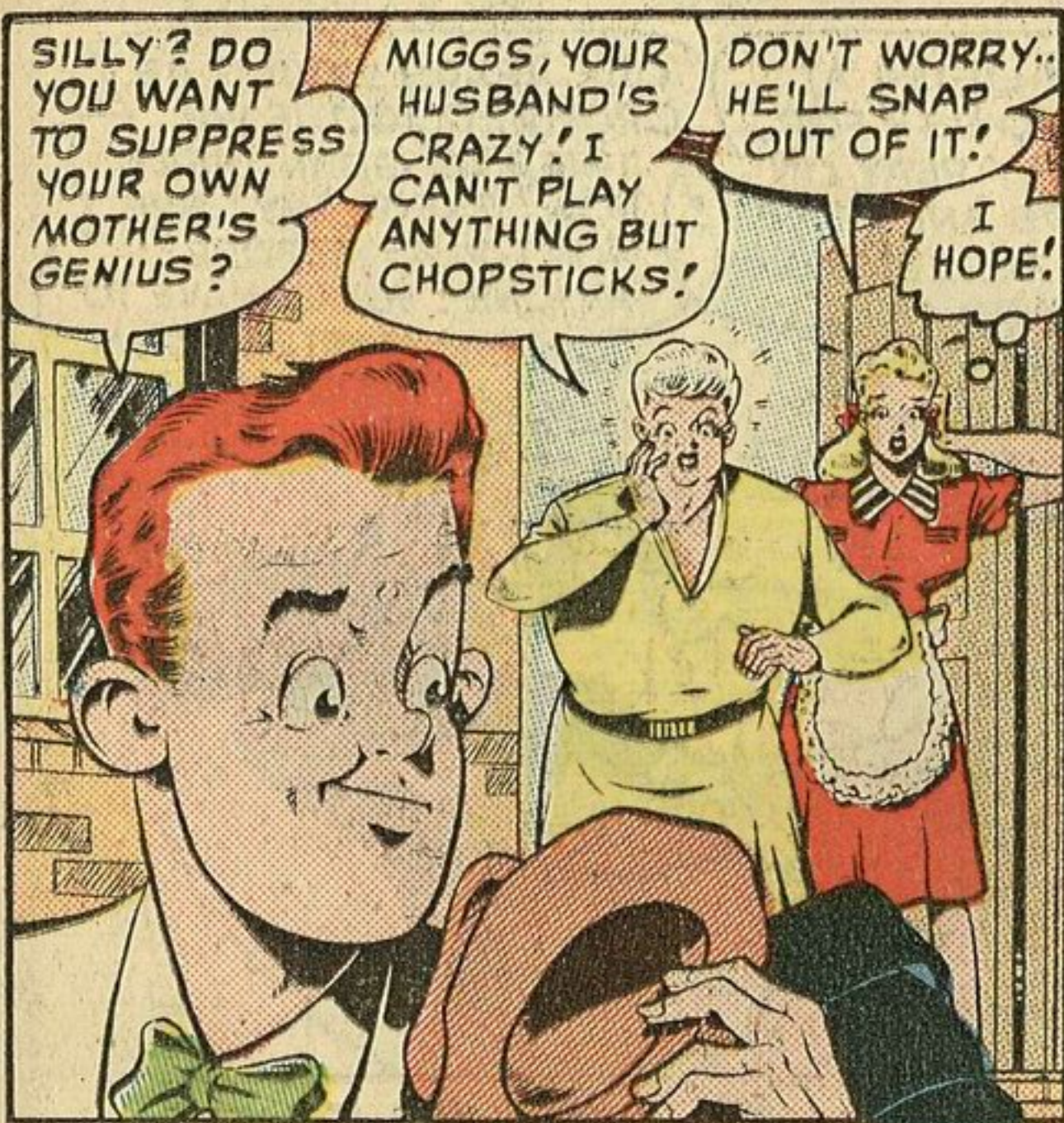
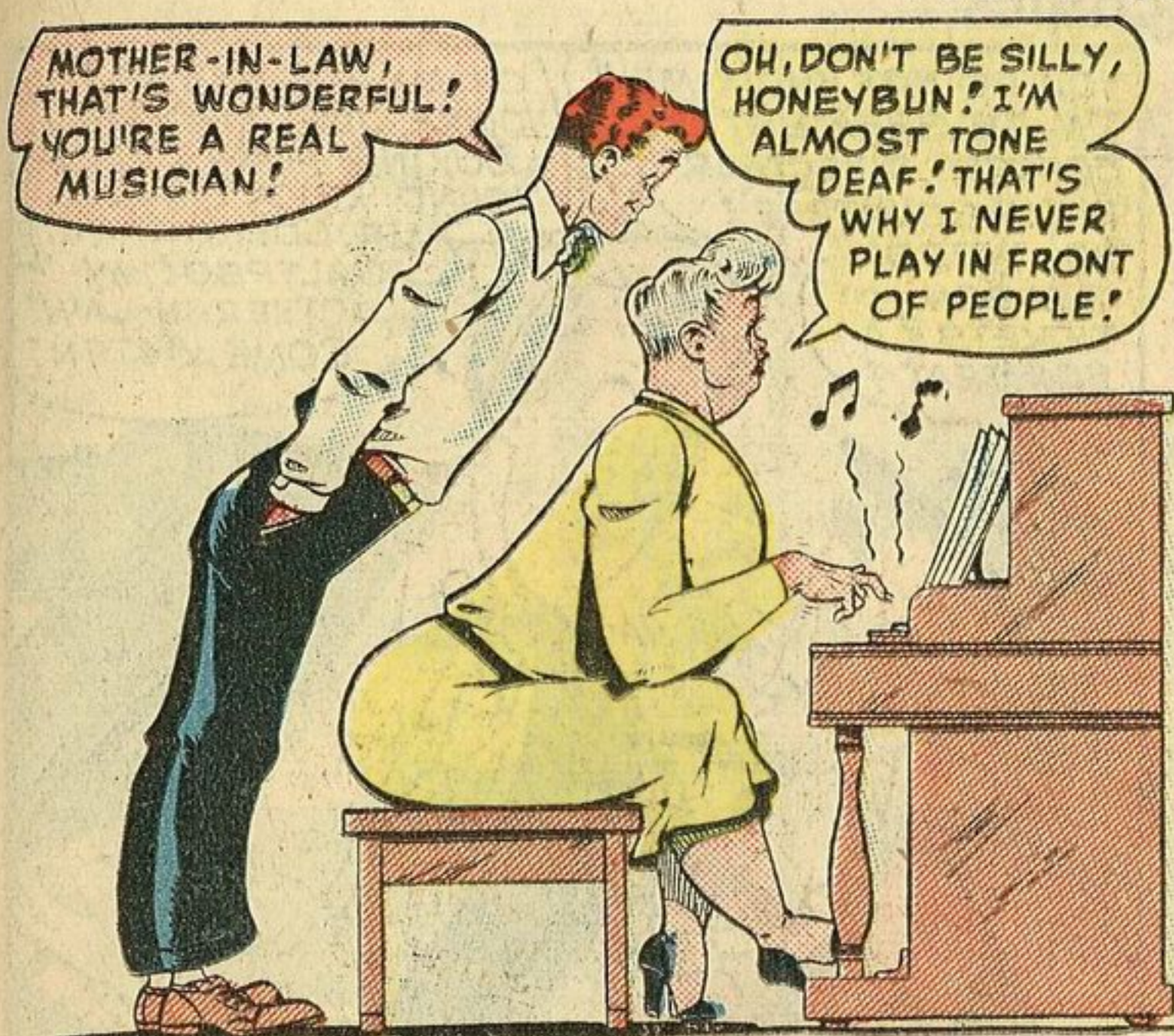
SPECKS

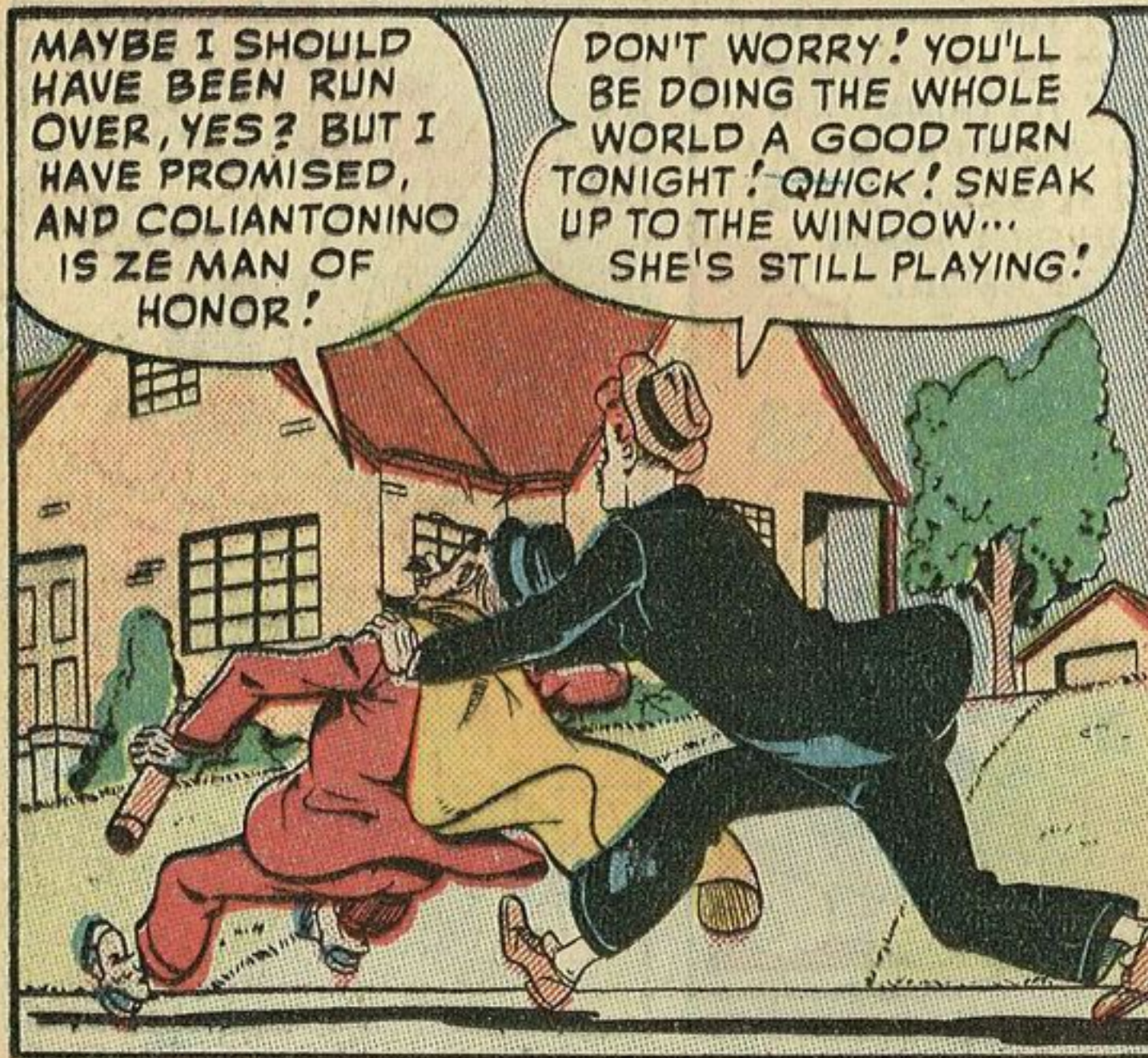
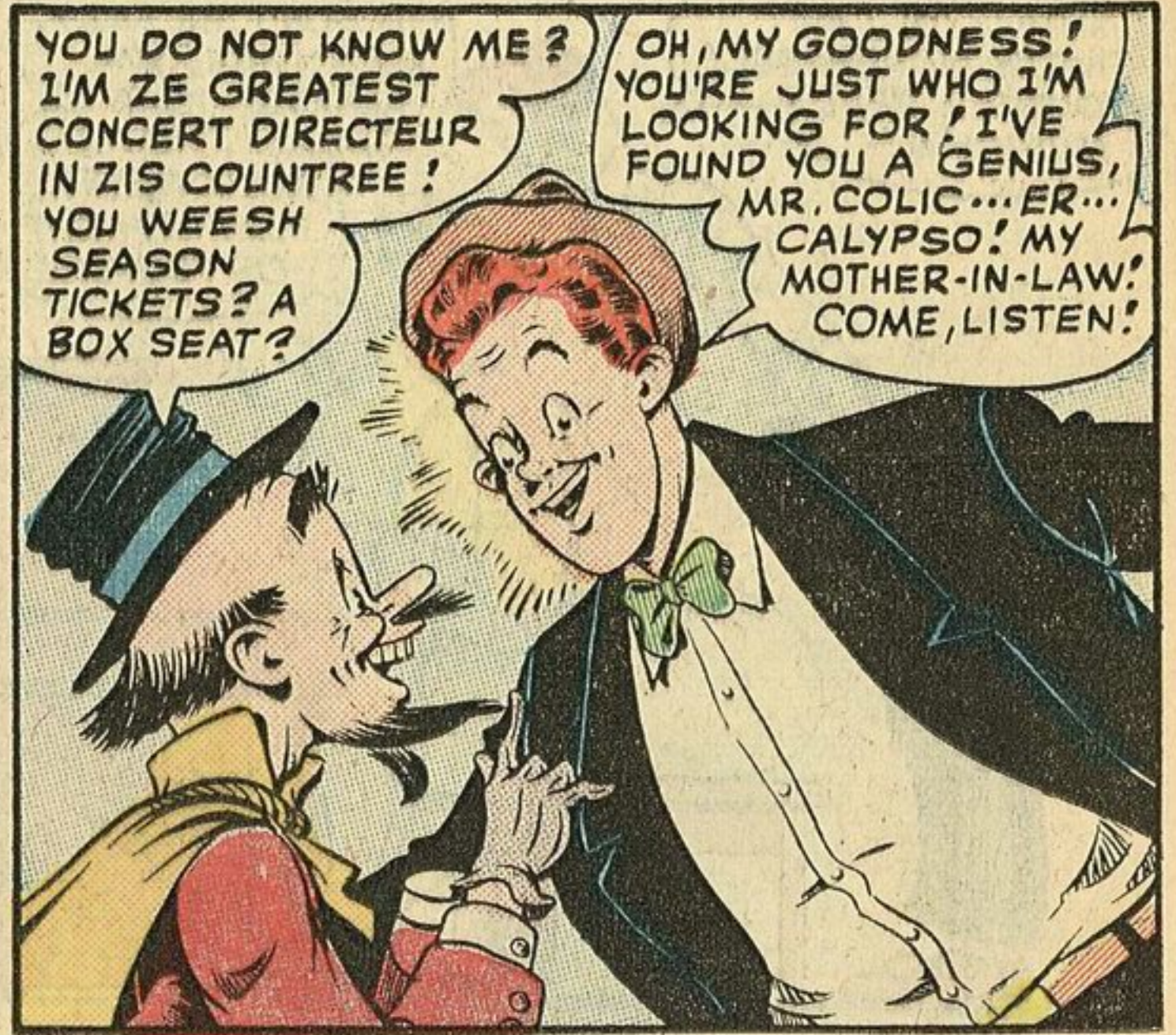




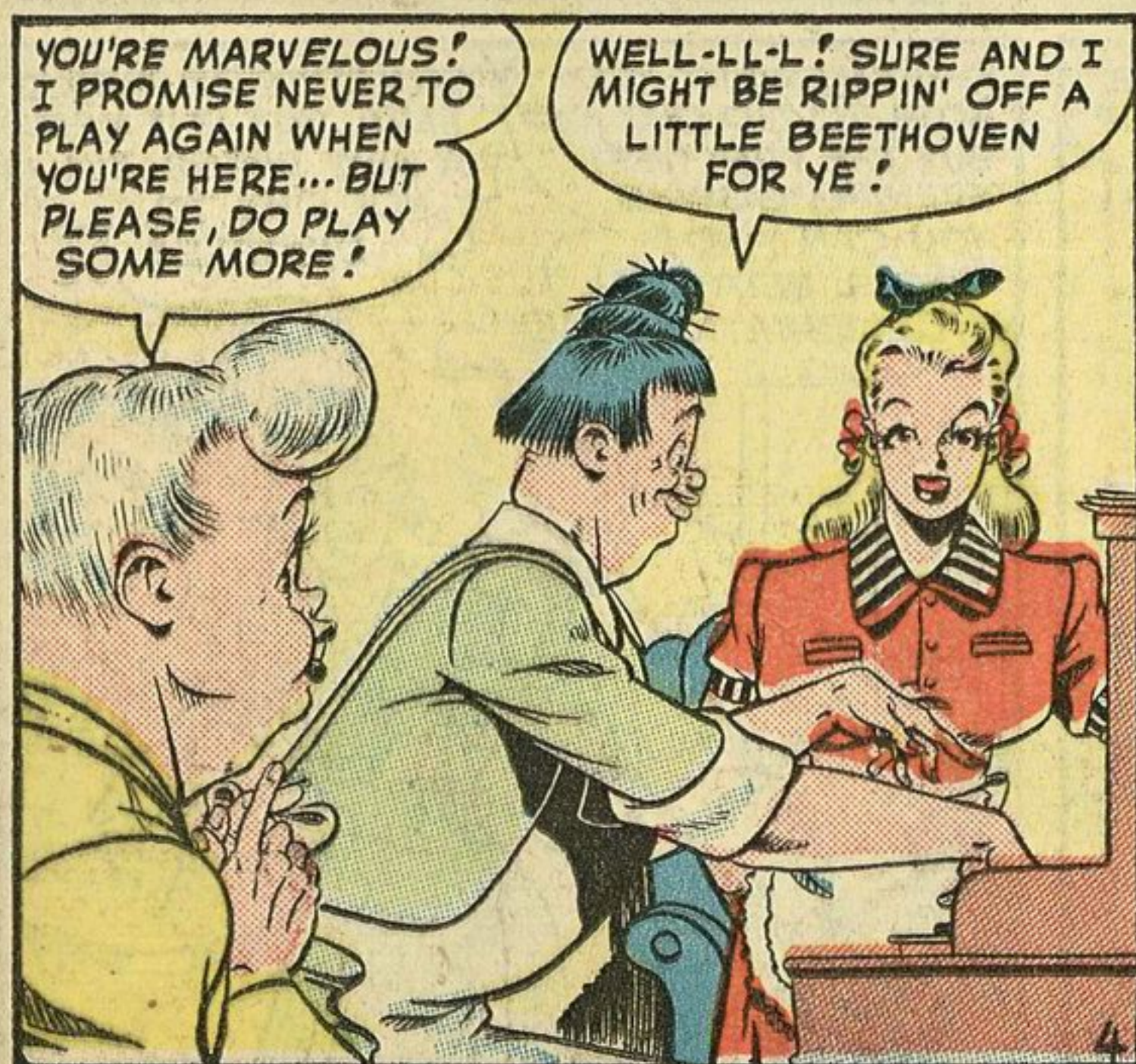
HONEYBUN

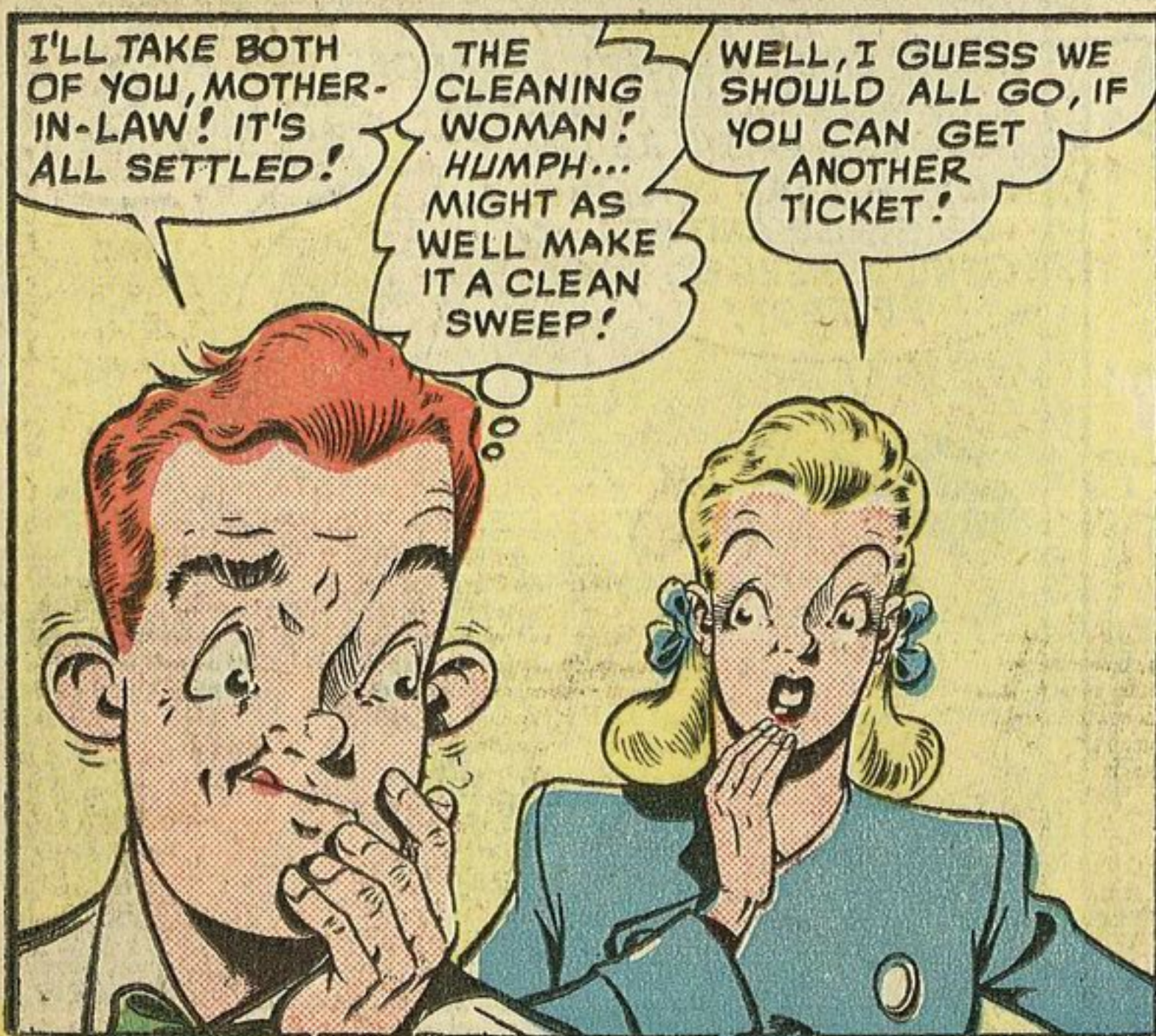
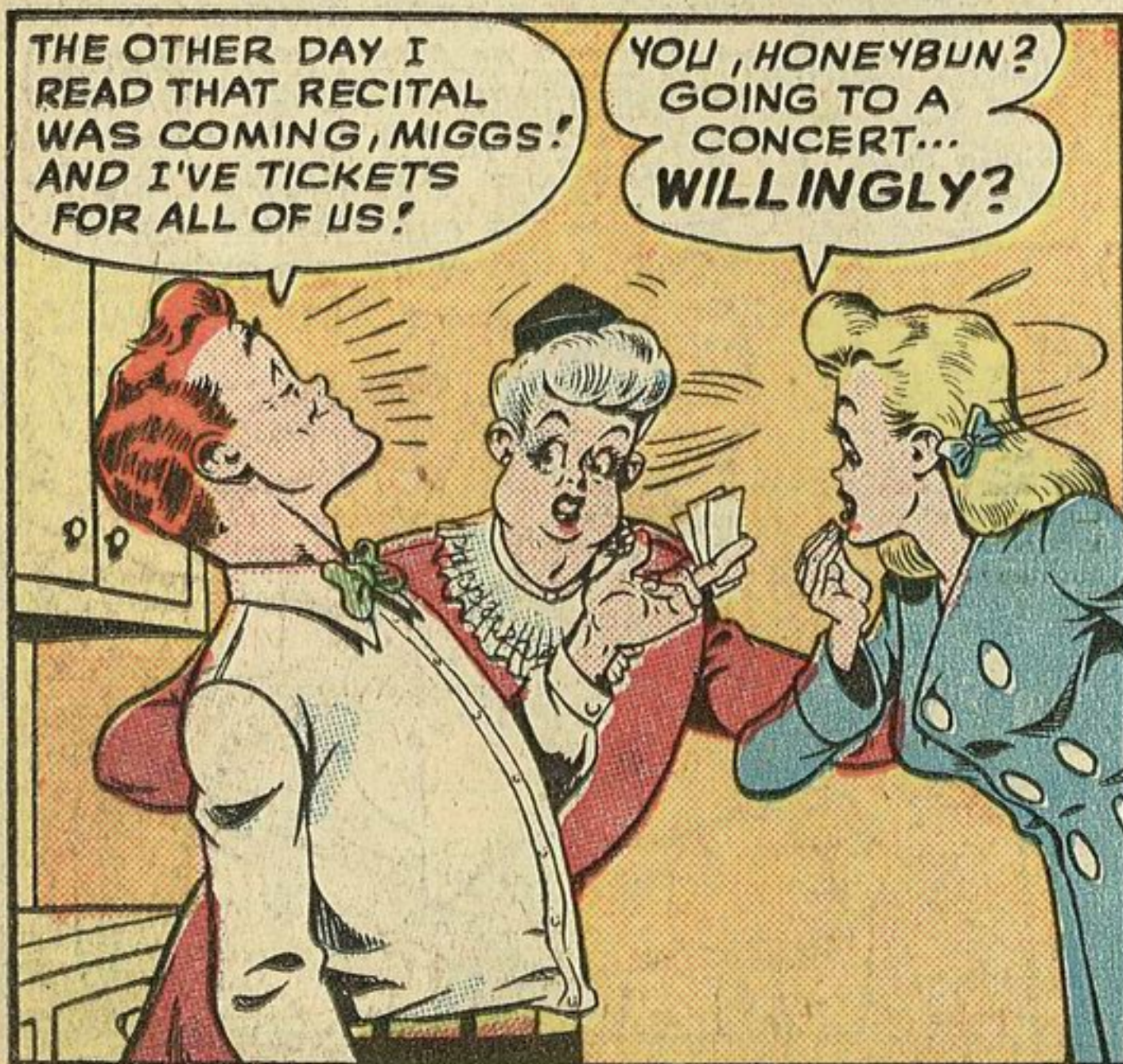




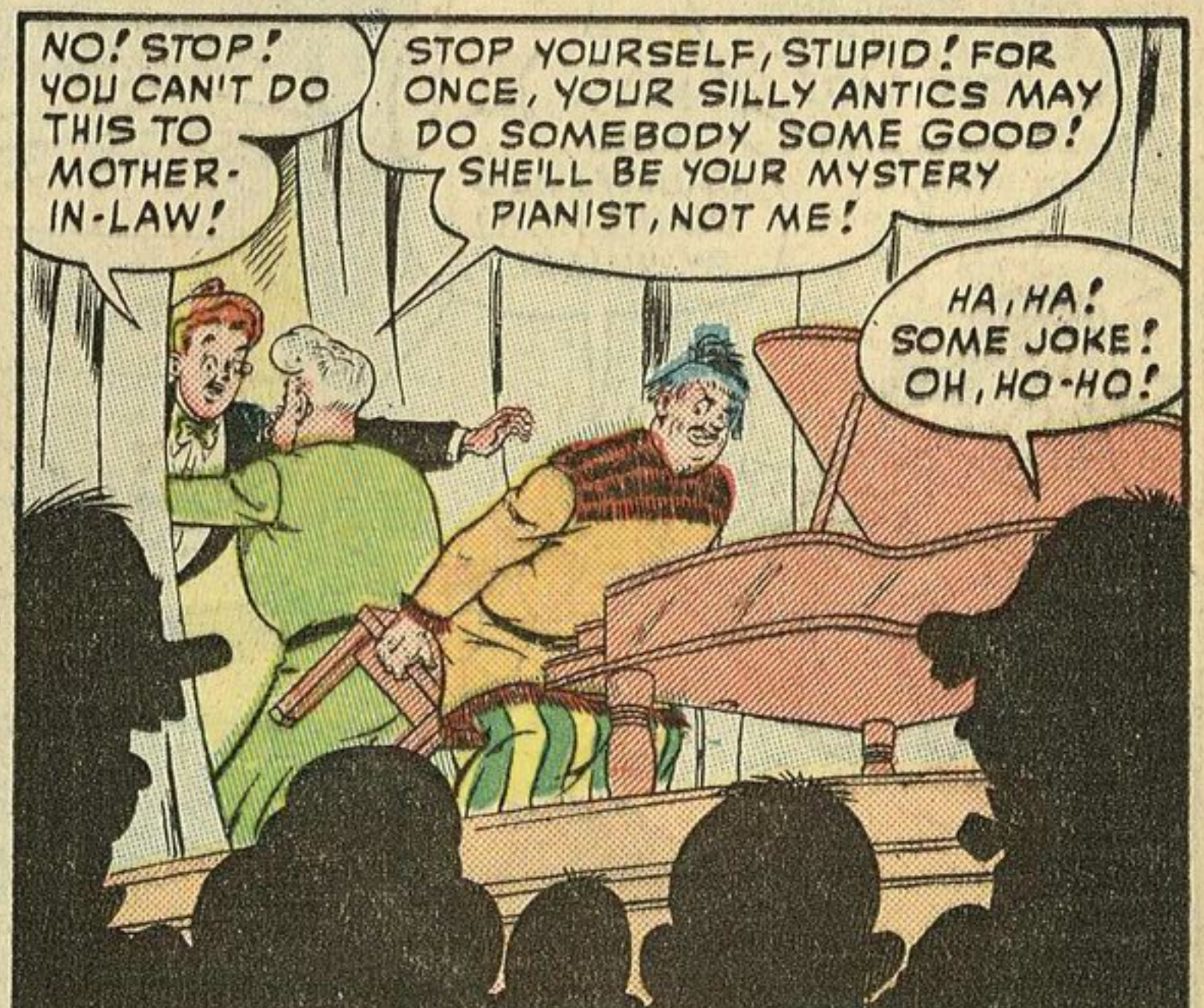
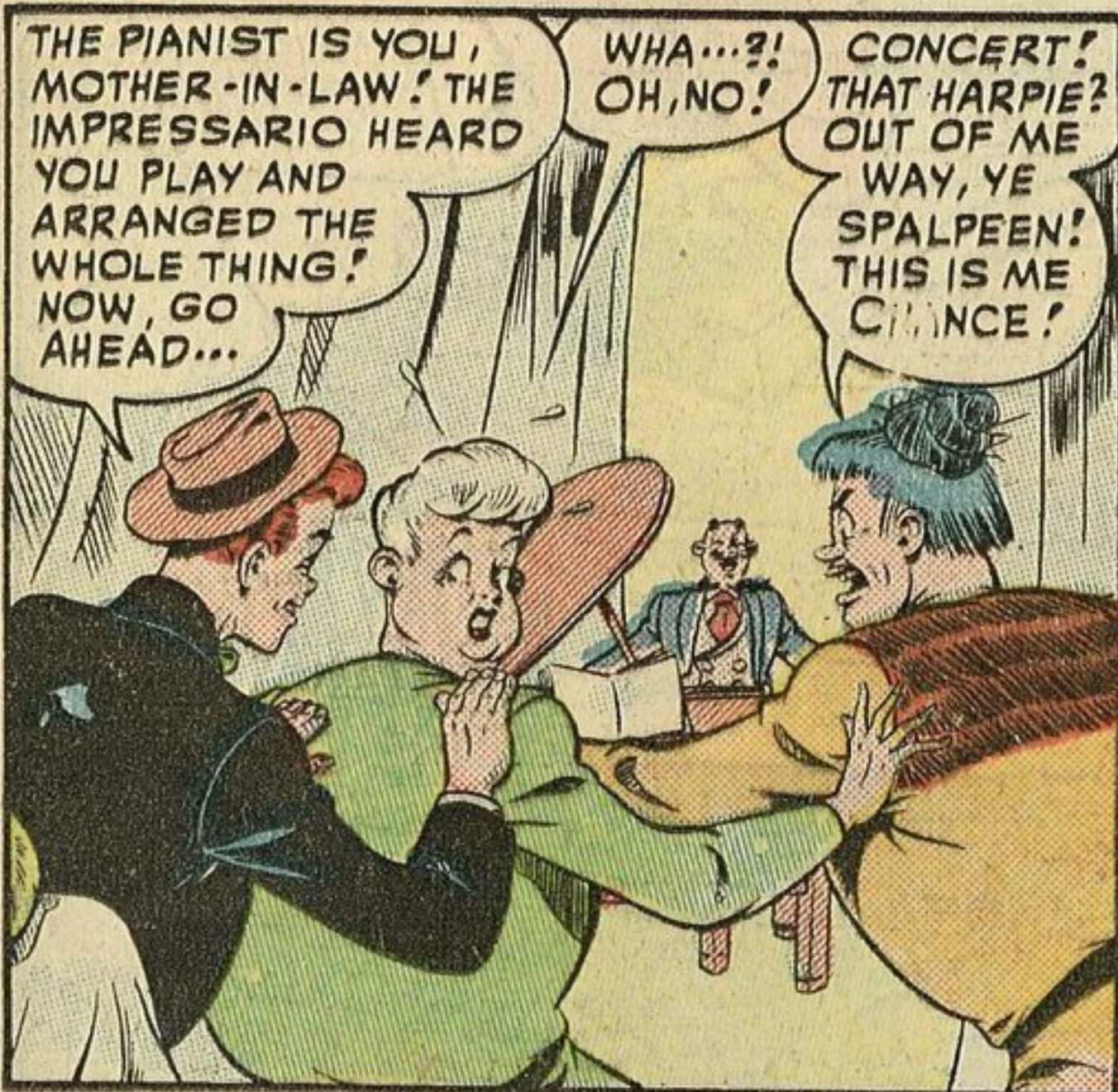
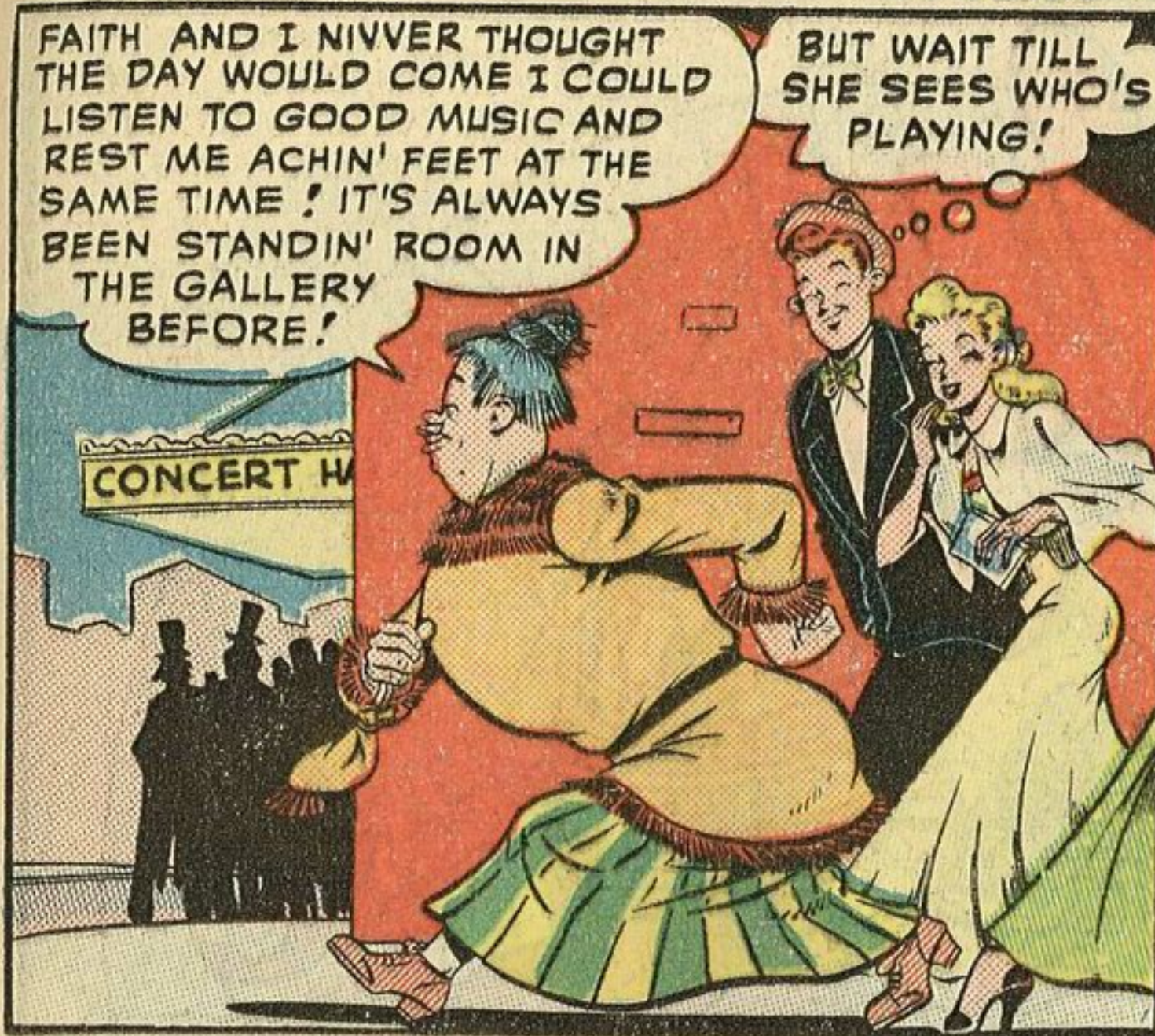


POLICE COMICS

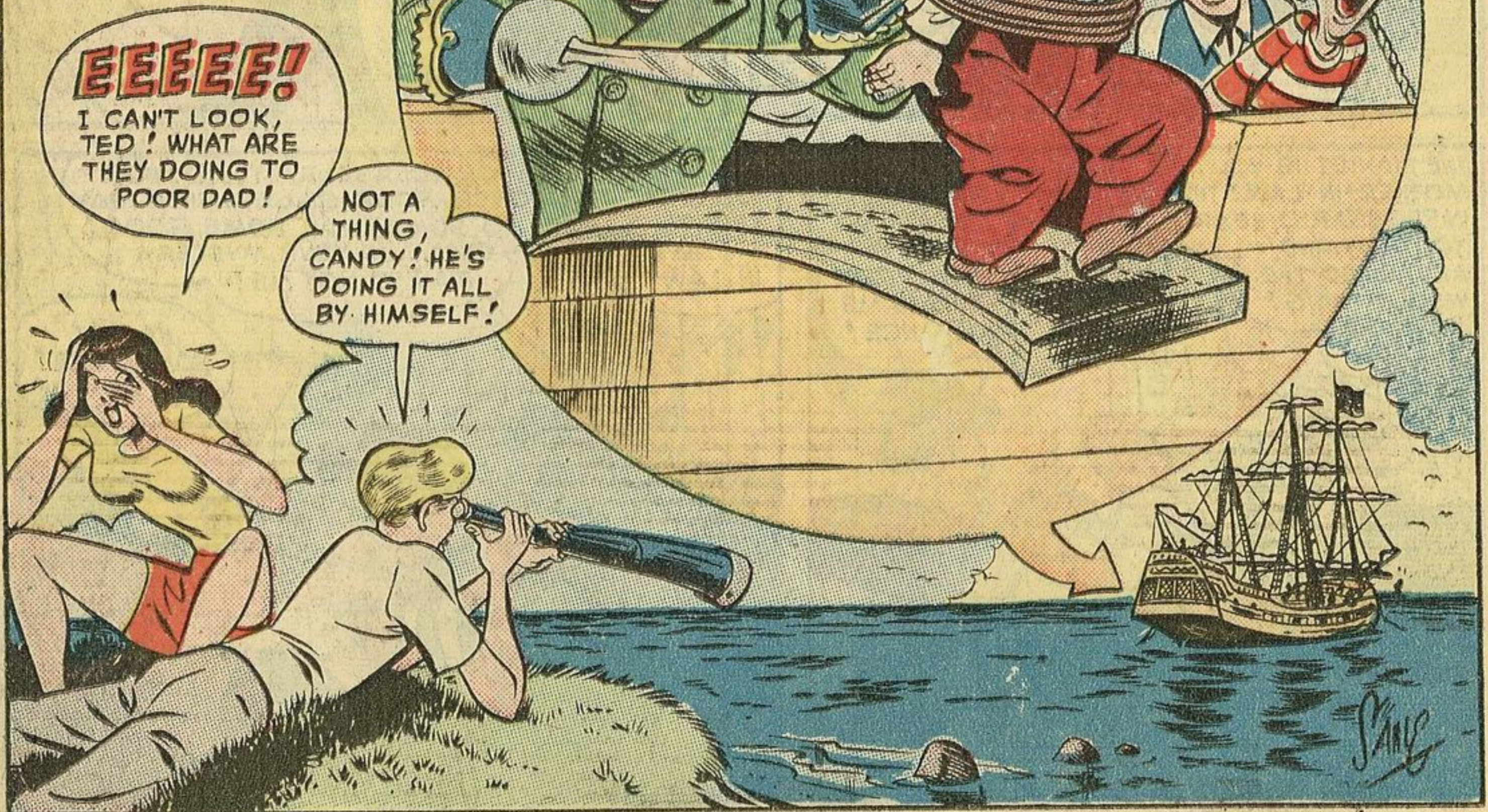


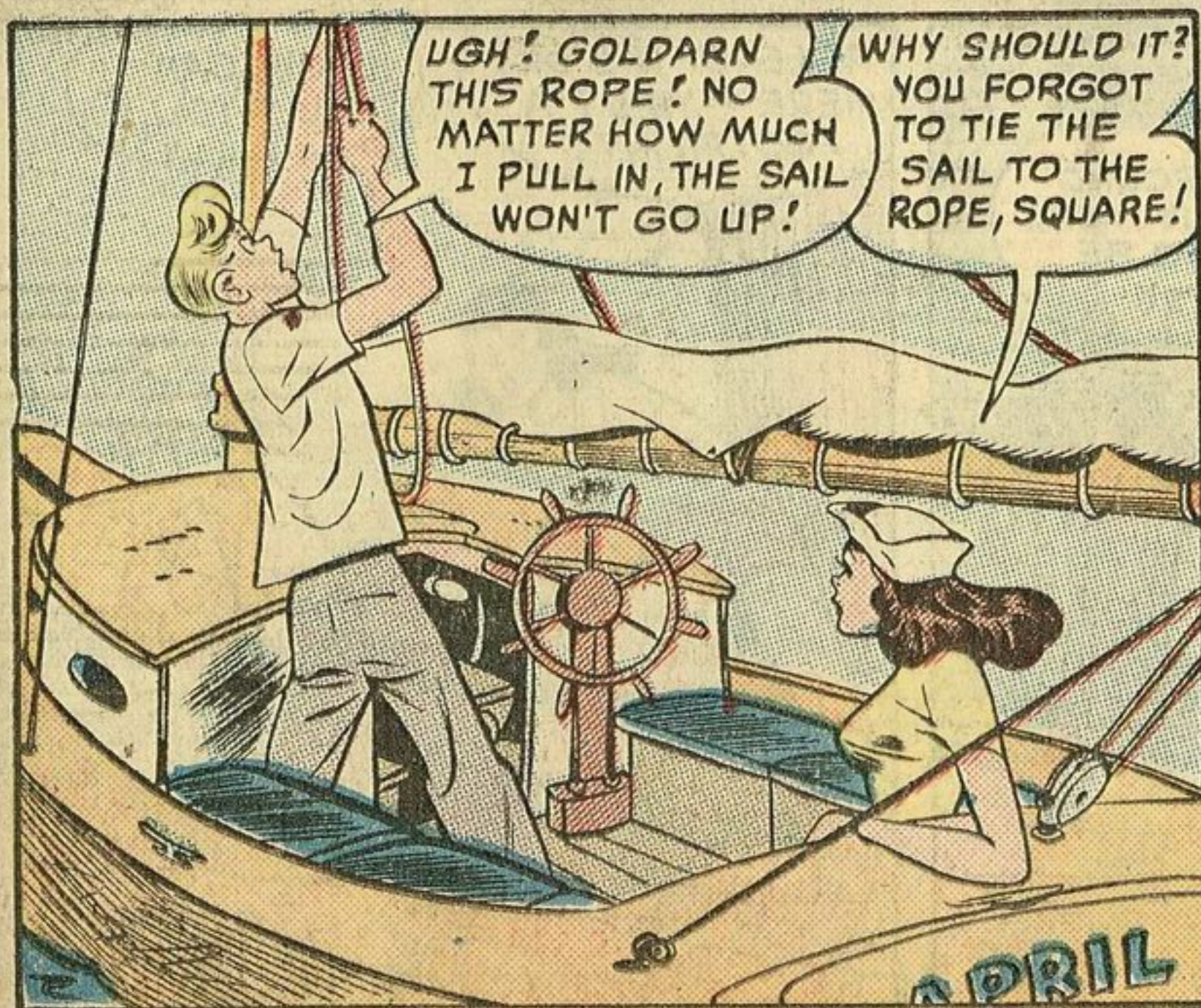
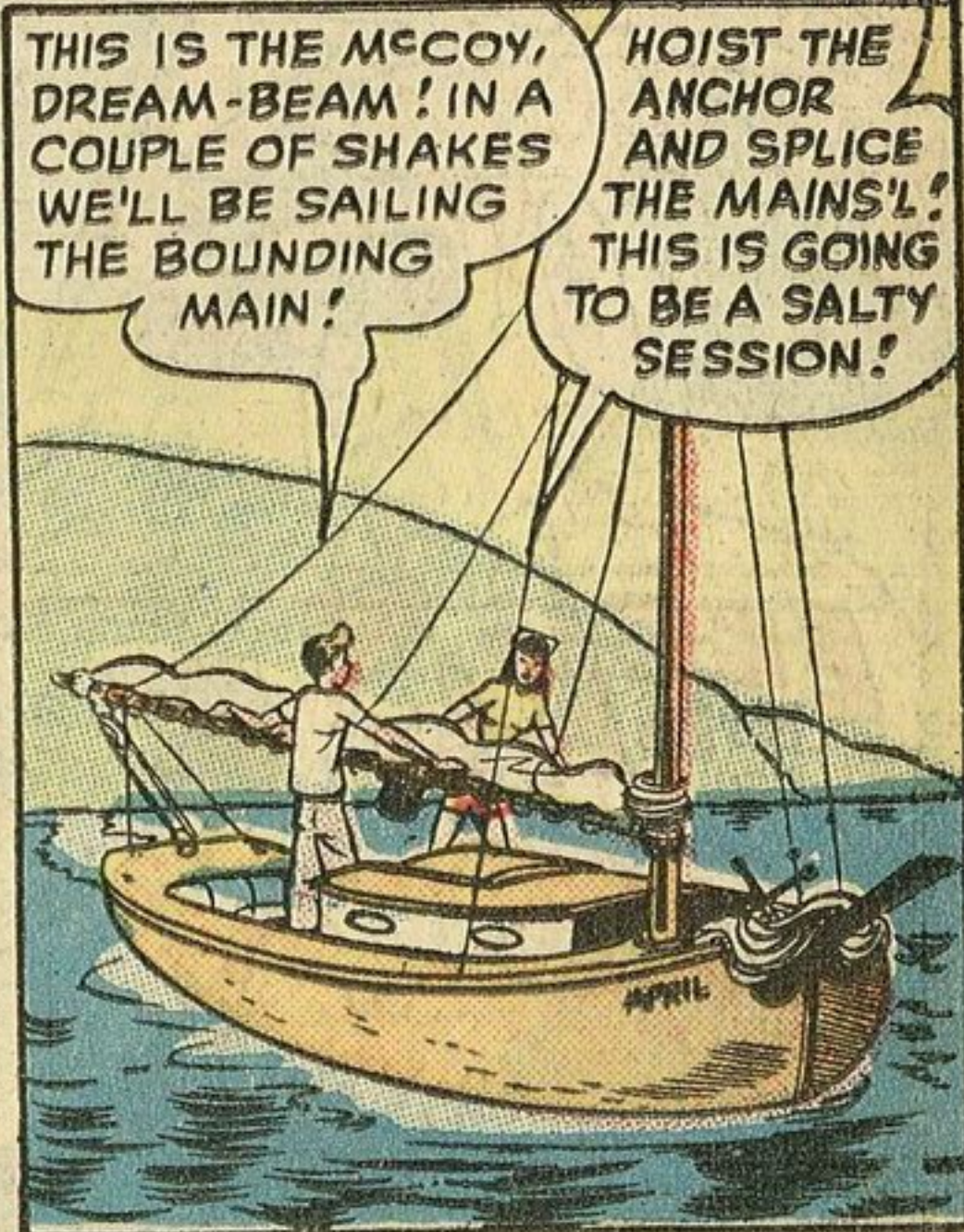


POLICE COMICS



Candy







I GUESS SO! WE CAN ALWAYS TURN BACK IF THOSE CLOUDS GET ANY DARKER!

IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS THAT! THE WIND IS BEHIND US NOW! WHEN WE TURN WE'LL BE BUCKING IT HEAD FIRST!



WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW! DIDN'T YOU BOTHER CHECKING THE WEATHER REPORTS?

SURE I DID! THERE WERE STORM WARNINGS POSTED FOR STEAMERS, BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT SAILBOATS!

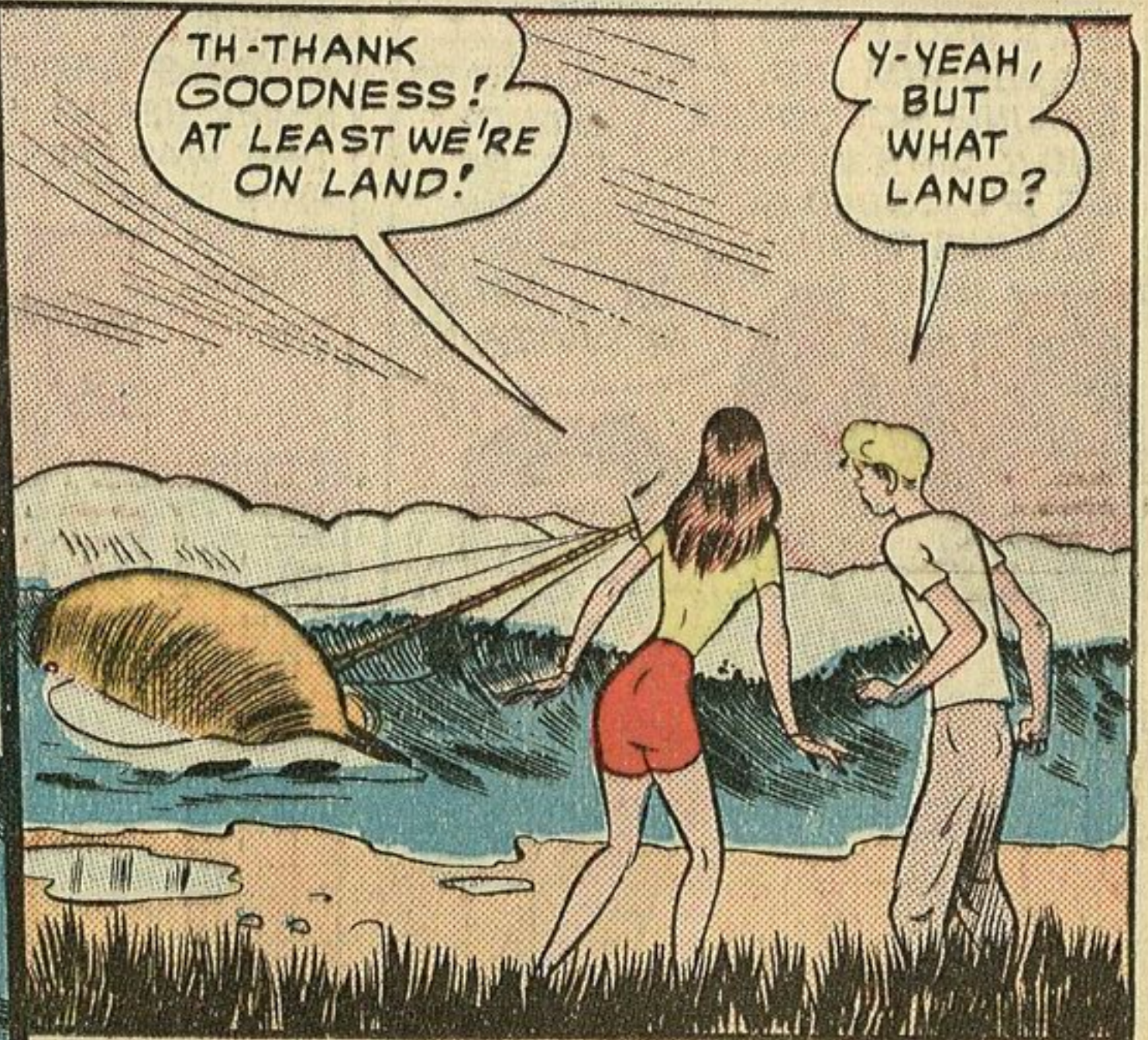


TED D-DAWSON, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

Y-YOU CAN STOP TALKING R-RIGHT NOW, IF THAT MEANS WE'LL MAKE IT... ALIVE!



SPLUT... GLUG... LUG!



TH-THANK GOODNESS! AT LEAST WE'RE ON LAND!

Y-YEAH, BUT WHAT LAND?



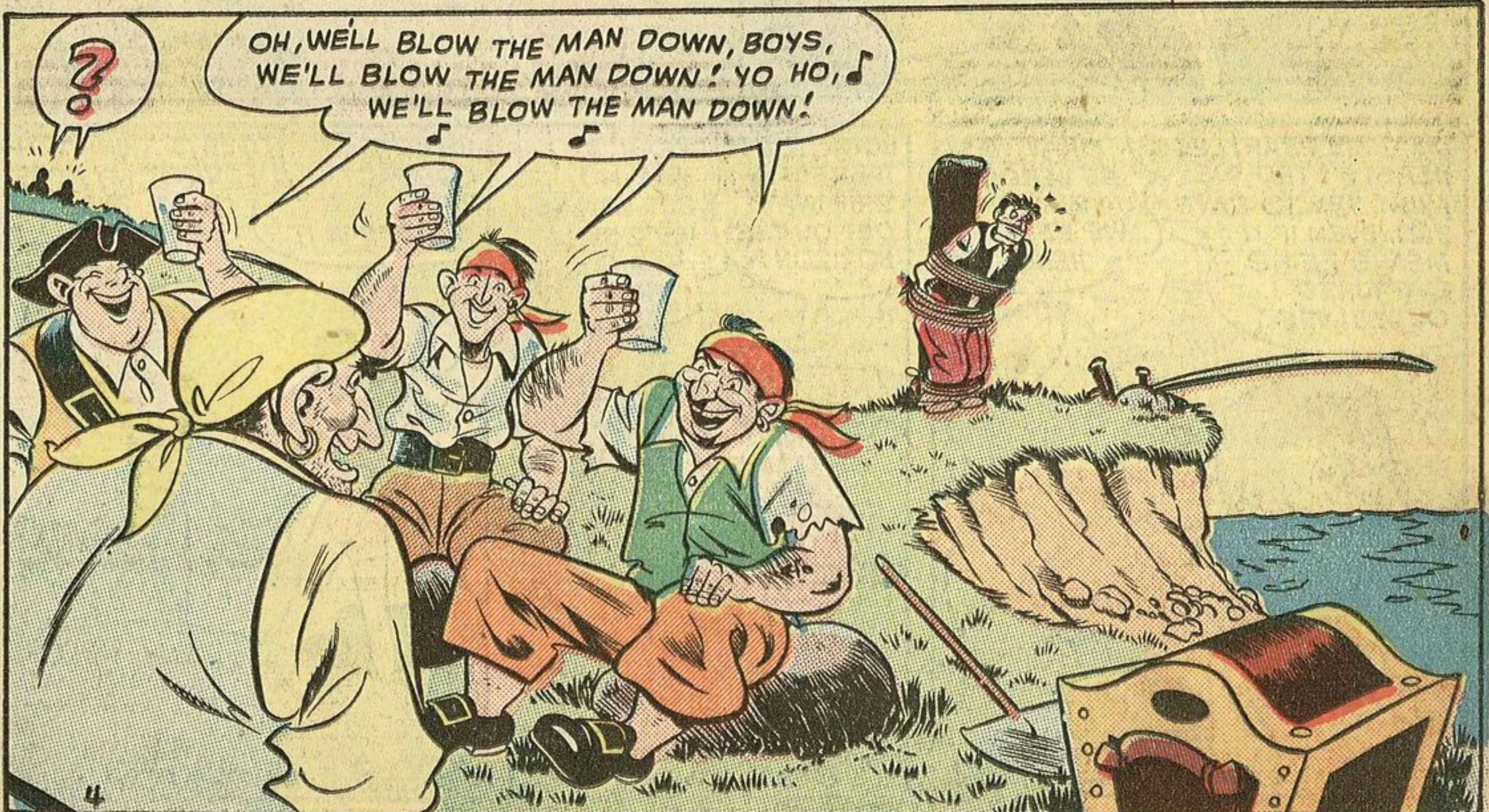
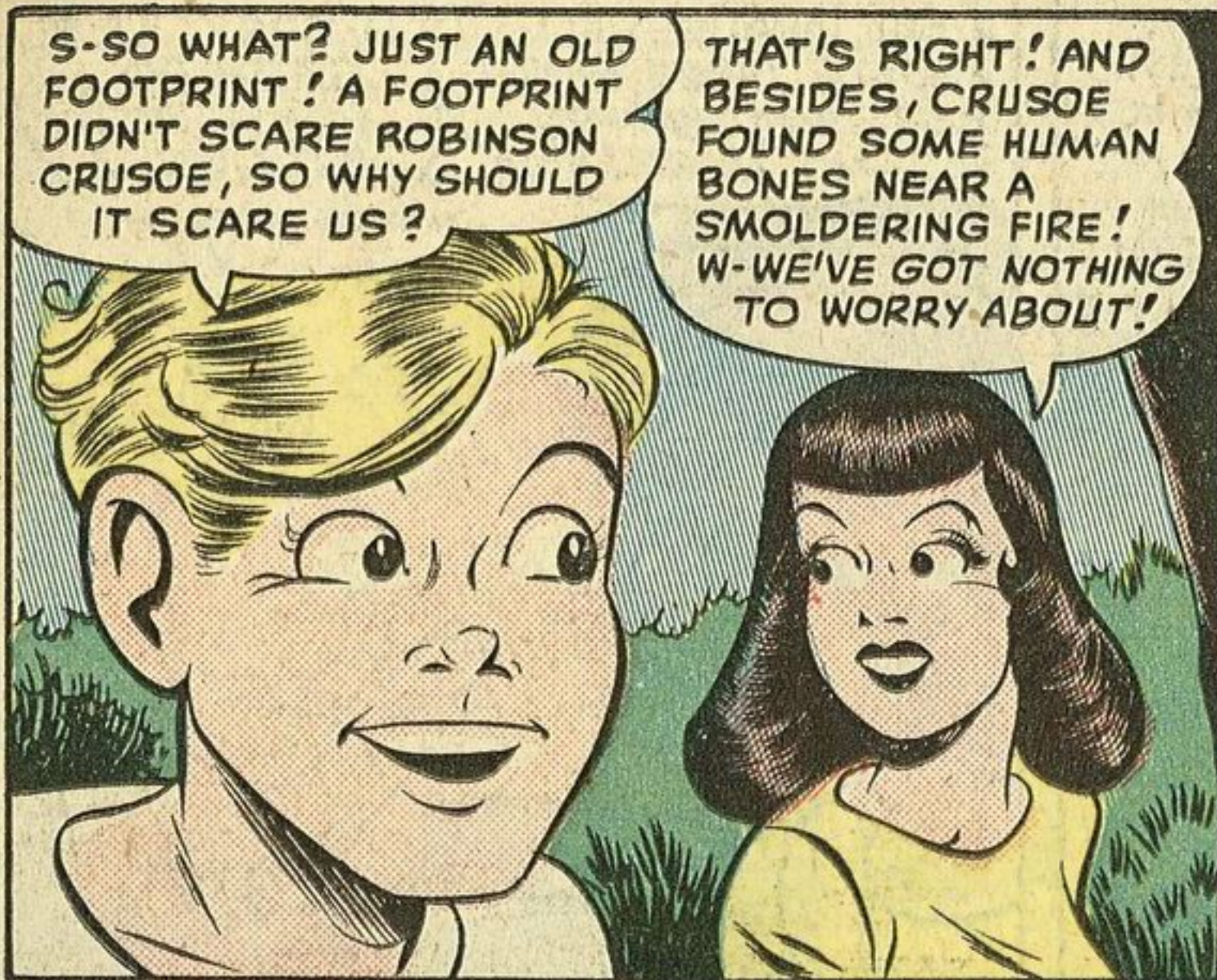
LET'S GET UNDER THESE TREES TILL THE RAIN STOPS! WHERE ARE WE, TED?

I DON'T WANT TO SOUND DISCOURAGING, BUT THERE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE AN ISLAND IN THESE PARTS!



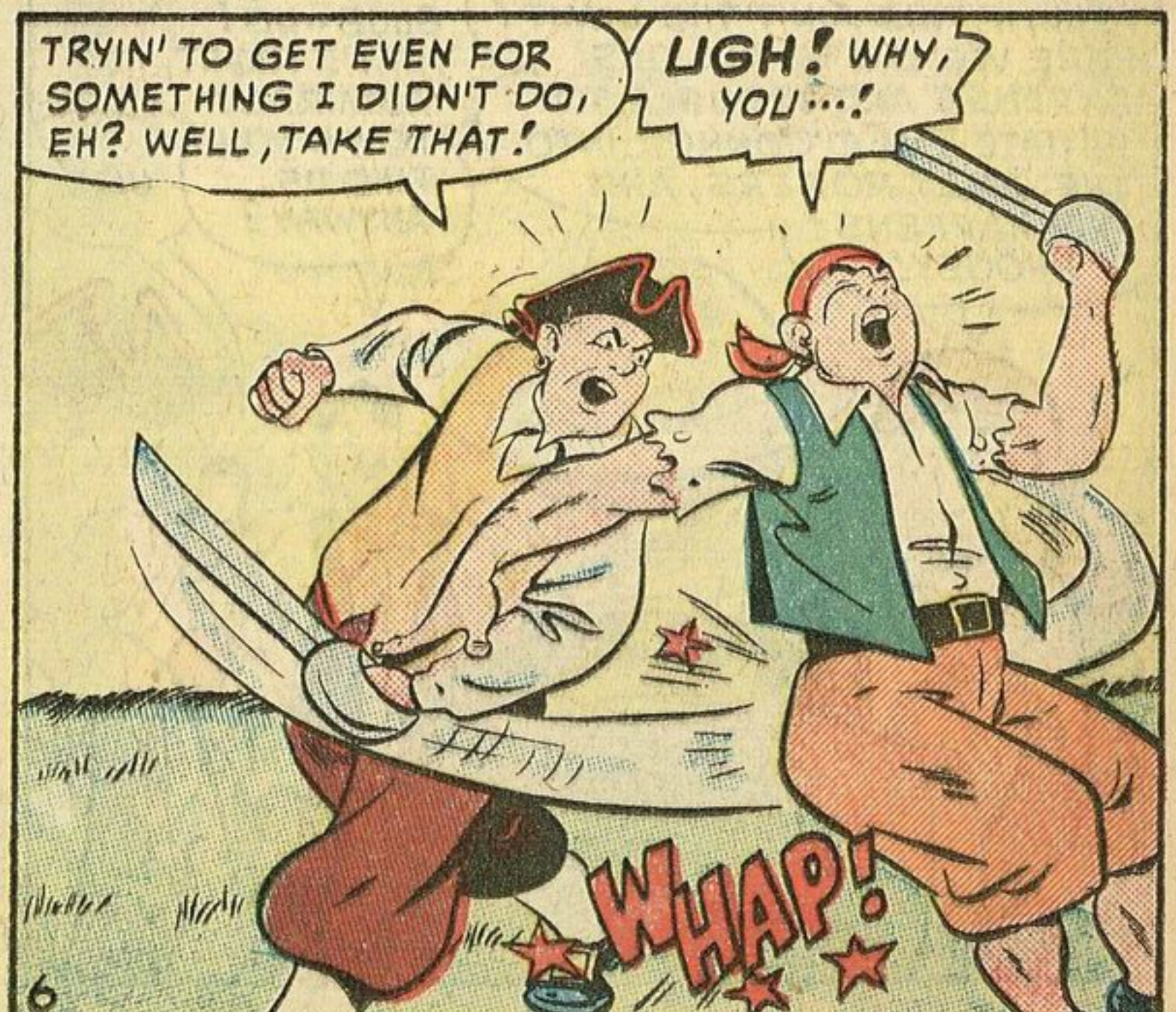
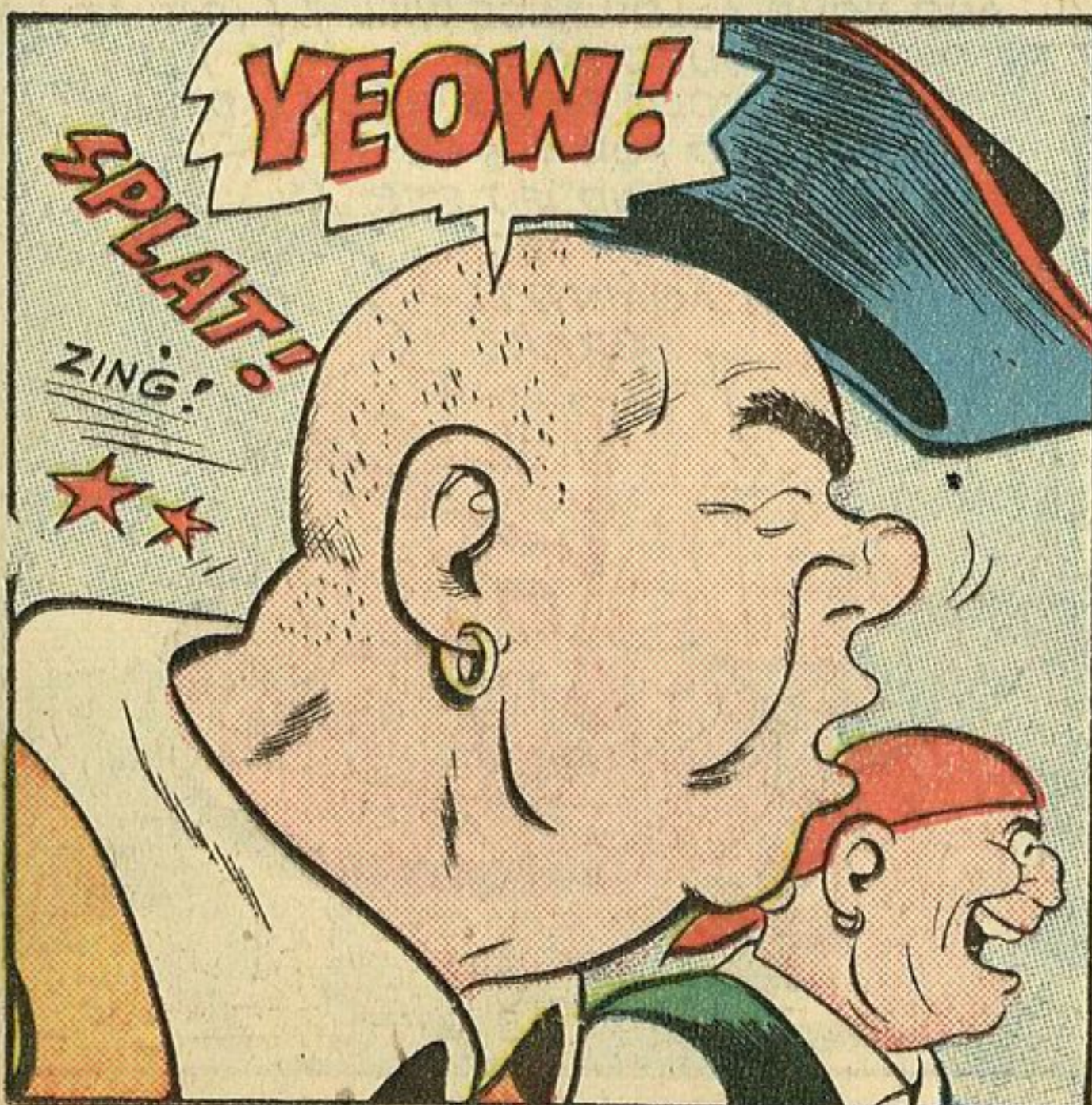
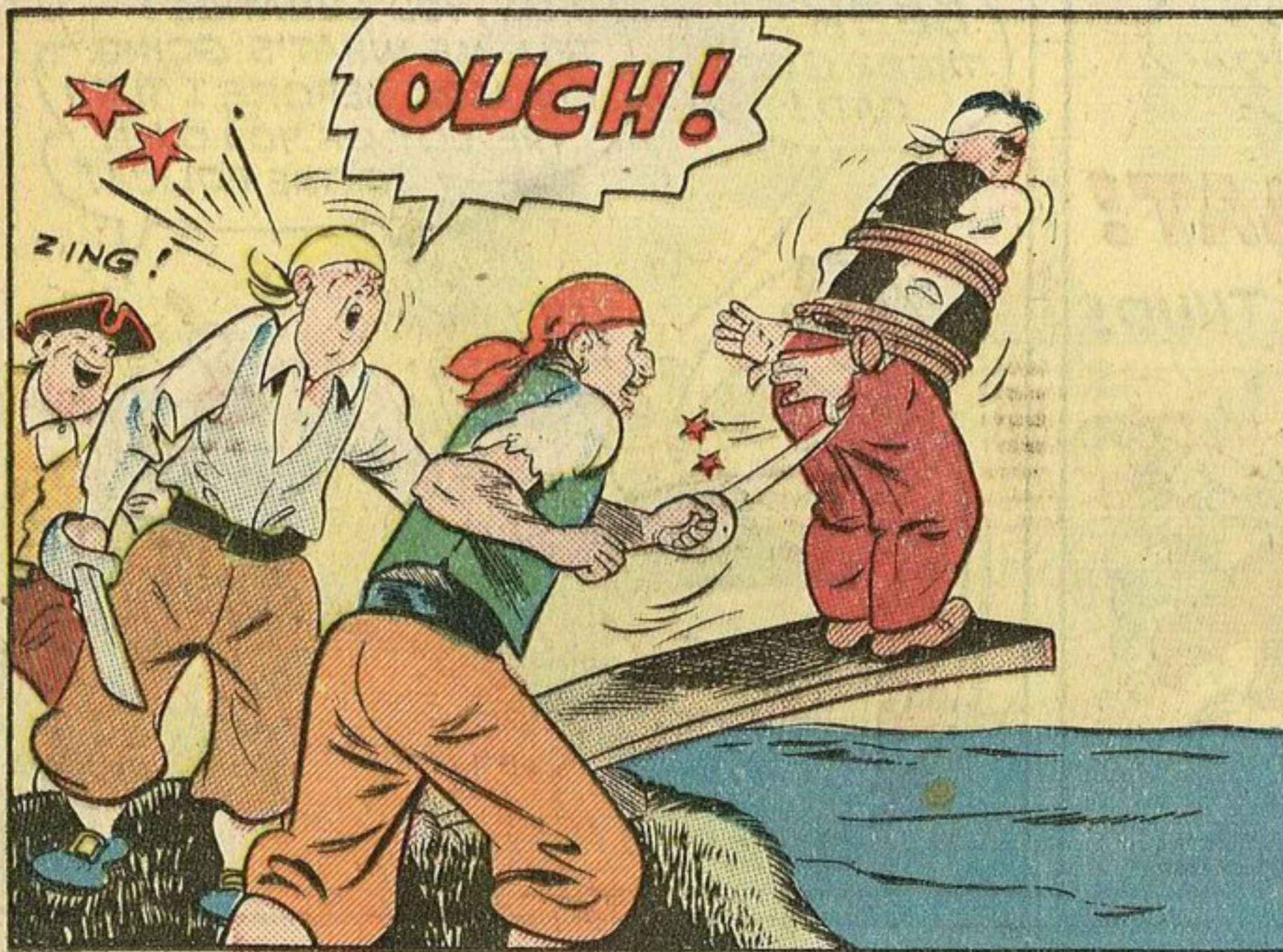
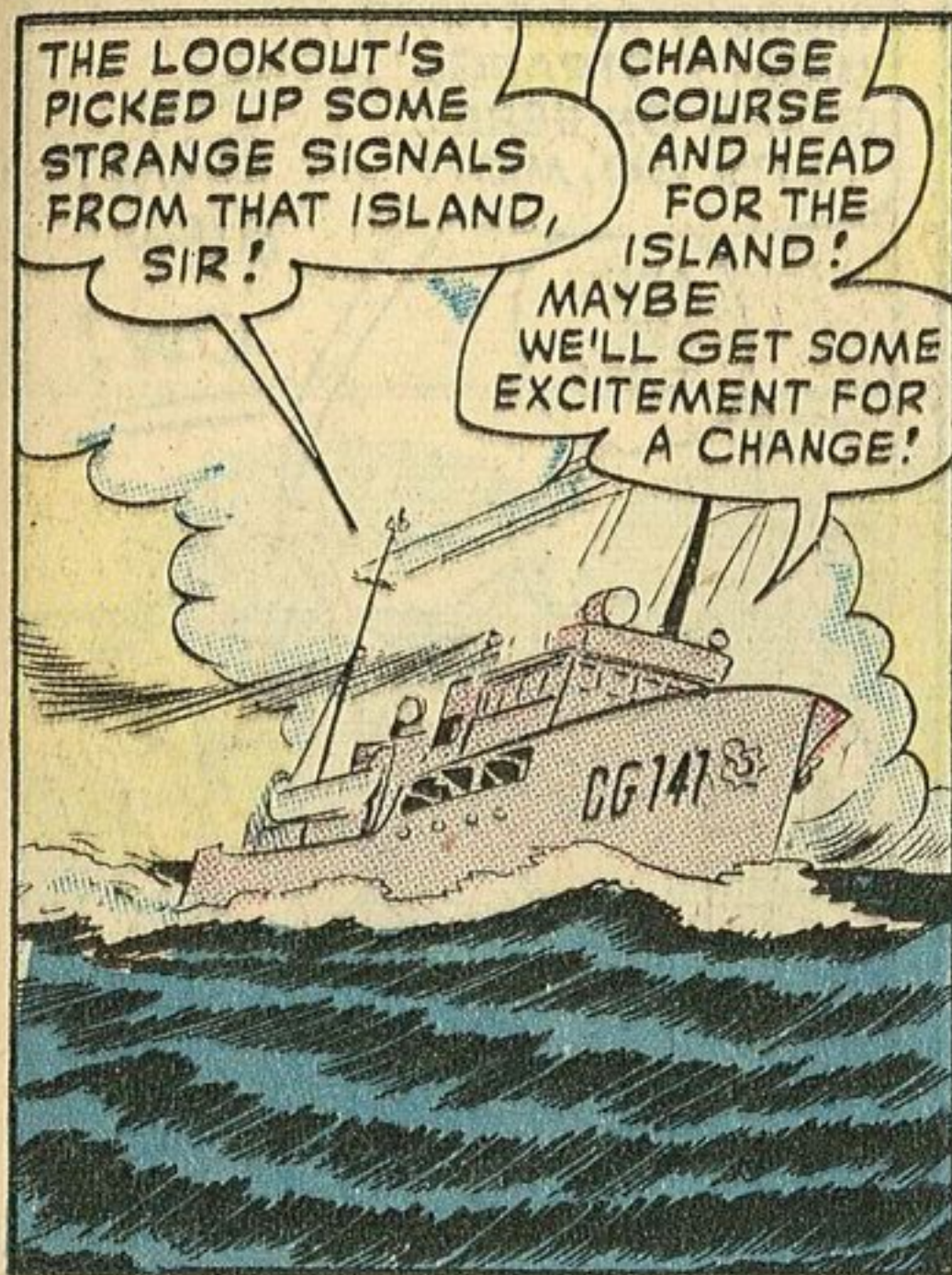
AT LEAST IT'S DRY HERE... YIPE! A FOOTPRINT!

H-HOW CAN YOU T-TELL?

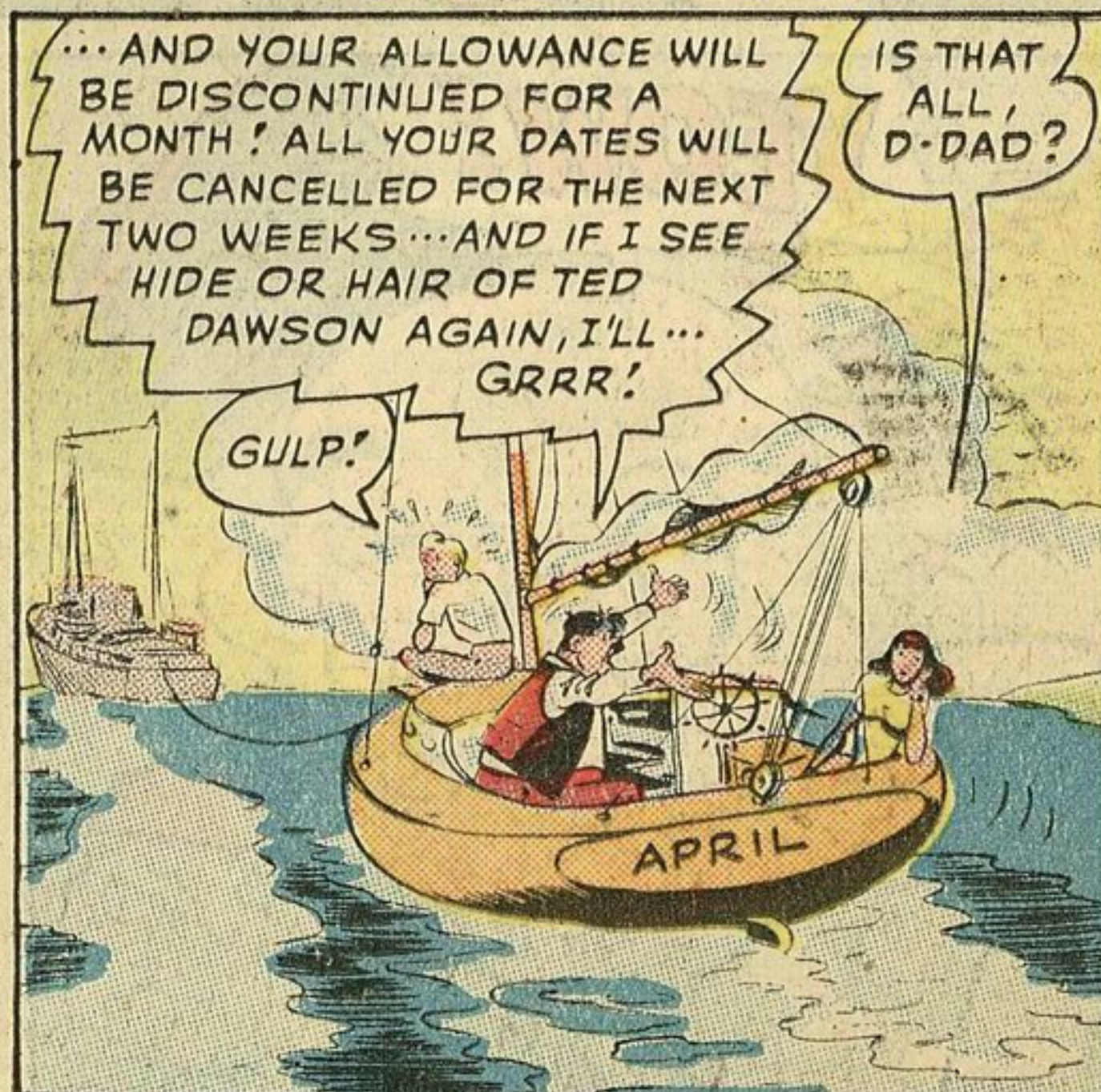
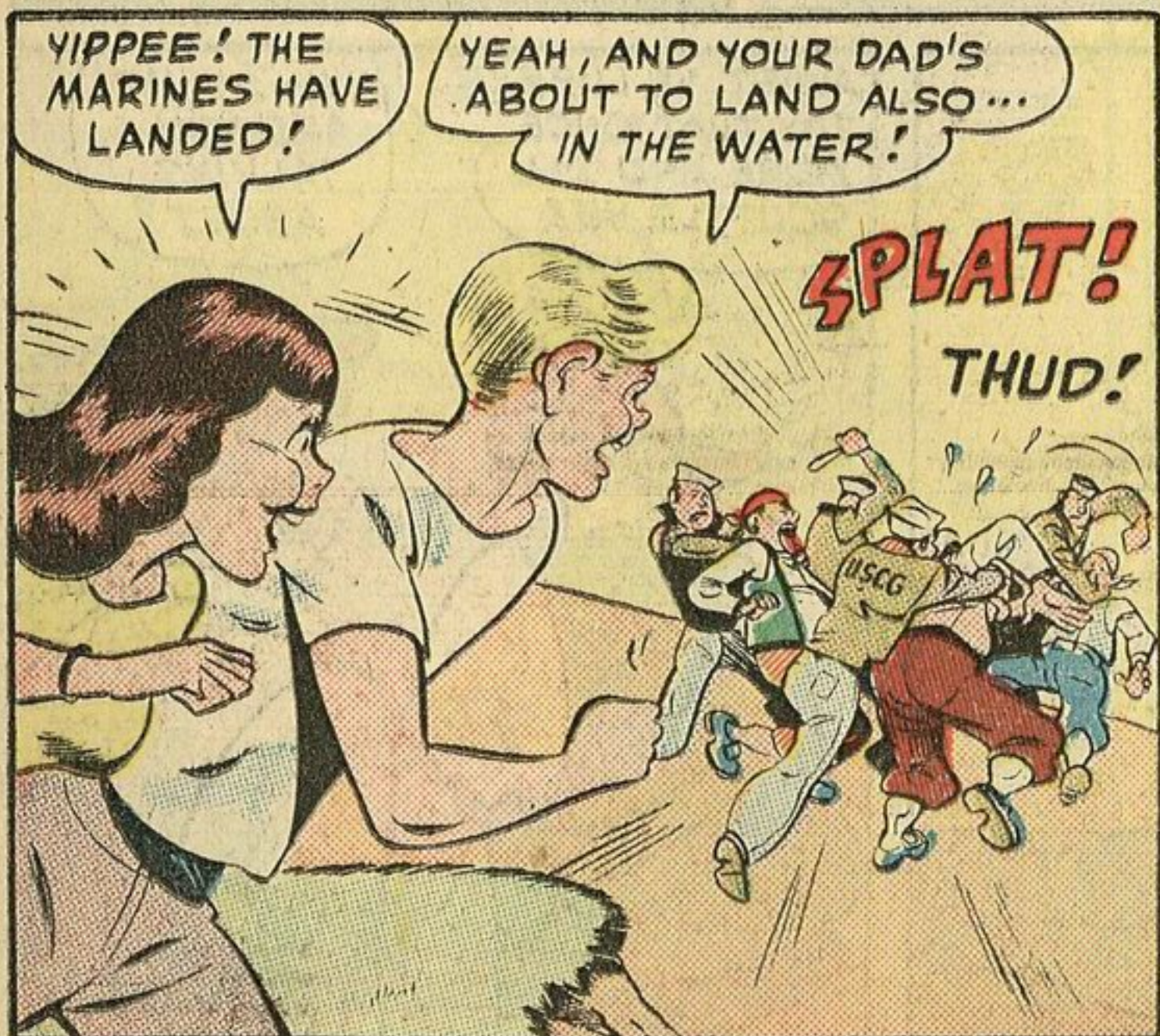
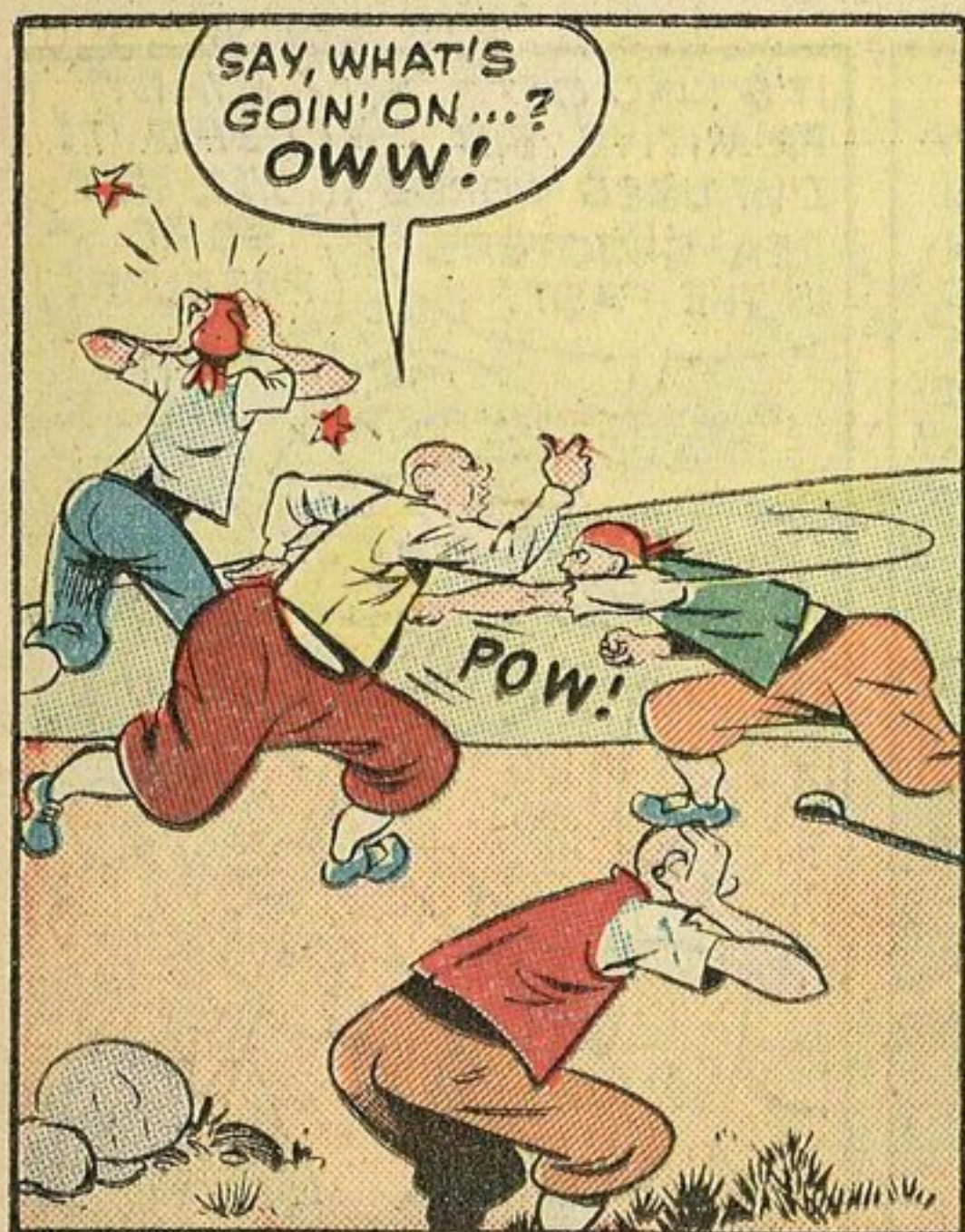




POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



THE SPURRIT



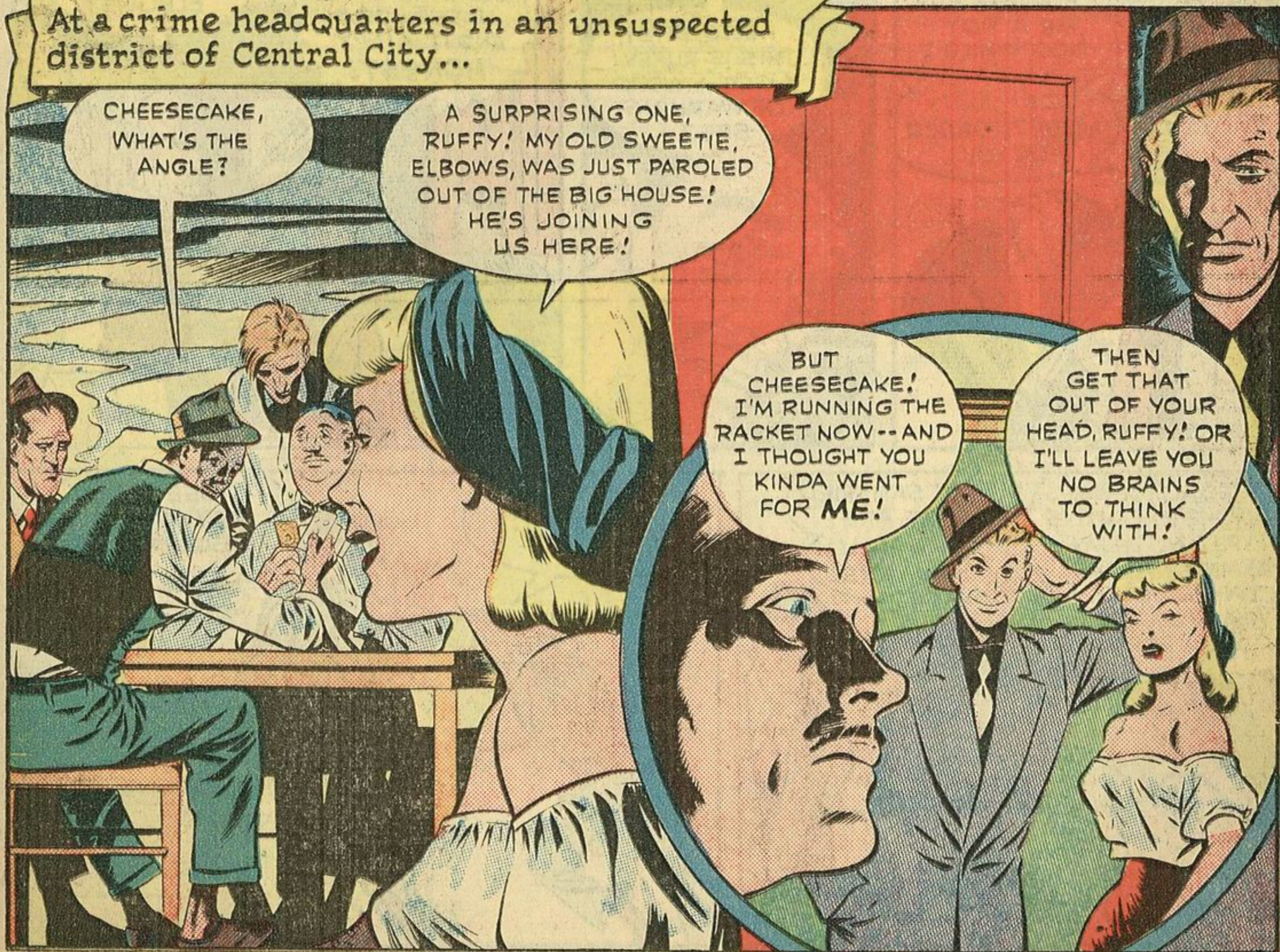
At a crime headquarters in an unsuspected district of Central City...

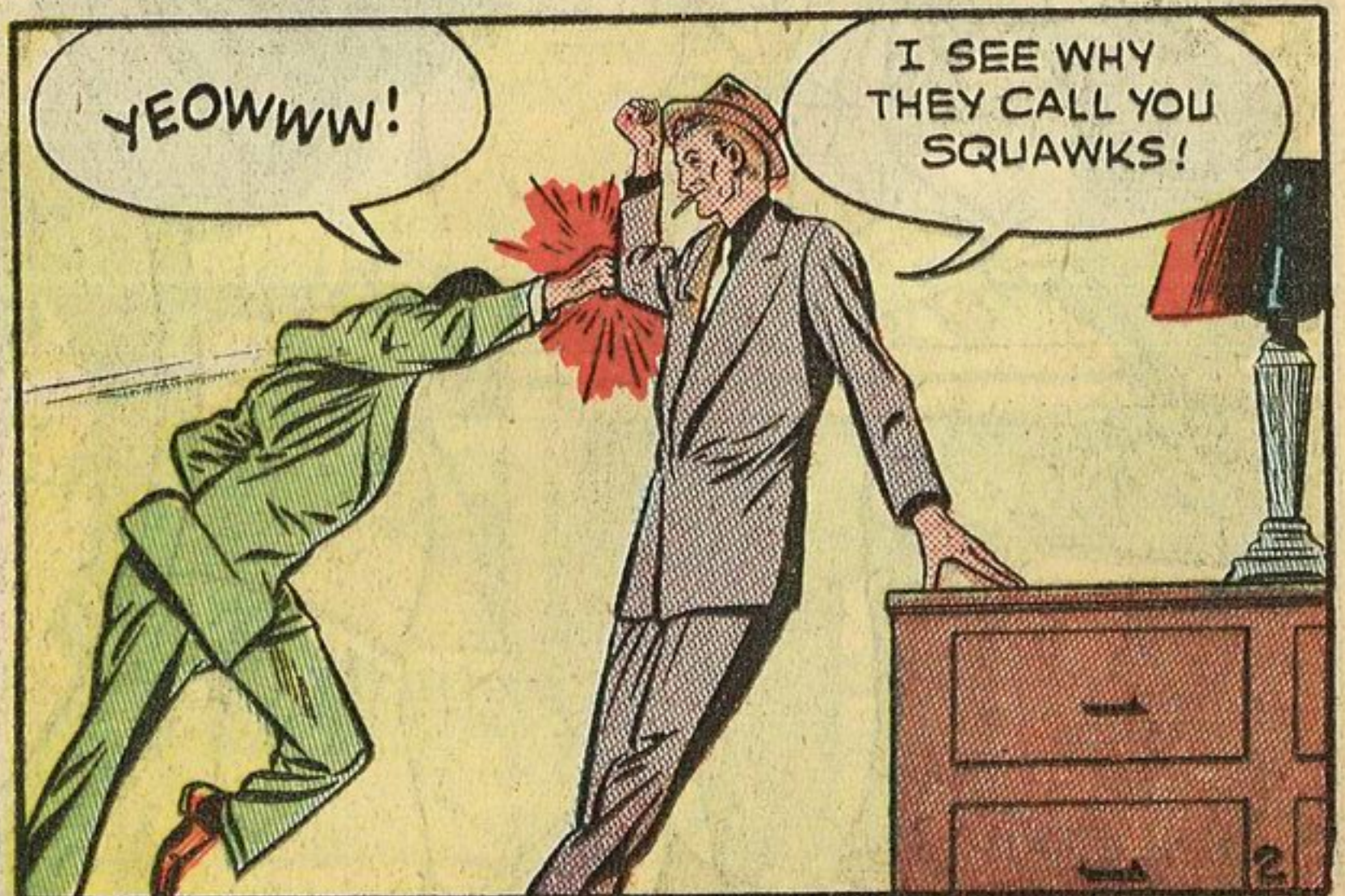
CHEESECAKE,
WHAT'S THE
ANGLE?

A SURPRISING ONE,
RUFFY! MY OLD SWEETIE,
ELBOWS, WAS JUST PAROLED
OUT OF THE BIG HOUSE!
HE'S JOINING
US HERE!

BUT
CHEESECAKE!
I'M RUNNING THE
RACKET NOW--AND
I THOUGHT YOU
KINDA WENT
FOR ME!

THEN
GET THAT
OUT OF YOUR
HEAD, RUFFY! OR
I'LL LEAVE YOU
NO BRAINS
TO THINK
WITH!





POLICE COMICS









POLICE COMICS



BOOM B on Board

SILENTLY, except for the muted throb of big engines, the Belle of Atlanta slipped down the Mississippi. A trickle of smoke wafted back from her funnels.

A stray draft caught some of it, blowing it like a cloud over a short, heavy-set man. He made a wry face and coughed.

"What's the matter, Woozy?" asked the tall man standing at the rail beside him. "Smoke too much for you?"

Woozy sniffed. "With these red eyes, I'll be a sight when they call me on the set." He dabbed at them gently with a red bandana.

Plastic Man grinned. This he had to see, Woozy as a movie actor!

Of course, Plastic Man reasoned, the fat little dope would do his best. Woozy was highly elated at having been chosen to play a minor part in a motion picture being shot aboard the Belle of Atlanta. In fact, he saw himself as a big star.

Plastic Man strolled forward as the packet tied up at the Vicksburg wharf. He watched the roustabouts load bales of cotton for the New Orleans market, and saw the barrels of molasses and other commodities being brought ashore.

He saw two smartly dressed men step aboard just before the last of the cargo was unloaded. They came up the gangplank, looking neither right nor left.

Probably a couple of snobs without a dime in their pockets, said Plastic Man to himself. He grinned. The world was too nice a place for snobbishness.

A half hour after they were under way, the call came for the movie troupe to assemble on deck for the first takes. Woozy wasn't in this scene.

It featured the star and several more prominent members of the supporting cast.

The deck was a maze of thick electric cables, sound equipment, cameras on dollies, mikes on long booms. A bank of big Klieg lights and 600's were aimed at the scene.

Plastic Man loitered in the background, his eye on everything. Sort of interesting, he thought, watching a movie being made. He wondered where Woozy was.

Woozy, at this point, was in his cabin putting

on make-up under the instructions of an expert. He was in his element.

"Hold still," ordered the make-up man. "I must get this brush on you yet."

Woozy pulled a long face when the false beard was fastened to his jaw and the sideburns stuck to his cheeks. No one would ever recognize him, he felt, in this getup.

"You'll never be seen anyway," growled the make-up man, as if in answer to an unspoken question. "The boys in the cutting room'll see to that."

Woozy was crushed momentarily, but then his spirits rose. This make-up mug was just jealous because he wasn't in the show.

The producer sauntered up to Plastic Man and said in a low voice, "You spotted 'em yet? I wouldn't know 'em if I saw 'em."

"I'm not certain," answered Plastic Man, "but I think so. Don't worry."

"She won't wear it till tomorrow some time," went on the producer. "That's when they'll make the grab. Or try it."

Plastic Man knew that the bauble the star would wear in one of tomorrow's takes was worth at least fifty thousand dollars. Well worth any crook's try at snatching! That was why he was on board the Belle of Atlanta.

Woozy was called later in the afternoon to appear in a small scene. Plastic Man nearly doubled over with laughter when he saw his little pal. In his long beard and buckskin suit he looked like a roly-poly edition of Dan'l Boone.

Woozy carried a long squirrel gun over one shoulder. He was to come on scene from the middle of the ship, halt before a phony tree, and then set his rifle down on the ground.

He received his cue, began his walk, and had reached the outer bank of lights when a snaky coil of wire whirled out toward him from behind. With a leap that was entirely inhuman, Plastic Man covered a good thirty feet and nailed the coil. He held it aloft while he yelled to Woozy to beat it.

"Cut the power!" called Plastic Man to the electrician's crew. When this had been done he dropped the coil.

"Someone tried to get you, Woozy," said Plastic Man. "Mighty nearly did it, too. This

POLICE COMICS

wire packs enough voltage to knock you for a loop, especially with that steel gun barrel as a conductor."

"W-why—w—who—" gurgled Woozy, his face white with fear.

"I don't know," replied Plastic Man. "But we must go easy, with our eyes open at all times."

This episode ended the day's shooting on deck.

Plastic Man didn't do any sleeping that night. He haunted the decks, especially the proximity of the cabin where the two strangers were berthed. Neither one appeared all that night. They had their dinner in the cabin.

But at five o'clock the next morning a startled cry from a maid brought several people hurrying to the star's cabin. She lay in a sort of coma in her bed. The cabin had been ransacked.

Plastic Man did a quick survey job. "Is the necklace safe?" he asked the maid.

She looked in the hiding place, shook her head. Her face was pale. "It is gone, gone!" she sobbed. "Oh, what will the Miss say?"

"What will the insurance company say!" cried the producer. "It is only worth fifty thousand!"

A thorough search of the cabin turned up no pearl necklace.

While several members of the movie troupe milled about the star's cabin, and the maid tried to revive her mistress, Plastic Man slipped out on deck and glanced around. There was no sign of the two newcomers.

He hurried to their cabin. It was empty. Then he saw the open porthole, an extra large one. One of the men had evidently slipped through it and climbed up to the next deck, where he had gone through the star's port into her cabin. The thief had chloroformed the movie star while lifting her pearls.

Where had the two suspicious men gone?

At the next port of call, police were summoned aboard and the case turned over to them. There was little they could do, aside from taking a few notes and giving the passengers cursory examination.

When the ship got under way again, an immediate call was sounded for shooting a new scene. It was a crowd scene, where a group dressed in period costumes rushed to one side of the ship, which was now camouflaged accordingly, and met a hunter in a canoe.

The hunter was to take off two other hunters who had made the trip down river. While the cameras turned, Plastic Man watched like a cat. He felt there was something odd about the entire undertaking.

Yes, there was something strange and furtive

about the hunter who arrived in the canoe. He cast hurried glances about the deck. Then he evidently saw what he wanted and relaxed. All this Plastic Man caught as he watched.

When at last the hunter stepped down into his canoe again, Plas, the rubber man, was at the rail. Without turning his head he knew that two men were approaching across the deck. They were dressed as hunters.

As the first one stepped into the canoe, Plastic Man said, "Stop, you!"

The man looked up. "What d'ya mean, stop?"

"Just what I said," said Plas.

"Here, here, what's the holdup?" demanded the pudgy producer, hurrying forward. "We're shooting a picture!"

"We're shooting a rat!" snarled the man in the canoe, whipping out a pistol and firing point-blank at Plastic Man. The latter merely grinned.

"Bullets don't bother me, bub," he said quietly. "But they might hurt someone else." His hand darted down, grabbed the pistol and flicked it into the water.

The hunter's second companion, still on deck, made a leap at Plastic Man, who, by a simple trick, made himself the size of a lead pencil. The phony hunter stood gaping as he found his arms holding nothing.

Meanwhile, the hunter who had first arrived in the canoe, began paddling wildly away. The other stood in the stern of the craft and shook his fist at the rubber meddler.

Again the producer ran up, angered at the delay in shooting. "What's going on here?" he yelled.

"You want your necklace?" demanded Plastic Man. "Well, then, bring that guy back!" He pointed at the paddler in the canoe.

"Oh, bring me back, eh?" shouted the man. He lifted something from the bottom of the boat and hurled it toward the deck. It spun through the air and landed, rolling, on the deck. It was a bomb.

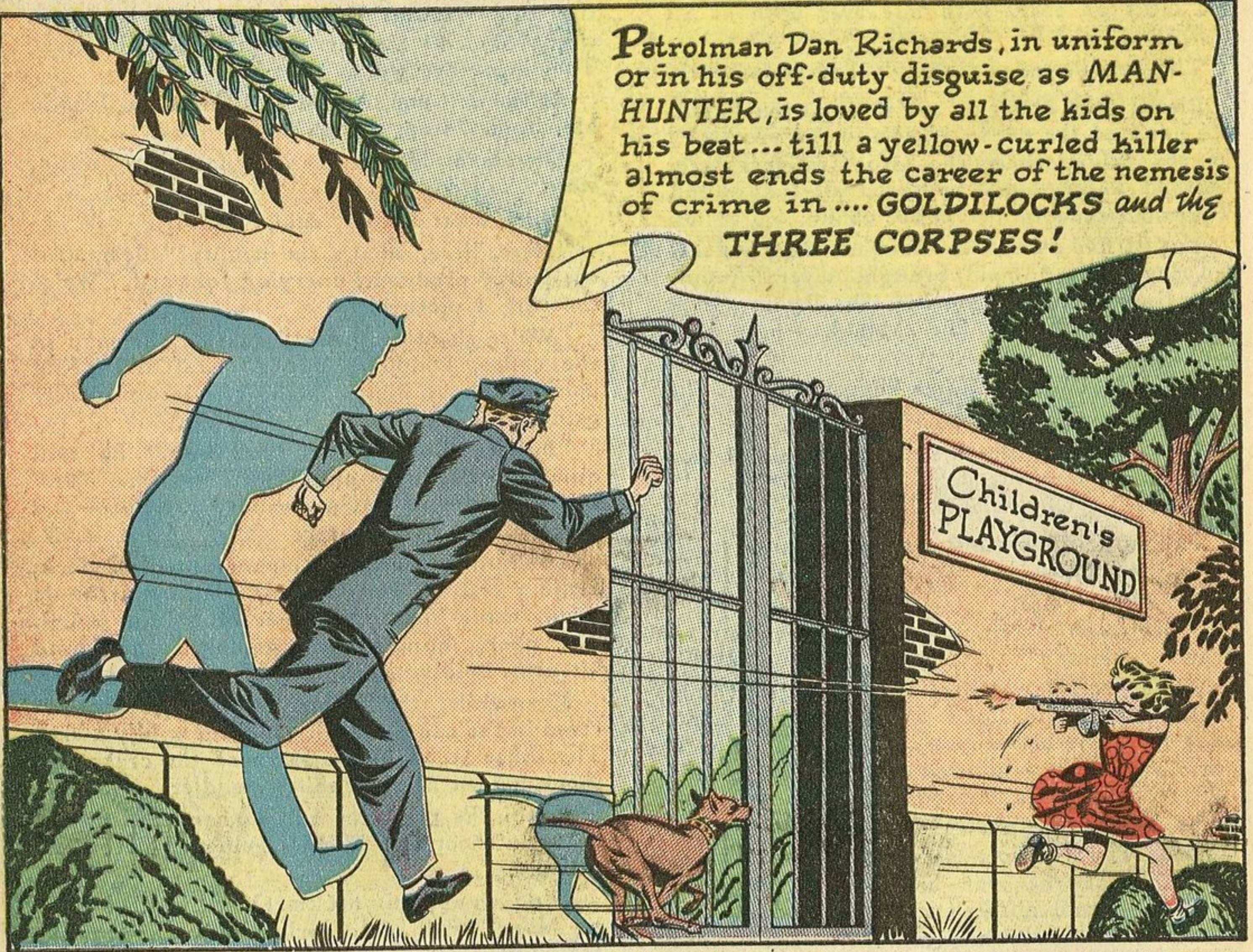
Everybody leaped back, scrambling to get out of the way of the coming explosion. But before the bomb could explode, a snaky arm shot out like a lightning bolt, a hand caught up the lethal ball, and hurled it overboard. The resulting shock rocked the boat.

The murderous paddler now was a good distance away from the ship. But he didn't reckon with Plastic Man. Plas reached out a skinny arm like a steel cable and snatched the paddler bodily from the canoe. A quick search revealed the pearl necklace in an inside pocket of his coat.

Woozy sighed. "You've hogged the whole show, Plas! I haven't even had a chance!"

MANHUNTER

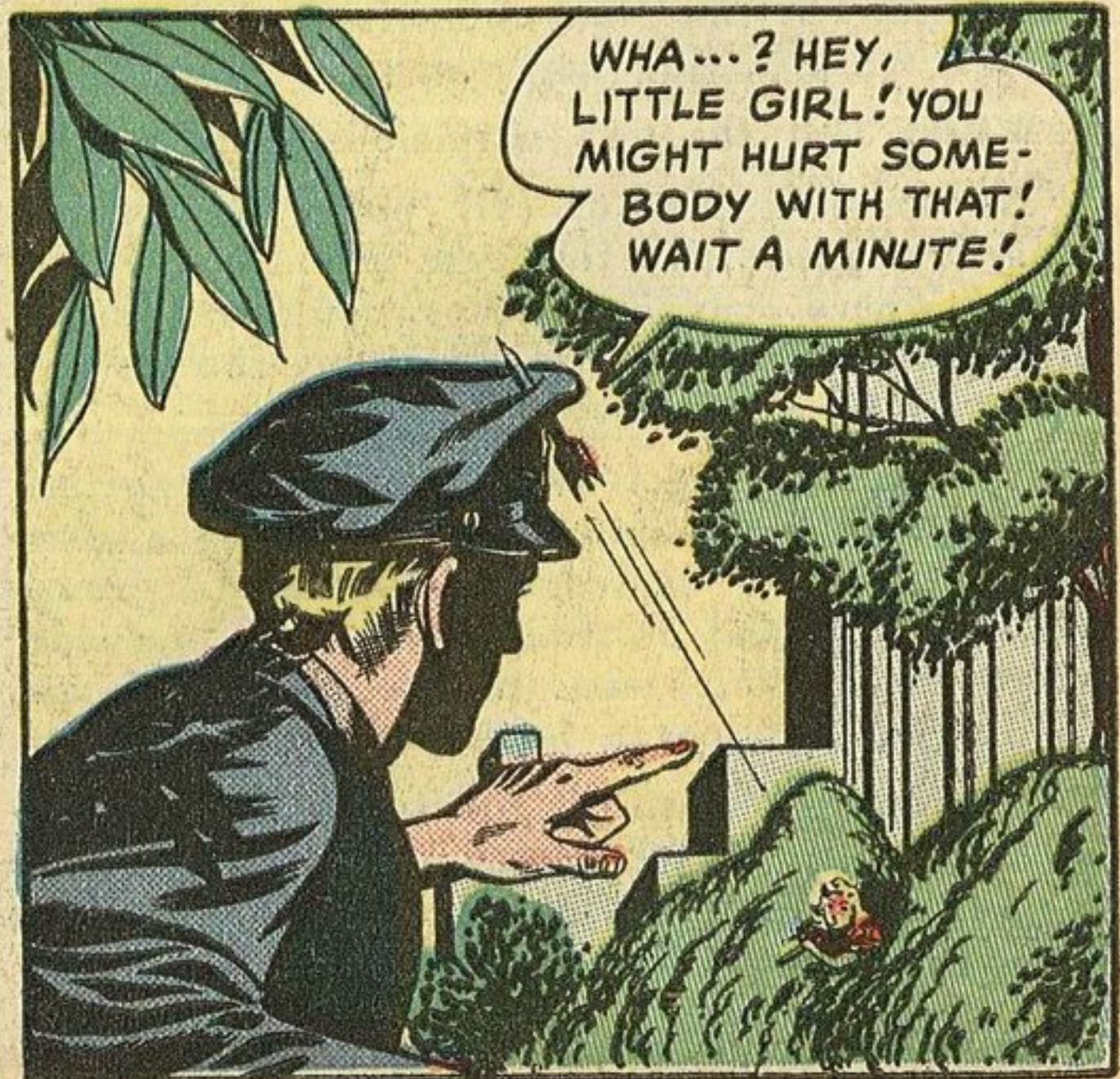
Patrolman Dan Richards, in uniform or in his off-duty disguise as **MAN-HUNTER**, is loved by all the kids on his beat... till a yellow-curved killer almost ends the career of the nemesis of crime in... **GOLDBLOCKS** and the **THREE CORPSES!**



THIS PARK LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH! BUT SINCE THAT MAN WAS MURDERED HERE LAST WEEK, THEY'VE HAD US DOUBLE-CHECKING IT!



WHA...? HEY, LITTLE GIRL! YOU MIGHT HURT SOMEBODY WITH THAT! WAIT A MINUTE!



POLICE COMICS



BETTER GIVE ME THAT... OUCH!

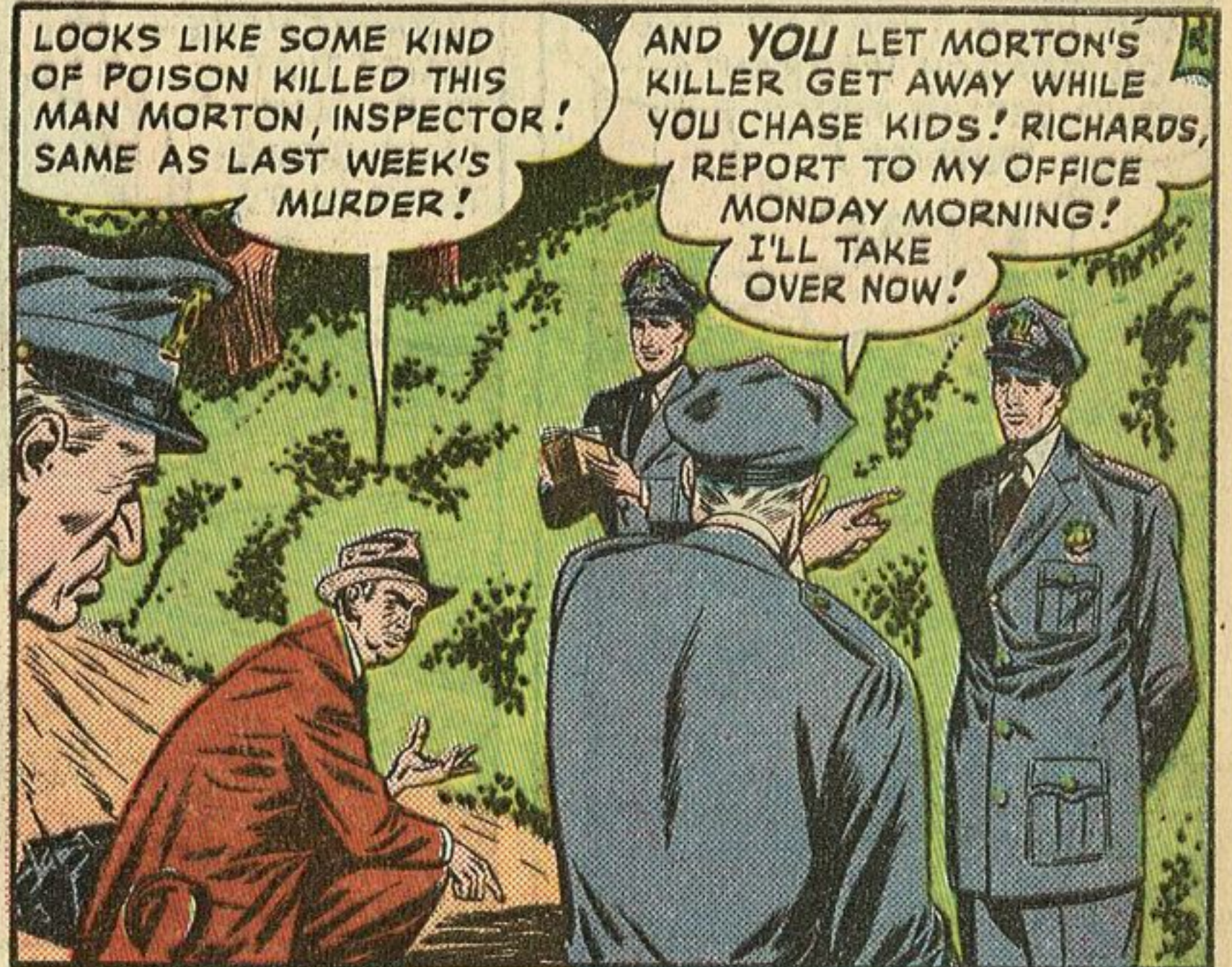


COME BACK HERE! I WON'T HURT... WHAT TH...? A MAN LYING IN THE ROAD!



THIS MUST BE WHAT SCARED THAT LITTLE GIRL! BUT THERE'S NO WOUND! COULD BE HEART FAILURE... BETTER GET HELP!

THWEEET!



LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF POISON KILLED THIS MAN MORTON, INSPECTOR! SAME AS LAST WEEK'S MURDER!

AND YOU LET MORTON'S KILLER GET AWAY WHILE YOU CHASE KIDS! RICHARDS, REPORT TO MY OFFICE MONDAY MORNING! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!



I'VE JUST TWO DAYS TO FIND THAT MURDERER OR I'M OFF THE FORCE! GOOD THING I'M NOT ON DUTY THIS WEEK-END! THERE'S A BIG JOB AHEAD FOR MANHUNTER AND THOR!

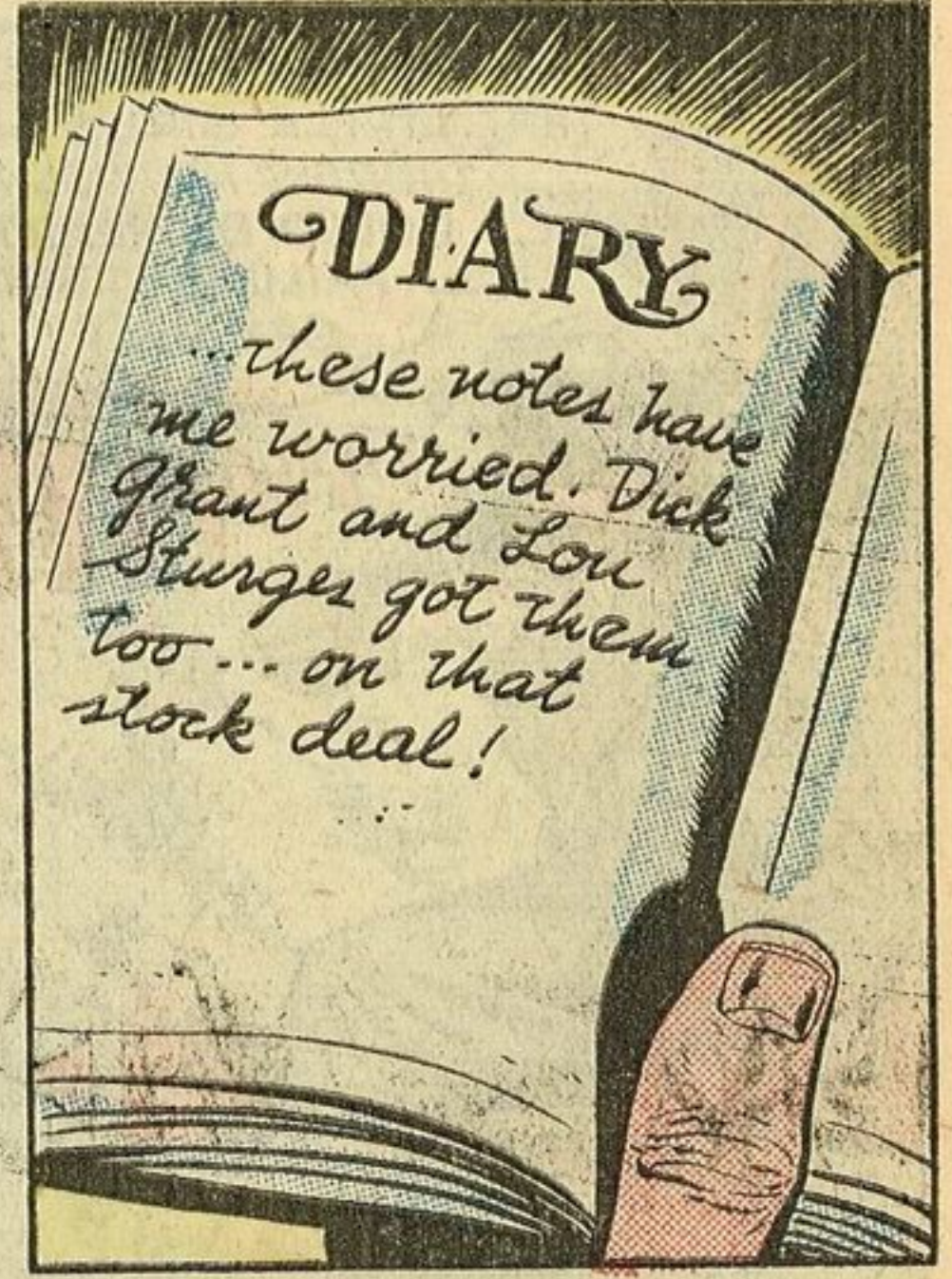
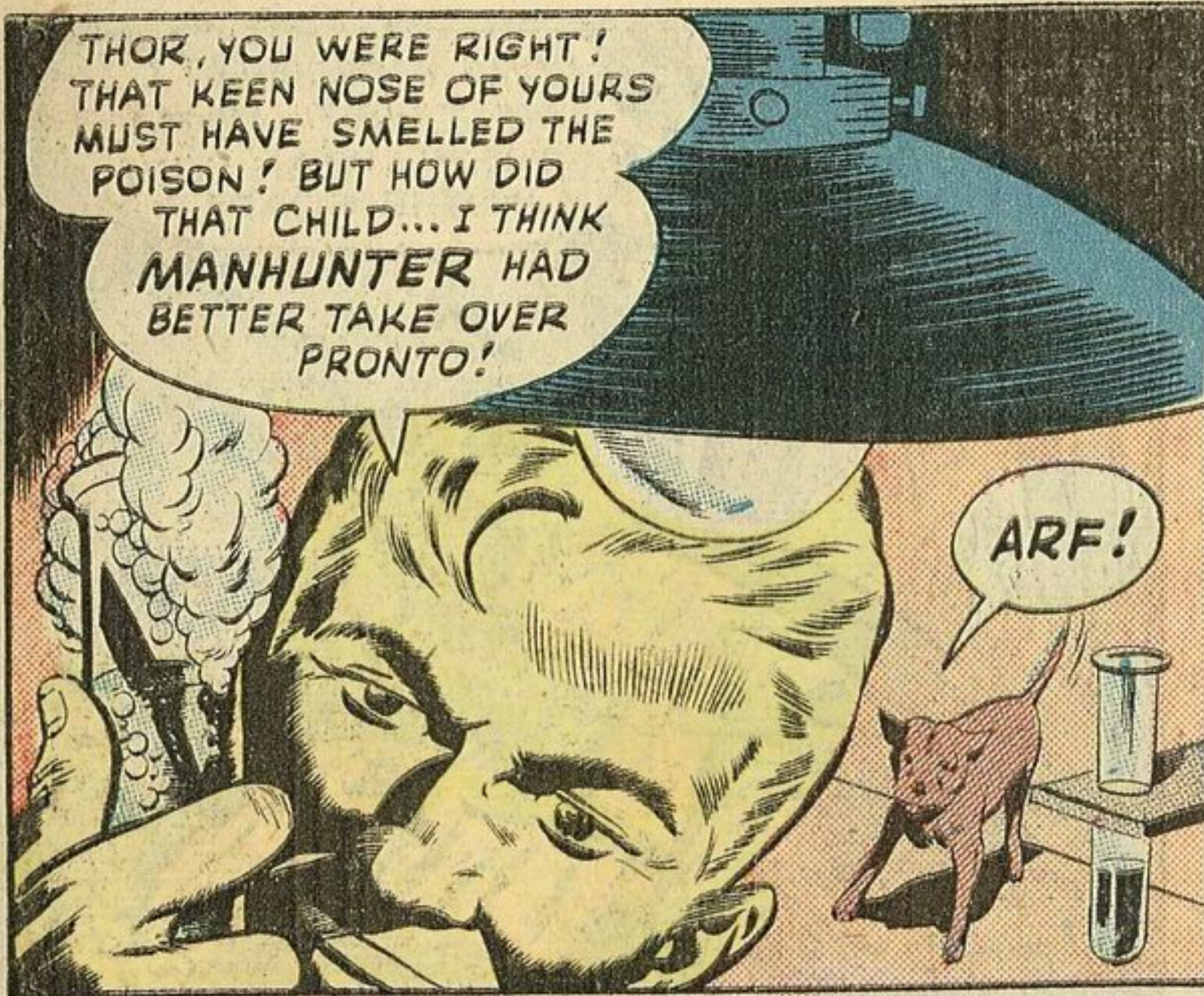


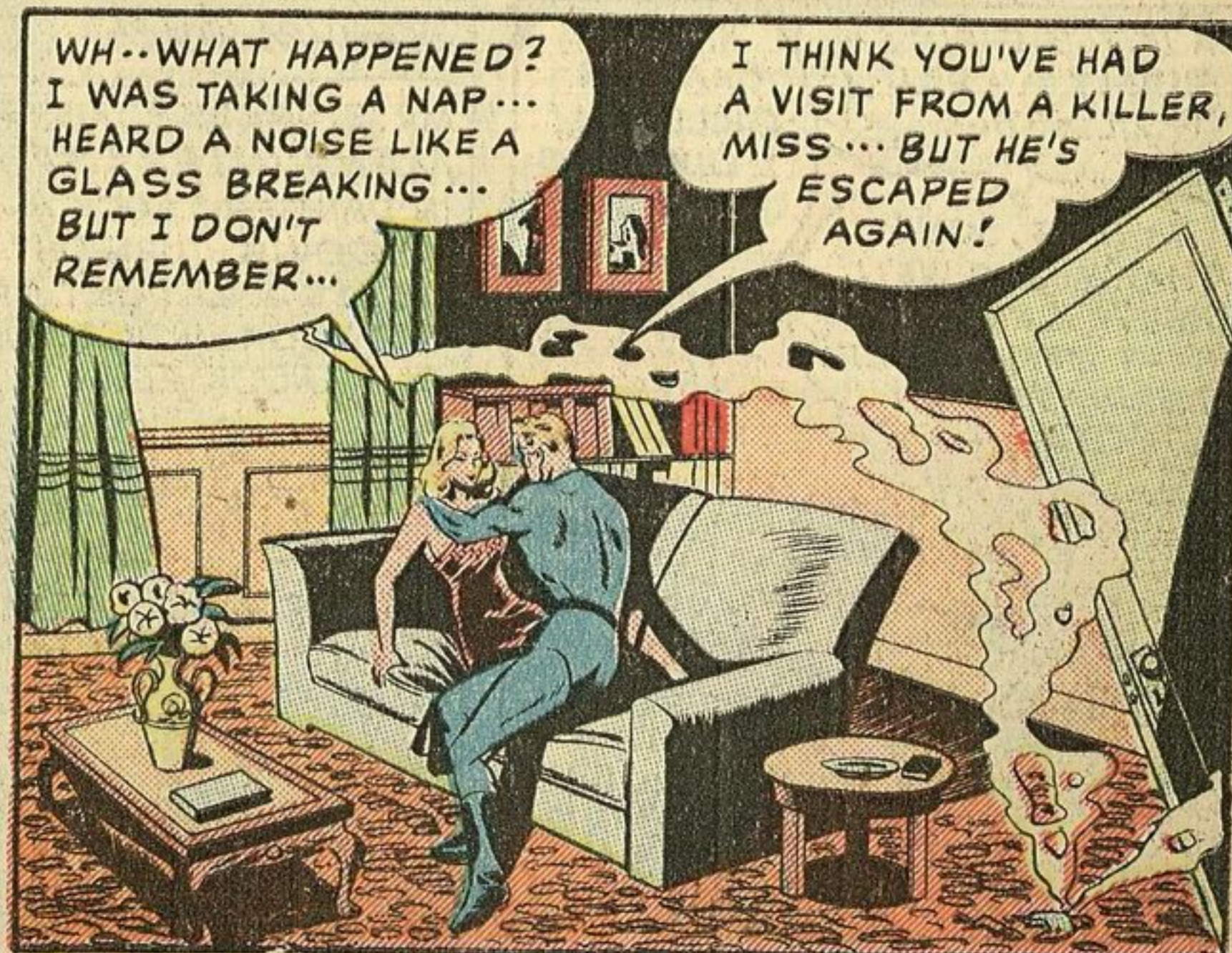
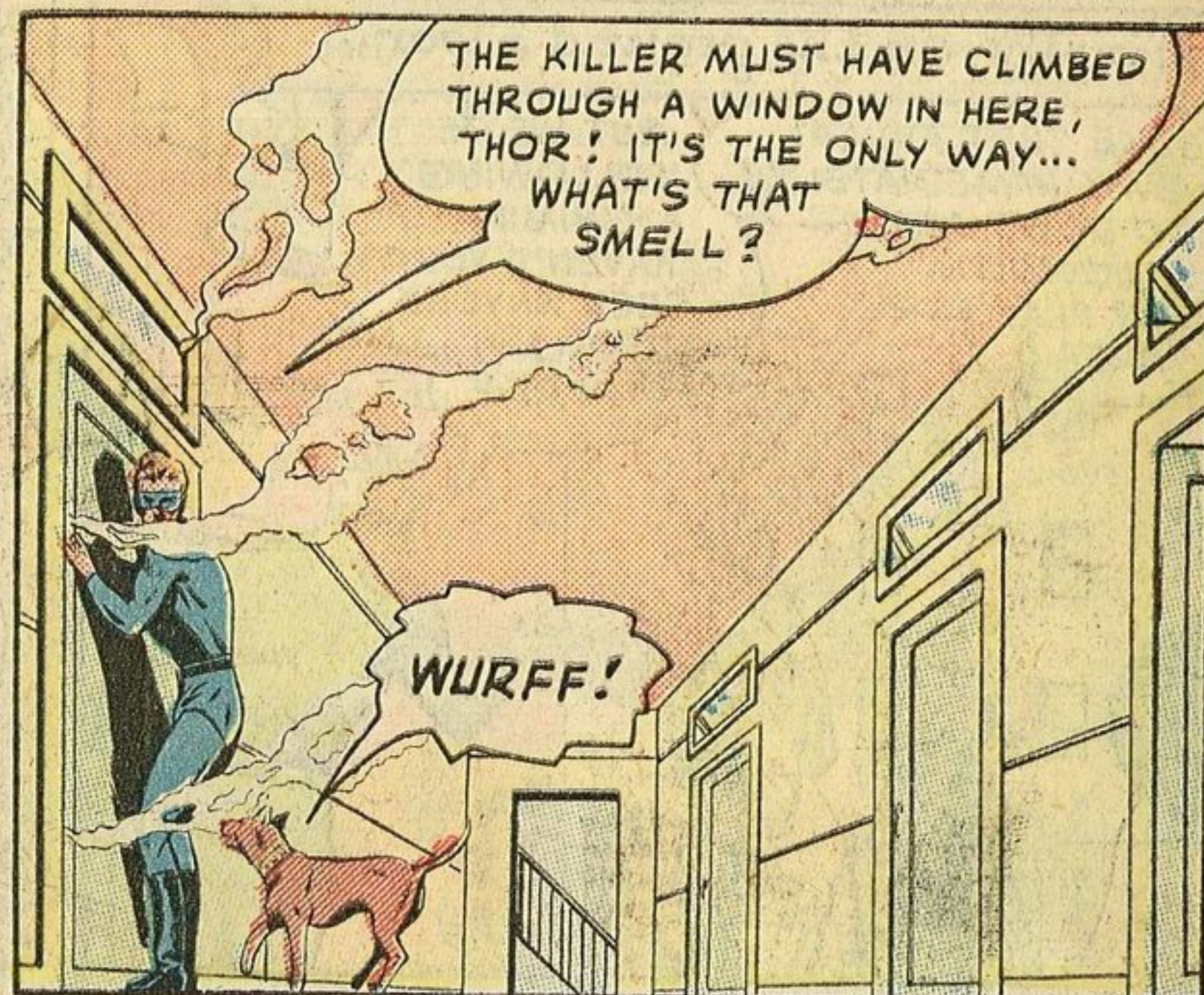
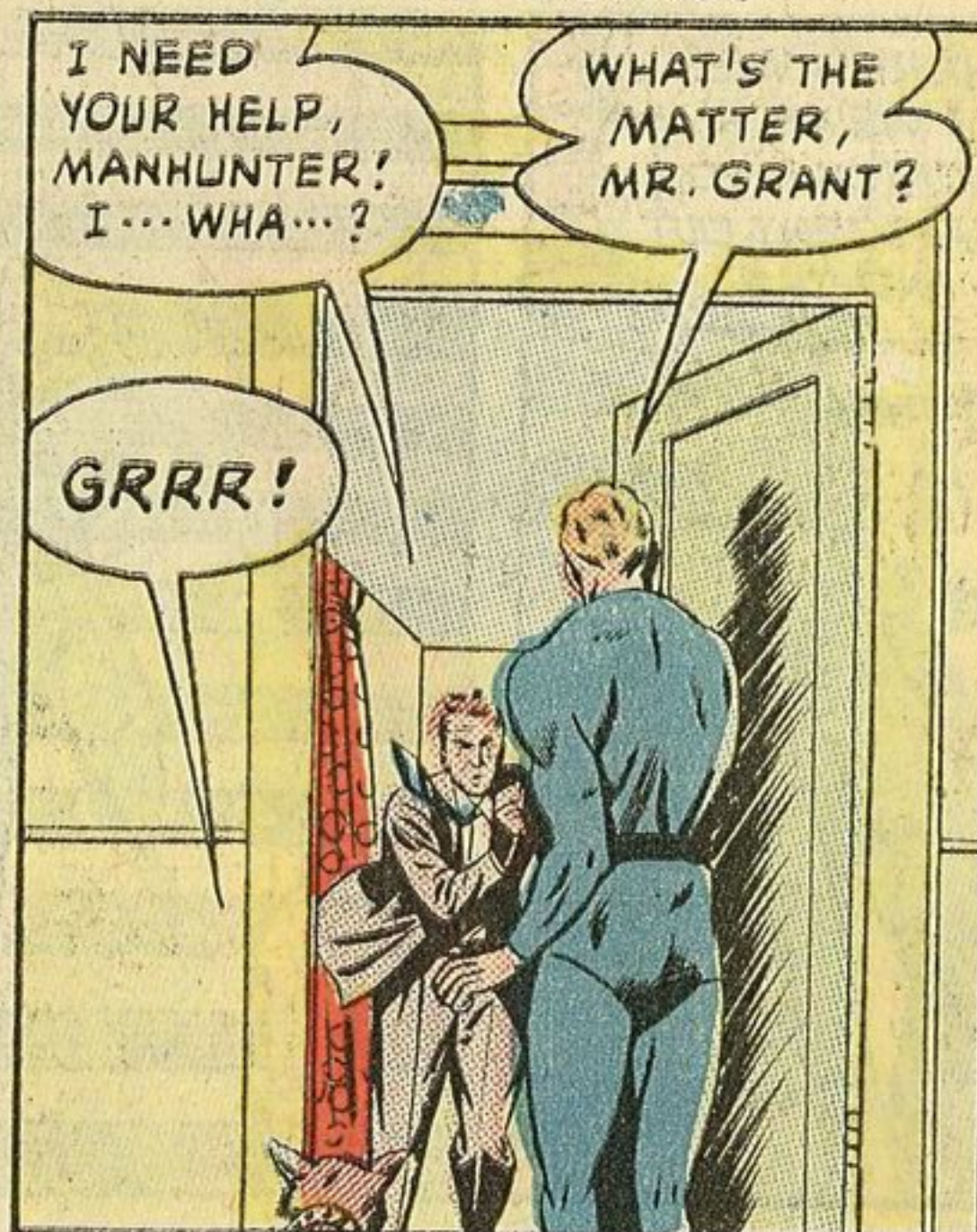
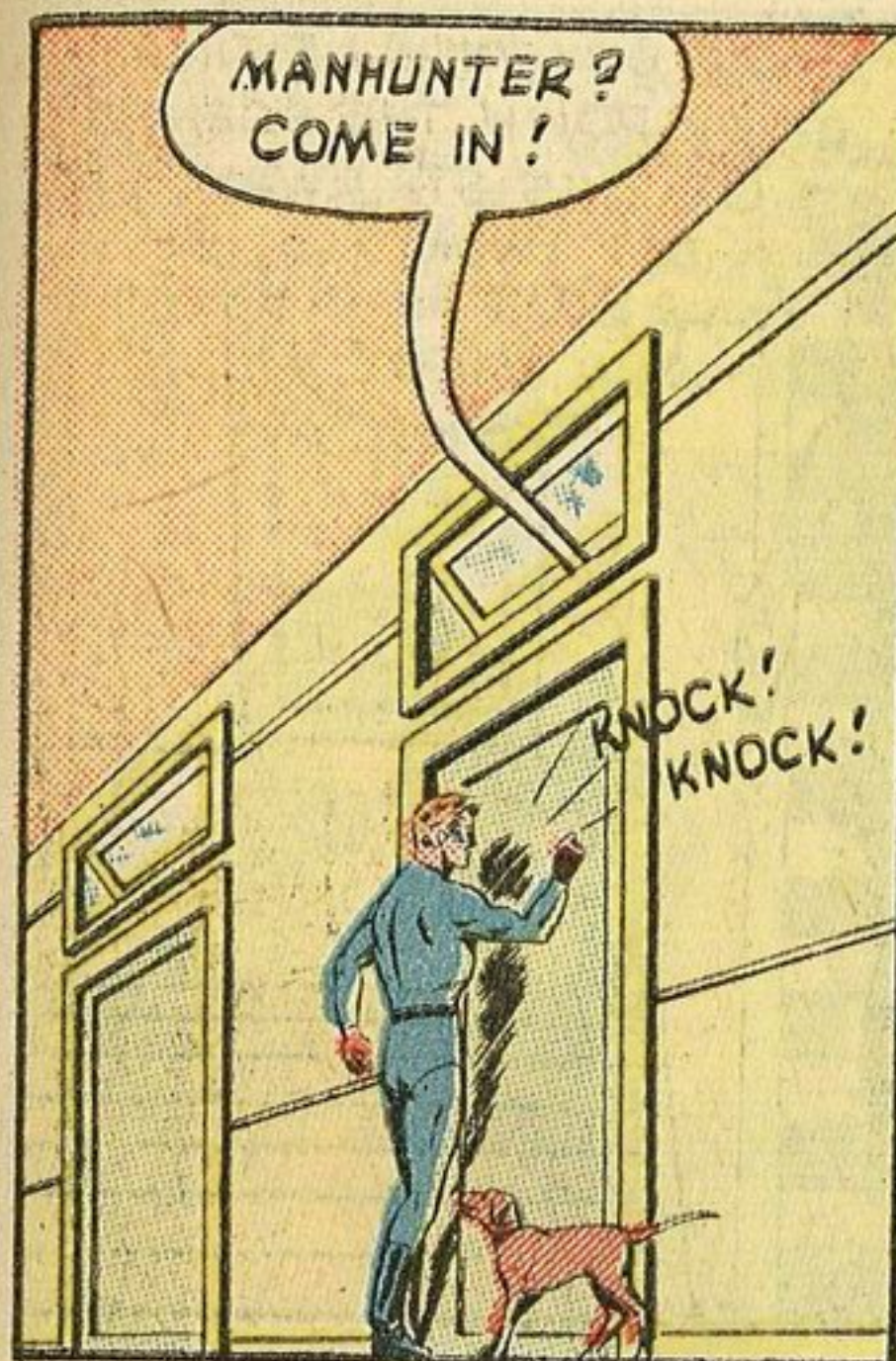
BETTER EAT A GOOD LUNCH, THOR! WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY?

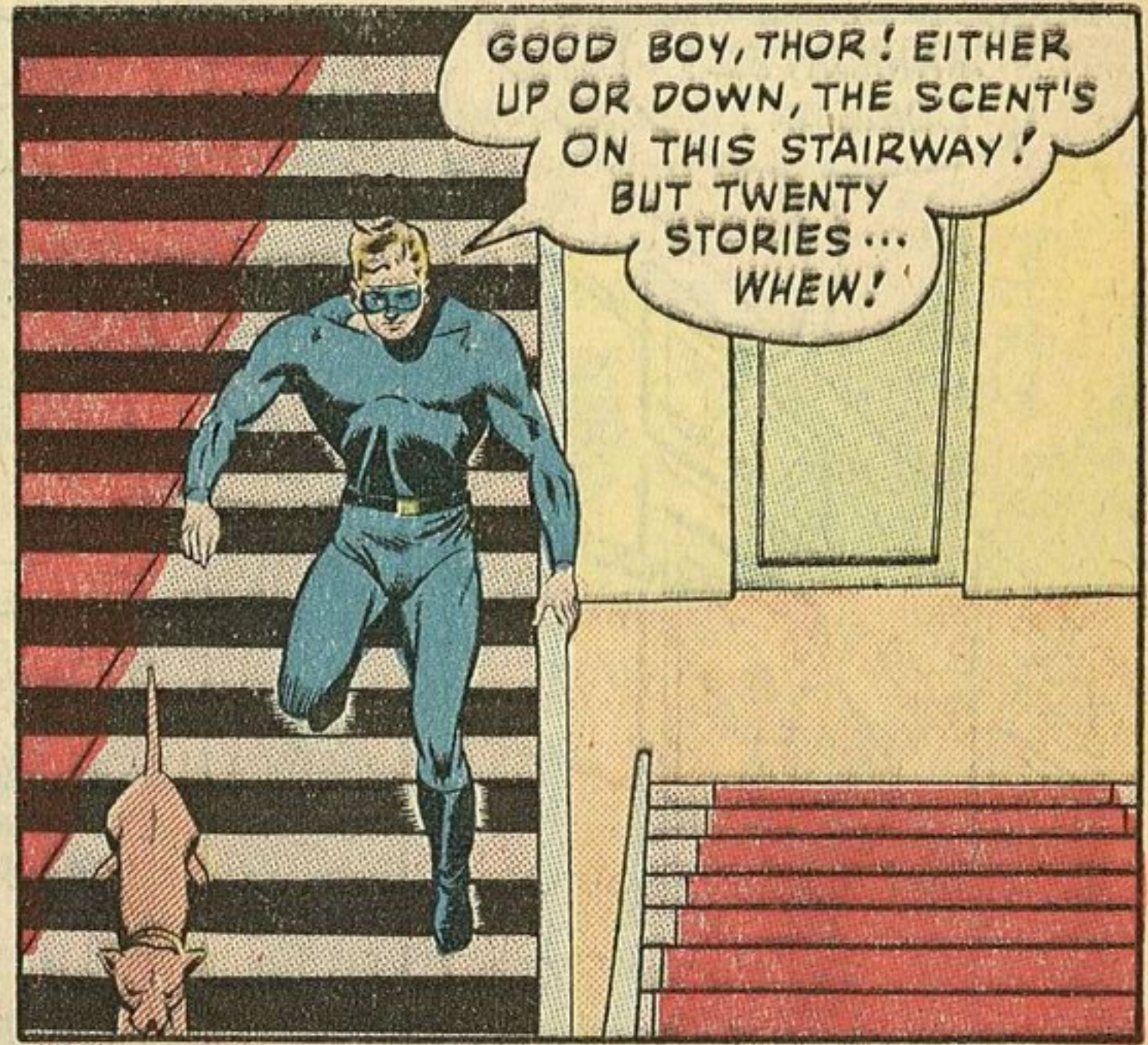
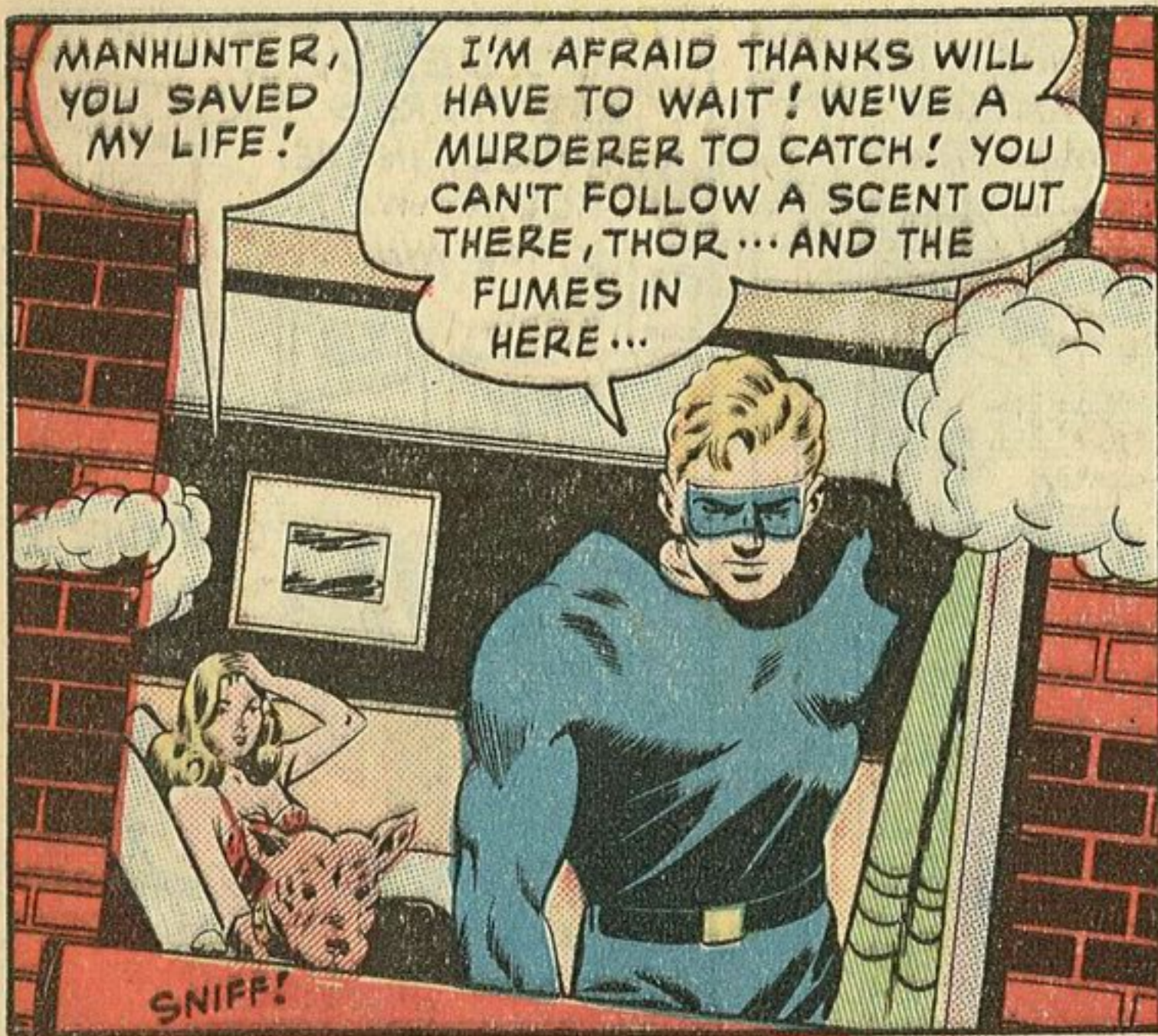
GRRRR!



WHY, YOU'RE GROWLING AT THIS DART! IT'S ONLY A TOY, THOR... OR IS IT? THERE'S A STAIN AT THE TIP! I'D BETTER CHECK!



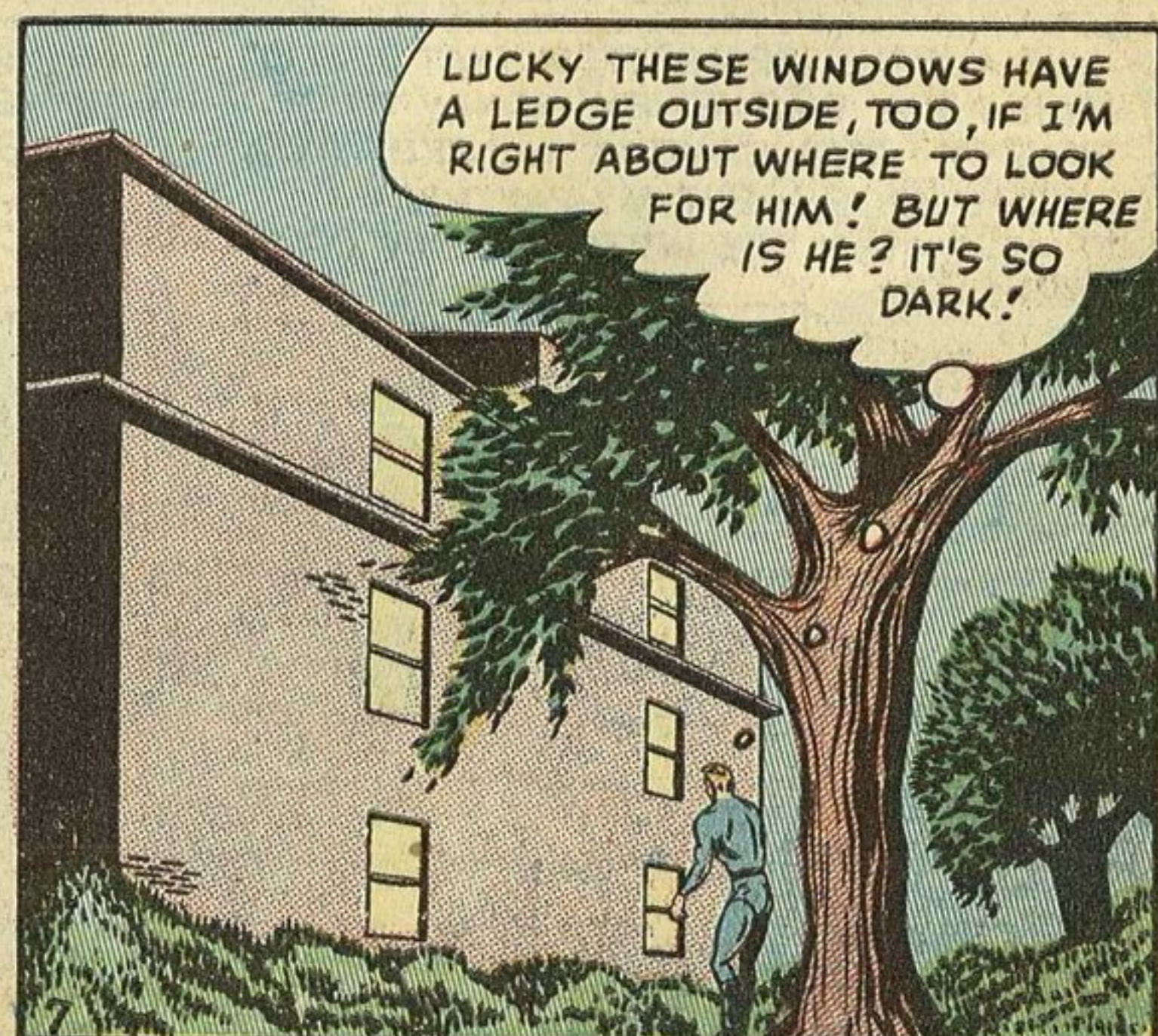




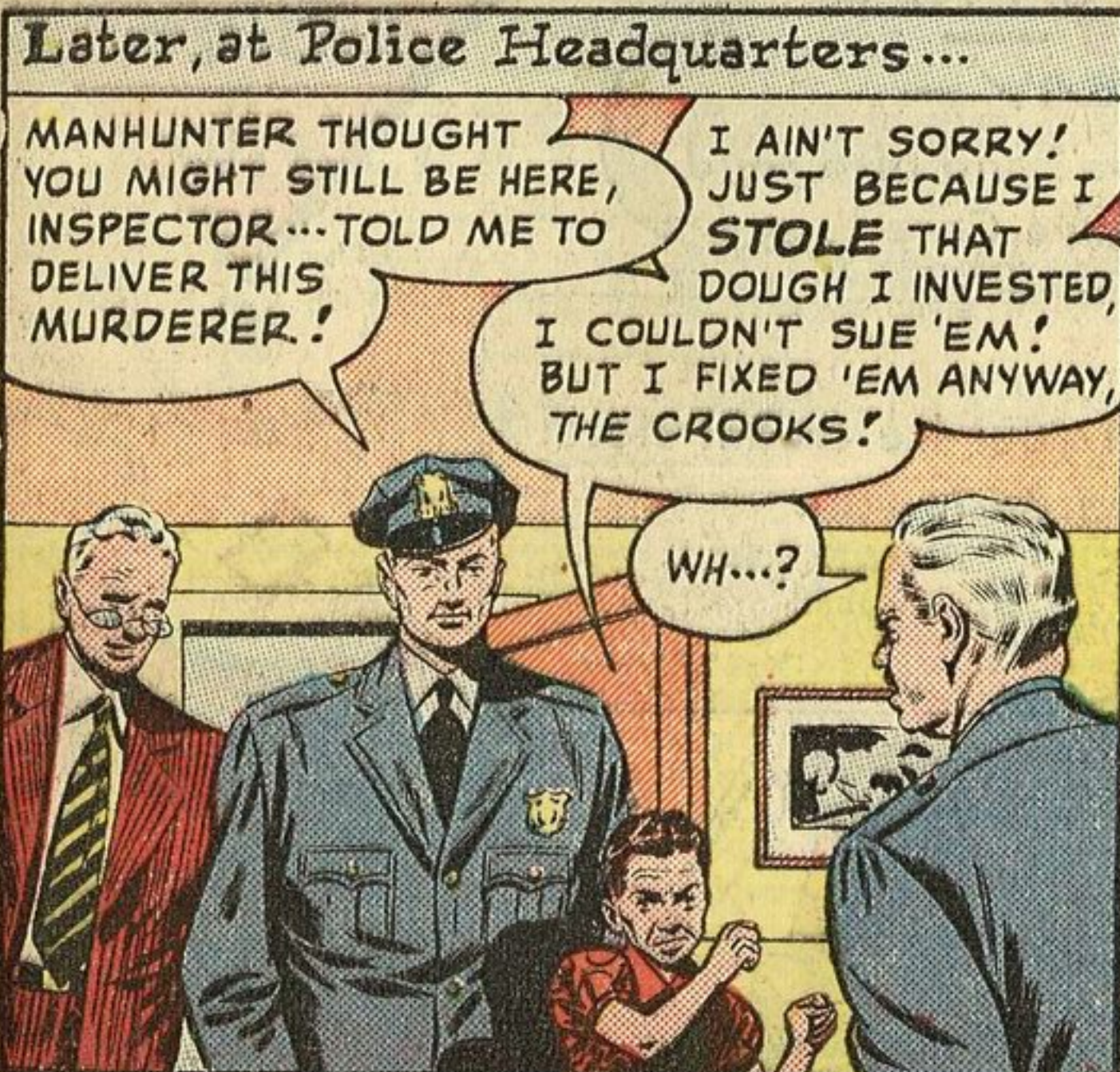
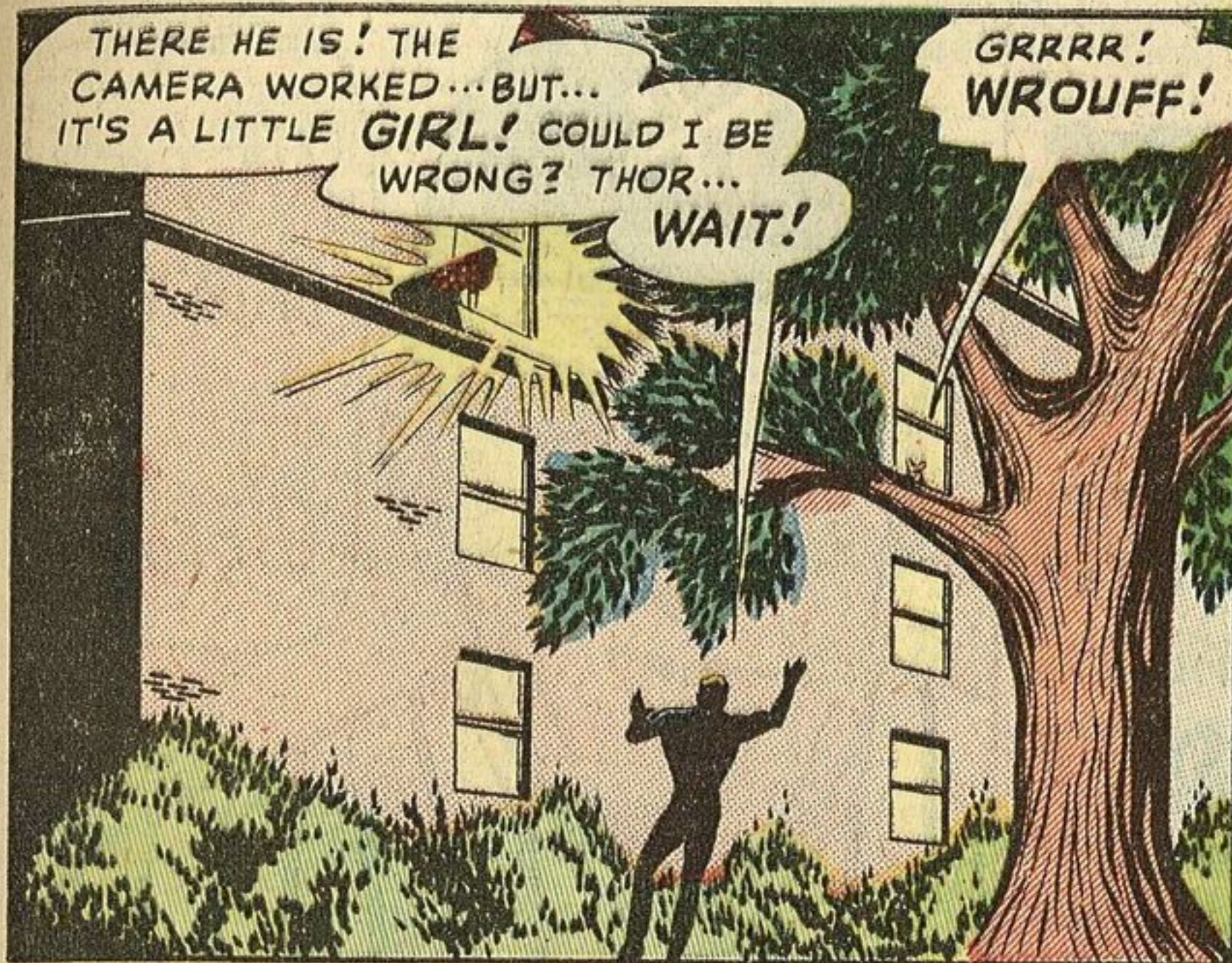
POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS

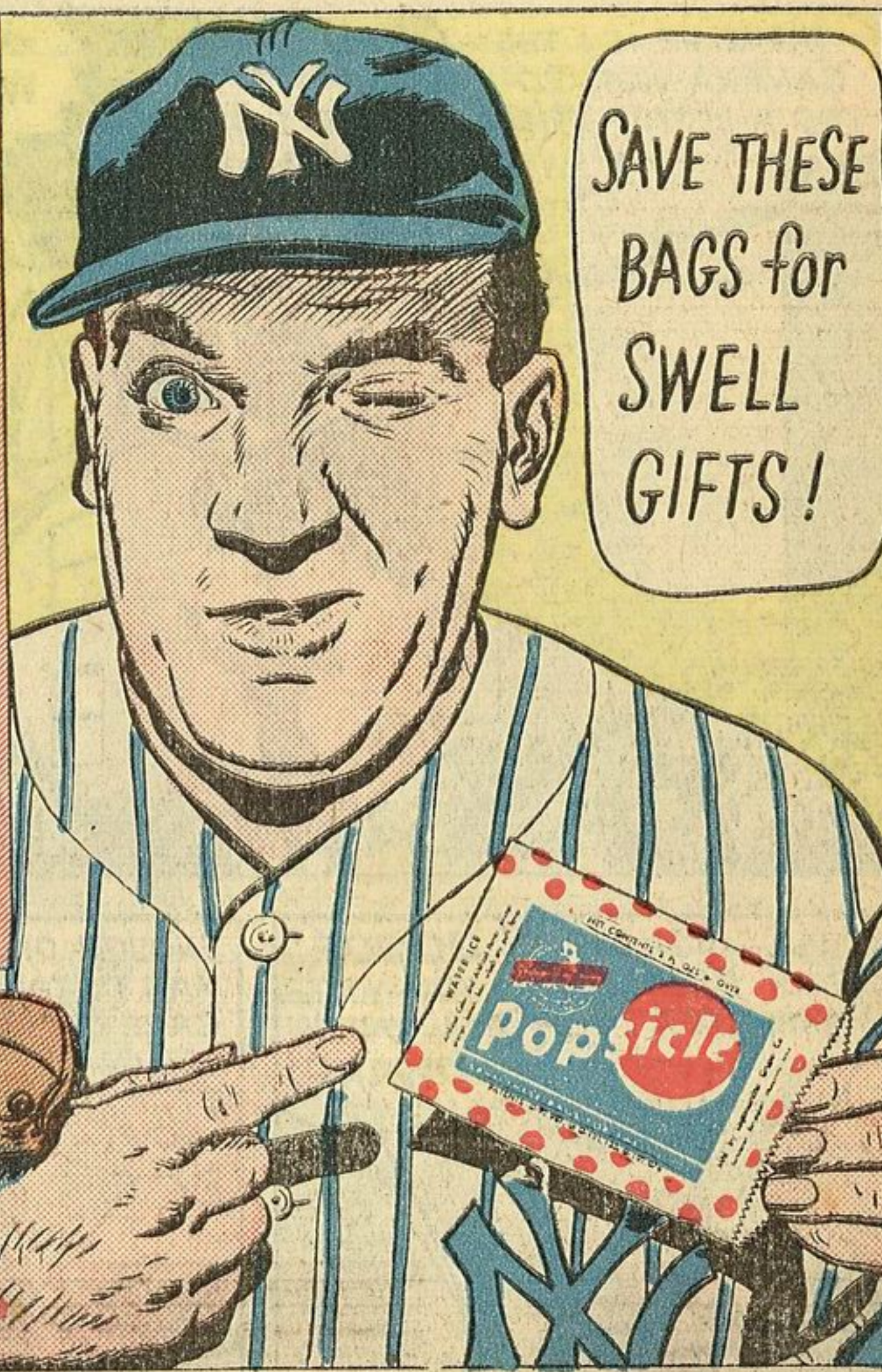


POLICE COMICS





"POPSICLE PETE"
says BOYS-GIRLS, see
WILLIAM BENDIX
STARRING IN THE ROY DEL RUTH PRODUCTION
"The BABE RUTH STORY"
AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE
**IT'S A SUPER MOVIE ABOUT
A GREAT SPORTS HERO**



SAVE THESE
BAGS for
SWELL
GIFTS!

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS



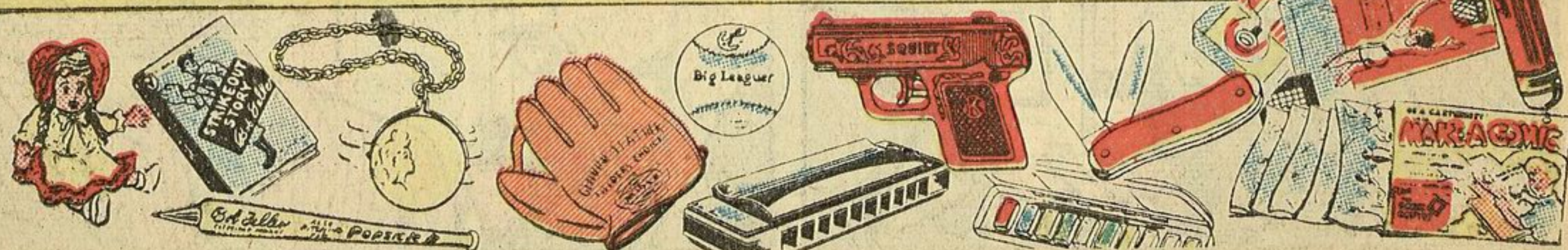
"POPSICLE PETE"
SAYS

ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE BAGS —
THEY ALWAYS SAY —
"Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
"Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

**HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW**

Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store.
Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

NEW YORK 1, N. Y. 601 W. 26th St.	CHICAGO 10, ILL. 400 W. Ohio St.	LOS ANGELES 23, CAL. 2744 E. 11th St.	ATLANTA, GA. 325 Elizabeth St. N.E.
--------------------------------------	-------------------------------------	--	--



The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers



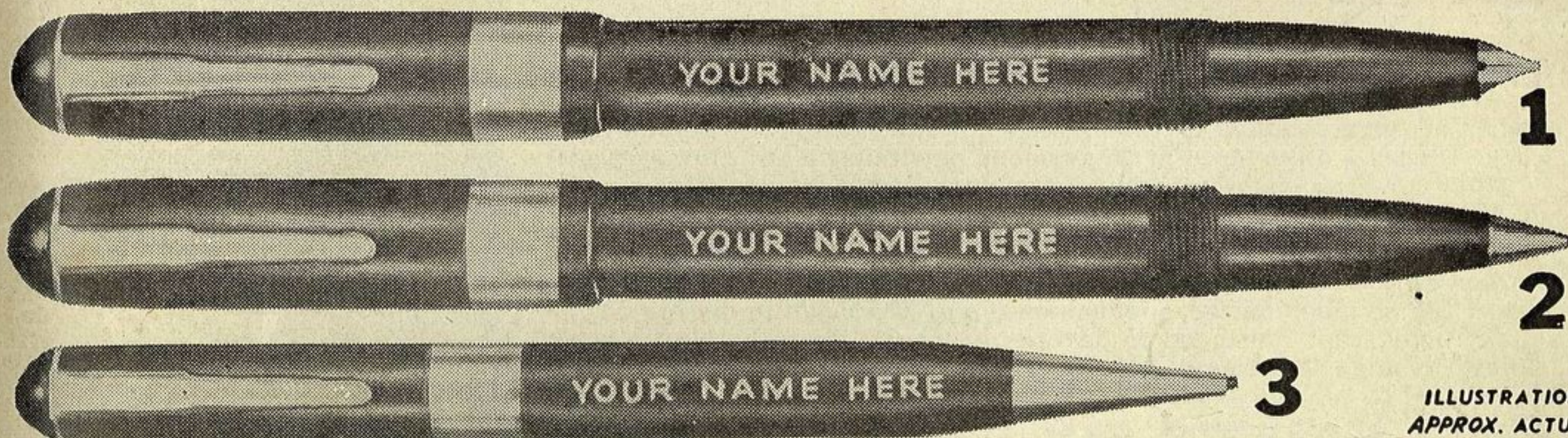
New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . .

\$1.69

Factory To You



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL ➡

FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➡

DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER ➡

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➡

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 53-L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois.

Okay, "miracle man", prove it! Send PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose year's guarantee certificate. I'll pay \$1.69 plus few cents postage on guarantee I can return set after 10 day trial for cash refund. (I pay in advance and we pay postage)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print plainly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME).....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 53-L

179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you can return set for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

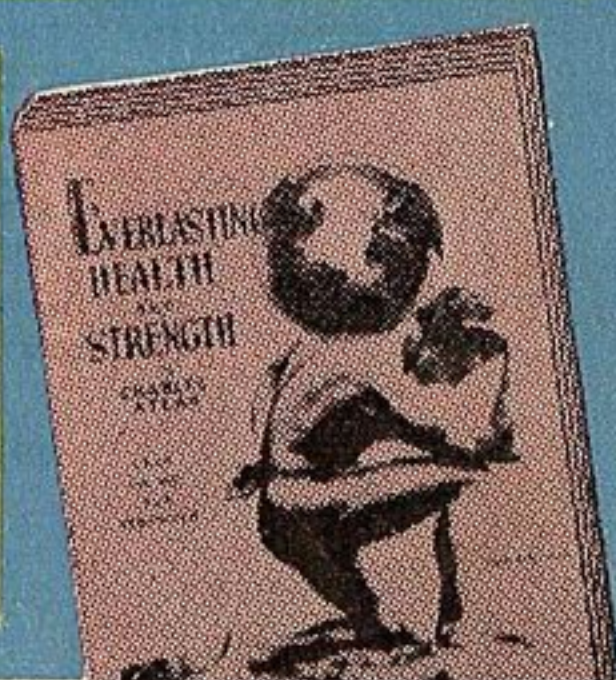
No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepleless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....